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THE LIFE
OF
MARY STUART

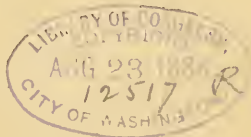
QUEEN OF SCOTLAND

ABRIDGED FROM AGNES STRICKLAND'S
"QUEENS OF SCOTLAND"

BY

ROSALIE KAUFMAN

Fully Illustrated



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MARY STUART.

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P R E F A C E.

THE success of "The Queens of England" encourages the belief that a similar work on the Queens of Scotland will be warmly welcomed. It can scarcely fail to excite interest, the events connected with the lives of the sovereigns of both countries being so closely interwoven that they have been pronounced links in the same family chain. Those who have read the biography of Queen Elizabeth will observe how she influenced the destiny of Mary Stuart, though the two monarchs never met. Each was a star shining in a distinct orbit, while casting light on the other.

The earlier Queens of Scotland have not been considered sufficiently important to engage the attention of many historians; but as a prelude to the times in which Mary Stuart reigned, they ought to be carefully studied. As for the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the motives which prompted her actions, it is scarcely possible, even after the lapse of three centuries, to form a correct judgment, though hundreds of volumes have been written on the subject by biographers of divers religious and political opinions. As we have followed Strickland exclusively,

the most favorable of Mary's traits have been made prominent; and, though her faults receive notice, she appears the victim of party prejudice and a martyr to her religion. As such, our sympathies are aroused in her behalf, and we are led to condemn in the statesmen who controlled her fate the very actions which others have pronounced commendable. It is only by careful study of the sixteenth century and of the condition of Europe that our readers may hope to form opinions for themselves on the question as to whether Mary Stuart was or was not guilty of the crimes ascribed to her.

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MARY STUART.

BORN, 1542; DIED, 1587.

CHAPTER I.

MORE books have been written about Mary Stuart than about all the other queens in the world put together; yet the question of her guilt or innocence is still open to discussion, though three centuries have elapsed since her death. Of course the facts connected with her career are the same with every historian. But the pen of each has colored them from his point of view; and an action that appears angelic to one is pronounced demoniacal by another. Creed and party principle have had much to do towards influencing the various opinions; but it must be borne in mind that with three notorious exceptions, — Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medicis, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, — Mary had no enemies among her own sex; and surely, the moral standard erected by women for one another is not lower than that which is required of them by men. No female witnesses from the unfortunate queen's household came forward to testify against her, even after she had lost the power to purchase their secrecy; and not one of the ladies of her court, whether Catholic or Protestant, lifted up her voice in censure. Certainly she is, and has ever been, an object of tender and romantic interest, her name throwing that of every other queen of Scotland into the shade. With the partic-

ulars of every period of her life, which have come to light after the lapse of years, a better opportunity is afforded of forming an impartial judgment ; and our readers will be enabled to decide for themselves whether Mary Stuart was innocent or guilty of the extraordinary crime of which she was accused.

[A.D. 1542.] This princess first saw the light in Linlithgow Palace ; and there was no little disappointment expressed because she was not a prince ; for, as her royal father was on his deathbed, the Scottish people had looked forward with some impatience to the birth of an heir to the throne, who might, in course of time, rule them with a powerful hand. The king himself died without bequeathing her his blessing, and from the moment of her birth controversy attended her. She was born in troublous times, and while still in her cradle danger threatened her from various quarters. Scarcely were her royal father's eyes closed in death when the Earl of Arran claimed the regency of the realm, and threatened to tear her from her mother's arms. In the biography of Mary of Lorraine, it has been shown with what pertinacity the queen-mother struggled to retain possession of her child, and how she kept her constantly in her own apartments, fearing to lose sight of the coveted infant.

Janet Sinclair, wife of John Kemp of Haddington, was chosen to nurse the little Queen of Scotland ; and she performed her office so faithfully that everybody who was permitted to visit the nursery pronounced her charge "a fair and goodly babe."

As soon as Henry VIII. of England heard of the accession of his grandniece to the throne of Scotland, his first thought was how he could contrive to get her inheritance into his own hands ; and, as a pretext, he demanded her as a wife for his son, Prince Edward. When she was

little more than four months old, he made known his intention to invade Scotland, both by sea and land, unless the royal infant were placed in his possession. But as the people and the laws of Scotland were opposed to such a step, it was agreed that she should be sent to England when she was ten years old, and that meanwhile forty officials from among King Henry's subjects should have places in her household.

The able manner in which Mary of Lorraine managed to elude the vigilance of both Arran and Henry VIII., and to get herself and her infant safe within the walls of Stirling Castle, has been recounted in the biography of that queen.

In the bracing, invigorating air of Stirling little Mary grew rapidly, cut her teeth as other babies do, and had the customary number of infantile disorders. But, unlike ordinary infants, she was engaged to be married when she was scarcely nine months old; for the treaty of peace with England, which included the contract for her union with her cousin Edward, was signed and sealed on the 23d of August, 1543, at the Abbey of Holyrood.

After this act was performed, Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, entered into a conversation about it with Sir Adam Otterbourne, a Scotch statesman, and enlarged on the benefits to both realms to be derived from the alliance. "Why, think you that the treaty will be performed?" asked Otterbourne. "Why not?" returned Sadler. "I assure you it is impossible, for our people do not like it," was the reply; "and though our governor and some of the nobility for certain reasons have consented to it, yet I know that few or none of them do like it, and our common people do utterly dislike it." Sadler pronounced this feeling unnatural, and said that God had ordained it as a special favor to both realms that they

should be united by the marriage of the Prince of England and the Scottish queen. "I pray you," said Otterbourne, "give me leave to ask you a question: If your lad were a lass, and our lass a lad, would you then be so earnest in this matter, and could you be content that our lad should be king of England?" "Considering the great good that might ensue from it, I should not be a friend to my country if I did not desire it," answered Sadler. "Well," rejoined the Scotchman, "if you had the lass, and we the lad, we might be well content with it; but I cannot believe that your nation would agree to have a Scot for King of England; and I assure you that our nation, being a stout one, will never agree to have an Englishman King of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people and the stones in the street would rise and rebel against it."

[A.D. 1543.] Otterbourne was right; for in less than a fortnight after the signing of the treaty, it was ruptured, because Governor Arran found it impossible to furnish the hostages Henry had demanded. Besides, he was ashamed of the compact he had consented to, and alarmed at the threats of the people, who accused him of having sold their queen to the English. He therefore made haste to undo his work, and formed a sudden friendship with Cardinal Beton, his former enemy, who reconciled him to the queen-mother. Then prompt measures were taken for the coronation of the infant sovereign; and the ceremony was performed in Stirling church, on Sunday, Sept. 9, 1543.

Enveloped in regal robes, little Mary was carried from her nursery, and borne in solemn procession, with her lord keepers and officers of state, across the green to the church, where she was presented to her people as Sovereign

Lady of Scotland and the Isles. The crown was carried by Governor Arran, as the first prince of the blood royal of Scotland, and heir of the realm. The Earl of Lennox bore the sceptre, as next in degree ; but who acted as sponsor in pronouncing the coronation oath, who held the infant while the office of consecration was performed by Cardinal Beton, and who placed the crown upon her infant brow, the sceptre in the little hand, and girded her with the sword of state, there are no records to tell. Probably they were destroyed by the traitors who that day swore to defend their sovereign at the peril of life and limb. But we are informed that the babe wept, and it was observed with superstitious terror that she continued to do so throughout the ceremony. In this she did not differ from most infants of nine months ; for she suddenly found herself separated from her nurse and mother, and placed amongst strange men, whom she had never seen before, while a crowd stood around gazing at her and uttering loud acclamations, with trumpet blasts for accompaniment. Then every prelate and peer had to kneel in turn before the throne and place his hand on the child's head, while repeating the oath of allegiance to be loyal and true. Is it to be wondered at that she wept during such an ordeal ?

Henry VIII. was so angry when he heard that the coronation had been solemnized without his leave that he ordered little Mary to be seized, during her mother's absence, and conveyed to England. But her mother did not leave her at all ; besides, she was so closely watched that the ambassador reported it as utterly impossible to obey his sovereign unless the castle were besieged, and that even then the child could easily be conveyed to the Highlands by her keepers, where she could not even be approached. Henry was baffled ; but he regarded the

harmless babe with vindictive hatred because she, and her realm with her, had not been surrendered into his unscrupulous hands.

[A.D. 1547.] In consequence of the disastrous battle of Pinkie Cleugh, the young queen was removed for safety from Stirling to the priory on Inchmahome Island, a beautiful, picturesque spot, famous for its fine Spanish chestnut trees. She was accompanied by her mother, her nurse, Janet Sinclair, and her four young namesakes, playmates, classmates, and maids of honor, Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming. There were also her tutors, her governess, and her lord keeper, Livingstone, besides less important members of her household. In the cloister shades of Inchmahome Mary Stuart pursued her studies, with her four little friends, under the care of John Erskine, the prior, and her schoolmaster, Alexander Scott, parson of Balmaclellan. Although only five years old when she was taken to the priory, little Mary had already made considerable progress in her studies, under her mother's tuition. She spoke French well, and she now began to study history, geography, and Latin, and her governess, Lady Fleming, gave her lessons in tapestry work and embroidery. She looked wonderfully pretty in the quiet retreat that had been selected for her; for the Highland costume in which she was attired was most picturesque and becoming. Her bright golden tresses were tied back with rose-colored satin ribbon, and she wore a tartan scarf gracefully draped over black silk and fastened with a golden clasp engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. She was so charming in her manners that all hearts were attracted towards her; and, from her masters down to the simple fishermen and mountaineers of the neighborhood, she was universally adored.

[A.D. 1548.] As Queen of Inchmahome, Mary Stuart played her little games with her juvenile court on the shores of the placid lake, studied her lessons, and passed the days in unconscious happiness, while her royal mother was attending the conventions at Haddington to arrange articles for her marriage with the Dauphin Francis de Valois. At last it was agreed that the little queen should be sent to France to continue her education; and the happy island home was broken up. The household removed to Dumbarton to await the arrival of the French galleys, and on the 7th of August they embarked for their new home. It was with heavy hearts and many bitter tears that Mary of Lorraine and her daughter bade each other farewell, for they were separating for the first time; but the child's safety required the sacrifice, and the loving mother did not hesitate. The Queen of Scots was placed in charge of De Brézé, Seneschal of Normandy, who received her in the name of his sovereign; and she was accompanied by her faithful lord keepers, Livingstone and Erskine, her préceptors, her nurse, about a hundred persons of quality of both sexes, and the four little Marys.

The English Regent, Somerset, being duly informed by one of his spies of the intention of the queen-mother to send the infant sovereign to France, ordered out his fleet to waylay her, and carry her to England instead; but the French commander kept well out of the way. The voyage was so stormy that all the ladies and most of the gentlemen on shipboard suffered severely from sea-sickness; but the coast of Bretagne was made at last, and, as a fearful storm was prevailing, the fleet ran into the little port of Roscoff, among the rocks, at that time a nest of pirates and smugglers.

On the 20th of August, Mary and her train arrived at the city of Morlaix, where the Lord of Rohan and all

the nobility of the district had assembled to receive the illustrious stranger, and to conduct her to the Dominican convent, where she was to sleep. It was considered necessary for her to remain at Morlaix for a couple of days, to recover from the fatigue and illness caused by the voyage; and so great was the concourse of people from all quarters who pressed into the town to obtain a sight of her, that the gates were thrown from their hinges, and the chains from all the bridges were broken down.

When little Mary and her attendants had rested, the journey was resumed by short stages towards the palace of St. Germain.

Mary had been consigned particularly to the care of her grandmother, the Duchesse de Guise; but it was arranged that she should stay at St. Germain for a while; and during that time she received instruction with her future consort, as the following letter from the king to Monsieur de Humières, the dauphin's governor, proves:—

“MY COUSIN,—Forasmuch as Paul de Rege, present bearer, is a very good ballet-dancer, and is, moreover, of very worthy and estimable conditions, I have been advised to appoint him to teach my son, the dauphin, how to dance; and also, at the same time, my daughter, the Queen of Scotland, and the young gentlemen and ladies at present in the service of both, and my other children. For this purpose do you present him to my son; and make him lodge and eat with the other officers.”

[A.D. 1549.] Mary profited so well by the lessons of Paul de Rege that, in the course of a few weeks, she and her young partner, the dauphin, danced together before the king and queen, the foreign ambassadors, and the

entire court, at the marriage fête of the Duc d'Aumale, and attracted universal admiration. Mary inherited from both her parents a passionate love of music, to which she devoted a great deal of time ; and she was fond of poetry



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

besides. Being half-French and half-Scotch, she was full of vivacity and energy, and entered into all sorts of sports and games with the most inspiring glee, the ardor of her temperament manifesting itself in whatever she did.

The little queen remained at St. Germain until the princesses of France were sent for a while to the convent of Poissy, when she was removed to Blois. An alteration

was then made in the arrangement of the Scotch part of her establishment, probably by Catherine de Medicis, for whom she had conceived a dislike from the first; and great offence was caused thereby to Janet Sinclair, the nurse. Mistress Janet was deprived of her authority in the nursery department, and cheated out of her allowance of wine, fire, and candles. She was, besides, compelled to sit at table with two Frenchwomen, whom she considered, neither in morals nor standing, fit company for her; and she was not a person to bear such indignities calmly. She therefore appealed to the grandmother of her royal charge, who remonstrated with Monsieur de Humières; but in vain. Janet then wrote a full account of her wrongs to the queen-mother in Scotland, adding a complaint of her low wages and the unpunctuality of payment. The king was forthwith informed, by letter from Mary of Lorraine, of the disputes between Janet and the French authorities in the Palace of Blois; and before many weeks everything was arranged to the entire satisfaction of the nurse, who retained her situation about the young queen without any further interference.

[A.D. 1550.] The eagerly longed for meeting between Mary and her mother did not take place until the following September, when, after being warmly embraced, the little queen delivered a formal speech of welcome in the presence of the assembled courts of France and Scotland. This was her introduction into public life; and everybody was struck by her beauty, grace, amiability, and charming ways. Her appearance at the brilliant pageants and royal fêtes at this time, as well as the attempt which was made to poison the little queen, have been related in the life of Mary of Lorraine.

[A.D. 1551.] In July the mother and daughter parted never to meet again; and their separation was quickly

followed by the death of the Duc de Longueville, Mary's half-brother. This sad event had the good effect of withdrawing the young queen from public life, and affording her an opportunity to continue her studies uninterrupted. It was to her brother, the Cardinal Lorraine, that the queen-mother had confided the education of her child; and he had replaced Lady Fleming by Madame Parois, a Roman Catholic devotee, because he desired his niece to observe rigidly all the principles of that church. Mary loved her uncle as though he had been her father; and she yielded to him implicit obedience. He in turn watched over her tenderly, and paid great attention to the cultivation of her intellect. Under his auspices she became an excellent Latin and Italian scholar, and gained considerable knowledge of Greek, geography, and history; and he took care that her music and needlework were not neglected. Her uncle Francis, Duc de Guise, loved her more dearly than any of his own children, and sometimes feared that such an amount of study might impair her health; therefore, from time to time, he would carry her off to his fine château at Meudon, for change of scene and occupation. When there, he would put her on a horse, and take her with him to hunt, entertaining her with tales of his martial deeds, and using his ingenuity to prepare agreeable surprises and pleasures for the child. He lavished gifts on her, and indulged her in every possible way; while she in return loved him with all the ardor of a fond and grateful little girl.

[A.D. 1552.] In the winter of 1552 Mary accompanied the King and Queen of France and their children to the castle of Amboise, where they spent some time together.

When the little queen reached her tenth year, it was deemed proper that she should be separated from the princesses of France and have an establishment of her

own, and Cardinal Lorraine wrote to his sister in Scotland, urging this point. He offers in his letter all the necessary advice, and concludes by "hoping that there will be no meanness in the matter, because that is a quality which your daughter most dislikes; and believe me, madam, her spirit is already so high and noble that she would make great demonstrations of displeasure at seeing herself degradingly treated."

The little queen's household was established, and her generous spirit frequently prompted her to apply to her mother in behalf of her nurse Janet, her foster-brothers, and others of her personal attendants. The following is a specimen of one of her juvenile letters, written just before the arrangements for her separate establishment were completed:—

"MADAME, — I am informed that the Queen of France and my uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, have told you all the news, which renders it unnecessary for me to write you a longer letter than merely to entreat you very humbly to keep me always in your good graces. Madame, if it should please you to increase my household by letting me have an usher of the chamber, I pray you that it may be Rufflets, my usher of the saloon, for he is a very good and ancient servant. I send you the letters that my lady grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord, madame, to give you, in continued health, a very happy life, your very humble and obedient daughter,

"MARIE."

[A.D. 1554.] She writes again at the beginning of the new year, after she is settled in her regal household, and says: "I have this day entered into the estate you have been pleased to appoint for me, and in the evening my uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, comes to sup with me. I



CLAUDE DE LORRAINE.



hope, through your good ordering, everything will be well conducted."

Mary was eleven years of age at this time, and did the honors of her establishment with a dignity and grace that surprised everybody. When Henry II. returned from a tour of his southern provinces, a classical ballet, composed in honor of the occasion by Queen Catherine de Medicis, was performed by the young ladies of the court. There were six sybils in the ballet. The first was Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the king and queen; the second, Clarissa Strozzi; the third was Mary Stuart; the fourth Mary Fleming, who, as the sybil Erytia, addressed some beautiful lines to Margu rite de Valois, sister of the king; the fifth sybil was the Princess Claude of France; and the sixth was Mary Livingstone.

Although not legally qualified to choose her representatives in the government of her country until she was twelve years of age, an exception was made in the case of the little Queen of Scots, who not only released the lord governor from his defalcations in the treasury, but through her proxy, Monsieur d'Oysell, constituted her mother Queen Regent of Scotland and of the Isles.

In one of her letters to her royal mother, Mary writes of a visit she had received from the Bishop of Galloway, and adds: "He has promised to be very obedient to you, madame, and to render you all the service in his power." A few days later she sent the following pretty little epistle:—

"MADAME,—Although the Bishop of Galloway, the present bearer, is now going to you, and can render you a good account of the state of health in which he leaves me, I cannot omit writing you this note to tell you, madame, that, God be thanked, I continue as well as I was when I last sent to you; and that I continue to employ myself in

all things that I know to be agreeable to the king, my lord and father-in-law, and to you. Assuring you truly, madame, that, since business will not allow me to see you now, the greatest pleasure I can take is to hear from you often, and to learn by your letters that you are in prosperity and health; and I hope frequently to be able to communicate such tidings of myself as may be to your contentment. Recommending myself very humbly to your good grace, and praying God, madame, to give you, in health, a happy life and long, your very humble and very obedient daughter,

“MARIE.”

[A.D. 1555.] When the young queen had completed her thirteenth year, regal etiquette required her to adopt a more womanly style of costume than she had hitherto worn. Her juvenile wardrobe, which was exceedingly rich and valuable, being then unsuitable, her mother wrote permission for her to distribute it in presents as she chose. In those days it was the custom for queens to devote some of their superfluous finery to the decoration of churches and convents; Mary, therefore, sent one of her costliest robes to her aunt Renée of Lorraine, abbess of St. Pierre des Dames, at Rheims, and two others to her aunt Antoinette of Lorraine, abbess of Farmoustier, to make curtains for the chancels of their chapels. Three dresses of less value she gave to her personal attendants, and was proceeding with the distribution of the rest, when Madame Parois angrily interfered with this taunt: “I see you are afraid of my enriching myself in your service; it is plain you intend to keep *me* poor. But never mind, the consciences of those who have received the things that ought to be mine will be heavily burdened in consequence.”

“What a pity it was that she should speak so,” is the mild comment of the young queen, in her statement of the

affair to her absent mother. "I know very well that she wrote a letter to you, telling you that when we were at Villers-Côterêts, and she made a journey to Paris about her lawsuit, that I prevented her on her return from having any further authority over my wardrobe, and would not permit her to take charge any more of that department. Madame, I very humbly beseech you to believe that there is nothing in all this; for, in the first place, I never prevented her from having power over my wardrobe, because I well knew I ought not to do it; but I merely told John, my valet-de-chambre, that when she wished to take anything away, he should apprise me, for, otherwise, if I wanted to give it away, I might find it gone. As to what she has written to you, of my always having had power to do as I pleased with my things, I can assure you I have never been allowed by her credit to give away so much as a pin, and thus I have acquired the reputation of being niggardly, insomuch that several persons have actually told me that I did not resemble you in that. I am surprised how she could dare to write to you anything so opposed to the truth. I will send you an inventory of all the clothes I have had since I came to France, that you may see the control she has exercised; and I beseech you very humbly, madame, to give credit to all the explanations on the list." In the same letter Mary begs that the office of master of her wardrobe may be conferred on John Kemp, pleading that it had been promised to him by her uncle, Cardinal Lorraine. Then she speaks of the affection of her aunt and uncle, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, saying: "They take as much care of me and my concerns as if I were their own child. As for my uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, I need not speak of him, since what he does is so well known to you; but all my other uncles would do as much if they had the means. I pray

you to write and thank them for their kindness to me, and beg them to continue the same, for their care of me is incredible. I can say no less of Madame de Valentinois."

On New Year's Day, Mary was in Paris, where she astonished the court and the foreign ambassadors by the ease and grace with which she recited in the presence of them all, in the great gallery of the Louvre, an oration in Latin, after the style of Cicero, of her own composition. She set forth the capacity of women for the highest education, and nobody who saw and heard the fair young queen that day felt disposed to contradict her.

It was one of Mary's duties to write a daily letter in French, with a Latin version of the same, to her companion and friend Madame Elizabeth, whom she addressed as "beloved sister," giving some account of the book that had occupied her in the morning. Sometimes she quoted a sentiment from Cato, Cicero, or Socrates, which she discussed, or she related an historical incident that had struck her, not unfrequently adding a wise deduction or moral for the benefit of her young correspondent.

On Palm Sunday, Queen Mary, in company with all the princesses and ladies of the court, carried a palm branch to and from church; and on Candlemas Day, a taper. It was on the latter occasion that an ignorant woman, whose enthusiasm was aroused by the imposing character of the pageant, was so dazzled by the beauty and heavenly expression of the young queen's countenance and the splendor of her costume, that, flinging herself at the feet of the royal child, she exclaimed, "Are you not indeed an angel?"

[A.D. 1556.] At that time Mary was the pet and idol of the glittering French court, and was fondly called by the queen and the royal children *notre petite ReINETTE d'EscoSse*. But she was not happy, for Madame Parois rendered her life so miserable that her spirits became depressed and her

health began to fail. After an absence of a few weeks, her uncle, the cardinal, was surprised on his return to court to see the change that had taken place in his precious charge. Upon questioning her, he discovered the cause of the trouble, and carried her off for change of scene to his own house at Villers-Côterêts, whence he addressed an earnest letter to Mary of Lorraine, explaining the necessity of providing a different governess for her daughter. The letter was penned by his secretary, but he adds the following postscript. "It is absolutely necessary for you to come over to France. As to Madame Parois, she herself wishes to retire ; and even if her state of health does not compel her to do so, we may hope that when you come, you will not allow her to remain. She is a good woman ; but you and all your race will have cause for lasting regret, if her remaining costs you the life of the queen, your daughter, who has, with extreme patience, endured much that she and I have thought could not but be known. But time at last unveils many things which it is no longer possible to bear. The king and queen desire much to place a lady of high rank about her, and I have been told that the king is this winter deliberating about her marriage, — a thing which I think might be accomplished if you came over ; but unless you come, I cannot believe that it ever will."

The cardinal was particularly anxious that his sister should hasten to France to use her influence in completing the marriage, because there was a powerful party, headed by Constable Montmorenci, that opposed it for very good reasons. Cardinal Lorraine regarded no other interests than those of his own family and the church of which he considered himself the leading power, and he knew that his influence over the young queen was so great that when once she was on the throne of France he would be virtually the ruler of the empire.

But the Regent of Scotland could not be spared from her realm, anxious though she was to visit her daughter, nor did she signify her consent to the removal of Madame Parois. Mary chafed under the vulgar woman's insolence, and wrote another urgent appeal to her mother to substitute Madame de Brême as her governess, saying that she had been encouraged by her grandmother and her uncle, the cardinal, to speak her mind plainly on this subject. Madame de Brême must have been a remarkable woman, for not only the cardinal and the princes of the House of Lorraine, but the King and Queen of France, all united in recommending her as the most suitable person in the world to be Mary Stuart's governess, and the young queen herself protests that she could at all times be happy with that lady. Mary's liberality to her dependants was sorely cramped by the rigid economy the queen-mother's pecuniary difficulties compelled her to observe, and she frequently wrote to have their salaries increased. It is no wonder the members of her household were attached to her, for she always spoke most kindly of them, and did all in her power to advance their interests.

[A.D. 1557.] After the marriage of Philip II. of Spain and Mary of England, political affairs were in such a state that it was deemed advisable to hasten the alliance between the dauphin and Mary Stuart; and Scotch commissioners were appointed by Parliament to go to France for the purpose of drawing up a treaty to effect this. They acted with due regard to the honor of their nation, and, in so far as words, oaths, and signatures were concerned, obtained all for their sovereign that could be desired. It was agreed that the arms of Scotland and France should be borne by Francis and Mary on separate shields, surmounted by the Scotch crown; that their eldest son should succeed to both realms; that their daughters



HENRY II.

should be richly endowed, the oldest to receive four hundred thousand crowns, and all the others three hundred thousand. Mary was to receive, for her sole and separate use, a pension of thirty thousand crowns while dauphiness, and seventy thousand crowns per annum on her royal husband's accession to the throne of France. Certain lands were to be assigned to her in case of widowhood; and in case of her consort's decease, whether as dauphin or king, she was to have her choice either to reside in France or elsewhere; and if it pleased her to marry again, she was to retain full power to draw her annual rents for her own sole use.

Henry II. granted all the demands of the Scotch commissioners; but, taking advantage of Mary's youth and inexperience, he made her sign some documents, of the importance of which she was ignorant. One of these gave him and his heirs the right of succession to the throne of Scotland, as well as Mary's claim to that of England, in the event of her death. Another secured to him from the revenues of her realm a million crowns of gold, which the monarch claimed for the expenses of her residence in France. And the third was a protest against anything she might do at a future date to invalidate these documents. The young queen was excusable for signing these papers, because she acted by the advice of her uncles, the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise, who were part and parcel in the cruel imposition, and because she had always been taught to regard the king as the friend and protector of her childhood, the support of her widowed mother, and the defender of her realm.

These papers were signed at Fontainebleau, and afterwards Mary was conducted to Paris for the celebration of her nuptials. Preparations for this event had been going on for several weeks, and all the milliners, goldsmiths,

jewellers, tailors, and embroiderers in the city had been kept as busy as possible.

[A.D. 1558.] In obedience to the king's summons, all the nobility of France assembled to assist at the betrothal ceremony, which took place on the 19th of April. On that day Mary Stuart and the dauphin, Francis de Valois, attended by their respective trains, met in the grand hall of the Louvre, where, in the presence of the Kings and Queens of France and Navarre, the princes and princesses of the blood royal, the nobles of France and the Scotch commissioners, the marriage was read, ratified, and signed.

The royal pair were then solemnly betrothed by Cardinal de Lorraine, the dauphin declaring that of his own free will, and with the full consent of the king and queen, his father and mother, and being duly authorized by them to take the Queen of Scotland for his wife and consort, he promised to espouse her on the following Sunday, April 24, in the face of the holy church. Mary, on her part, announced that of her own free will and consent, and by the advice of her lady grandmother, the Duchess-dowager of Guise, and of the deputies of Scotland, she took the Dauphin Francis for her lord and husband, and promised to espouse him on the above-named day, in the face of holy church. Then the music struck up, and a ball was opened by the King of France, with Mary Stuart for his partner, and all the distinguished guests danced. This fête was confined to the privileged assistants in the matrimonial treaty; the grand display of royal splendor in which all classes of people of France were to have their share was reserved for the public celebration of the nuptials, on the ensuing Sunday. And everything was to be on a grand scale; for the bride had always been the darling of the nation, and her union with their dauphin was most agreeable to their national pride.

CHAPTER II.

[A.D. 1558.] THE night before the wedding, Mary Stuart and the royal family of France slept in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris. With the dawn of day, a flourish of trumpets and the lively notes of fifes and drums echoing through the old monastic courts and cloisters aroused the bride and her four bonny Scotch Marys from their slumber. The excited populace of the city turned out betimes and thronged the vicinity of Nôtre Dame in eager anticipation of the show, every street and bridge being crowded with a mass of humanity.

In order to gratify everybody, however humble, the king had caused a scaffolding twelve feet high to be erected from the hall of the archbishop's palace to the great gates in front of the cathedral along which the bridal party and all the illustrious company were to pass to the open pavilion outside of Nôtre Dame where the marriage was to be solemnized within sight of the multitude. This gallery was a masterpiece of art. It was arched over the top with a trellis-work of carved vine-leaves and branches, to represent a cathedral cloister, and the pavilion at which it terminated was called a *ciel royal*, and was formed of blue Cyprus silk, on which were embroidered golden fleurs-de-lys instead of stars and the arms of the Queen of Scotland. A velvet carpet of the same color and pattern covered the floor. Francis de Lorraine, the cardinal, had the honor of performing the ceremony.

The clergy and all the noble gentlemen and ladies assembled within the church by ten o'clock. Mary's eld-

est uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, grand master of ceremonies, arrived soon after, preceded by the Swiss Guard. On ascending the raised stage and entering the open pavilion, he saluted the archbishop and all the clergy who were awaiting the royal bridal party. Perceiving that some of the lords stood so as to intercept the view of the people congregated below, he made a sign for them to fall back, and explained that the stage had been erected so that all persons might have a good view. Then he returned to the archbishop's palace to head the procession, which was then forming.

Queen Mary's Scotch musicians and minstrels, clad in red and yellow livery, led the van, playing on various instruments and chanting hymns. They were followed by a hundred gentlemen of the household of the king of France; next walked the princes of the blood gorgeously attired and decorated. Eighteen bishops and mitred abbots, bearing richly ornamented crosses, followed, then the Archbishops and Cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, and the Cardinal Legate of France. Next came the dauphin with the King of Navarre and attended by his two little brothers the Dukes of Orleans and Angoulême, who were afterwards known in history as Charles IX. and Henry III. of France. No description is given of the boy bridegroom's costume on this occasion; he looked extremely delicate, and attracted very little attention. The interest of the day was centred in the bride, whom George Buchanan, the poet, thus describes: —

“ If matchless beauty your nice fancy move,
Behold an object worthy of your love;
How loftily her stately front doth rise,
What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes,
What awful majesty her carriage bears,
Maturely grave, even in her tender years.”



FRANCIS II. AND MARY.

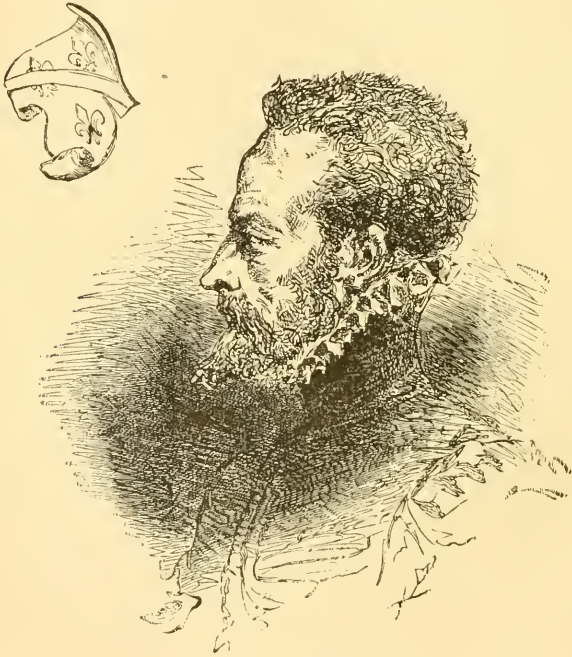
Mary's procession came next. All eyes were strained to behold the young, lovely maiden, who walked between the King of France and her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and she was greeted with rapturous applause and blessings. The official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville says: "She was dressed in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was full twelve yards long, and supported by the four Marys. She wore a crown composed of the finest gold, of exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, of great value, and in the centre was a carbuncle valued at five hundred thousand crowns. About her neck hung a superb jewel suspended by chains of precious stones. This stone was of immense value, and was presented by Henry VII. to Queen Margaret Tudor. It was known by the familiar name of the "Great Harry," and now belonged to Mary Stuart.

After the royal bride, came the Queen of France, led by the Prince de Condé, followed by the Queen of Navarre, Madame Marguérite, only sister to the king, and the other princesses and noble ladies. The bridal party was received at the gates of Nôtre Dame, by the Archbishop of Paris, in grand pontificals, attended by his ecclesiastical suite and the acolytes bearing two silver chandeliers, full of lighted wax tapers, decorated with gold. The King of France drew from his little finger a ring, which he handed to the cardinal, who at once proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mary saluted her husband by the title of Francis I., King of Scotland. Then the Scotch commissioners advanced and

performed their homage to him as their sovereign. In conclusion, great handfuls of gold and silver were thrown by the heralds, among the people, as they proclaimed the marriage and cried:—

“Largesse, largesse, largesse!”



PRINCE DE CONDÉ.

Such a rushing and screaming followed that nothing was ever heard to equal it, as the people precipitated themselves on one another, scrambling for the money. There were cries for help from the fallen, and scolding and wrangling among those who in the desperate struggle

had their garments dragged off and torn. Some were seriously hurt, while many were carried out of the crowd in a faint, and the confusion was so great that the heralds were begged to throw no more coin, for fear of a riot.

The ball was over between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and then the illustrious company proceeded to the palace by the Rue St. Christopher. The princes and noble gentlemen were mounted on large stately steeds caparisoned with cloth of gold and silver. The princesses were in open litters and coaches covered with the same superb stuff, and the Queen of France rode in her litter with the bride. On either side of this litter rode the Cardinals of Lorraine and Bourbon. The royal bridegroom followed with the Duc de Lorraine, several of the princes and princesses, all well mounted; then came a company of ladies on ponies trapped in crimson velvet, with elaborate cloth-of-gold decorations.

When the bridal party reached the palace, they found it so beautifully arranged and fitted up that all exclaimed with delight. Another banquet was served, and at the marble table of the bride sat the king, the princes of the blood royal, and the bride and groom, while the musicians played on their various instruments. The Duc de Guise, dressed in a robe of frosted cloth-of-gold, studded with precious stones, performed the duties of Grand Master of the Household that day. He was assisted by twelve other gentlemen, who brought up the first course bareheaded and keeping step to the music. These did not carry the dish of meat, but they preceded the pages whose duty it was to do so. In this fashion each of the twelve courses was served. Towards the close of the banquet, the heralds came up to the royal table, according to their custom, and made their obeisances to the king and the dauphin, from whom they received a large jug of solid gold and

silver, selected from a number of such costly vessels which stood on the *buffet*. Many of these were the most magnificent that had ever been seen, as they were the work of Benvenuto Cellini, the great designer and sculptor.

The following day the fêtes were renewed at the Louvre, where for nearly a week there were balls, plays, masques, and tournaments. If the people of Edinburgh could have witnessed the splendid ceremonies, they would not have grumbled at the demand which was made on their purses to pay for them. But the pleasure was entirely for the citizens of Paris, and the heavy tax was regarded in the Scottish metropolis as an intolerable grievance.

As soon as quiet was restored, the newly wedded couple withdrew to Villers-Côterêts, to pass some time in rural enjoyments. Mary was now entitled Queen Dauphiness, and her consort King of Scotland. The portrait which the bride bestowed on one of the commissioners, as a parting token of her favor, represents her with hair of a rich chestnut-brown, almost black. Her complexion is that of a delicate brunette, clear and brilliant. Her hair is parted and drawn back across the forehead, forming a large curl on each temple, just above the small, delicately moulded ear. She wears a little round crimson velvet cap, embroidered with gold and ornamented with gems, placed almost at the back of the head, and resembling a Greek cap, excepting that there is a crown-shaped front of pearls. The dress is of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold and precious stones. It fits tightly over the bust, and shows a long, tapering waist, while the sleeves have balloon-like caps that rise above the natural curve of the shoulders. The dress is finished at the throat with a band which holds up a finely quilled ruff, and below this is a string of large round pearls, from which hangs an ame-

thyst cross. The portrait is in an oval frame, and still exists in England.

The youthful couple, though emancipated from the control of governors, governesses, and preceptors, conducted themselves with the utmost propriety; and Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, history with De Pasquier, and poetry with Ronsard, for she was wise enough to know that her education was by no means complete. Music, needlework, and the chase formed her favorite recreations; and she presided with her spouse over their own little court, each being so happy in the society of the other as to feel no desire to mingle in the public gayeties of the Louvre, excepting when etiquette required them to do so. She managed her expenses without either extravagance or parsimony, her greatest delight being to give.

After three brief months of wedded happiness, the young consort was compelled to tear himself from his loving wife to serve in the army under Francis, Duke of Guise. He was thus employed for several months, but had no opportunity to distinguish himself in any enterprise.

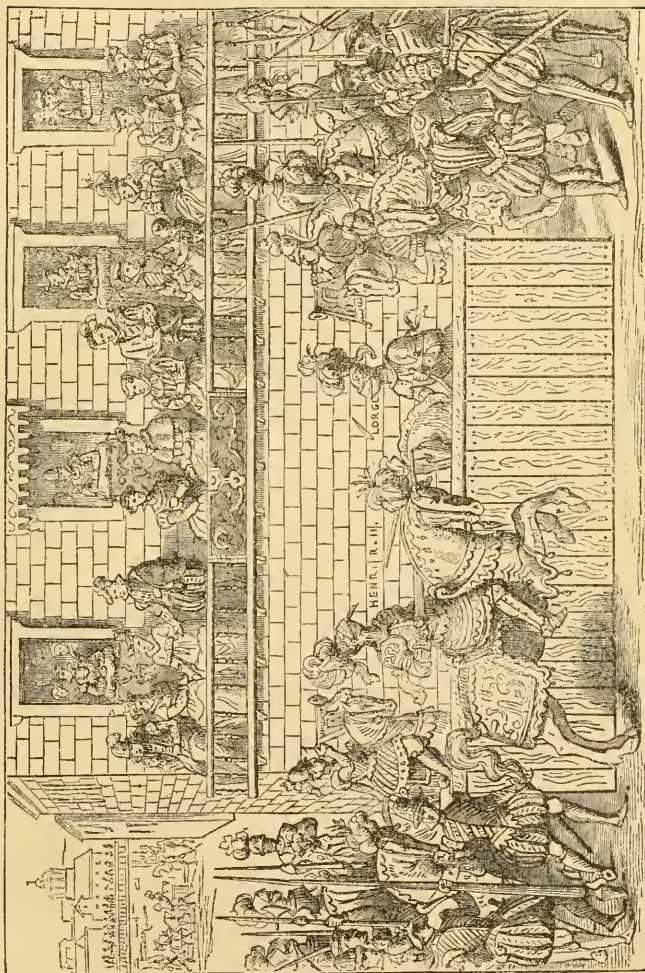
The death of Queen Mary of England placed Mary Stuart next in accession to the crown; and Henry II. was so ambitious for his daughter-in-law that, during the negotiations for the peace of Cambray, when Queen Elizabeth demanded the restitution of Calais as a portion of her dominions, the French commissioners made this rejoinder, "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England." Elizabeth did not avenge the insult at that time, because all her energies were bent towards obtaining the recognition of her title, and in this she succeeded.

After the peace was concluded, Francis and Mary wrote a courteous letter to Elizabeth, expressing their gratifica-

tion, and asking permission for Lord Lethington to pass through England to carry the good tidings to the Queen Regent of Scotland. She consented, calling him the envoy of the King and Queen of Scotland; whereupon, these wrote from Paris to thank her for her professions of friendship and good will, signing themselves, "your good brother, sister, and cousins, Francis and Marie."

While these diplomatic civilities were being carried on, Elizabeth was fomenting a revolt in Scotland, and the dauphin and his consort, acting by the advice of Henry II., were decorating their plate and tapestry with the arms of England, to intimate that Mary was rightful sovereign of that realm. The affairs of her own kingdom were in such an alarming condition at this period that Mary Stuart became very ill in consequence of the uneasiness she felt. It was whispered that she could not live; but this proved to be an exaggeration. The dauphin was in bad health, also, for he was suffering from an attack of ague which baffled the skill of all the physicians. Mary was very attentive to him; and everybody noticed her amiability towards this prince, who was in every way inferior to herself. If she was aware of this, she had the good sense to conceal it, and treated him on all occasions with the utmost deference, requesting his presence at her councils on the affairs of Scotland, and listening with marked attention to his opinions. Although far from well, Mary Stuart was required to be present at the grand festival which took place at the Palace of the Tournelles, in honor of the double marriage of her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth of France, with Philip II. of Spain, and Madame Margu rite, the king's sister, with Philibert of Savoy.

[A.D. 1559.] These matrimonial arrangements had been agreed to at the treaty of Cambray, and had converted the Spanish monarch into an ally by whose aid the mighty,



JOUST WHERE HENRY II. WAS WOUNDED.

ambitious Henry II. of France hoped to hurl Elizabeth Tudor from the throne and establish his daughter-in-law as sovereign of Great Britain.

Part of the entertainment on the occasion of these marriages was a grand tournament in front of the palace. Mary was borne to her place in the royal balcony in a sort of triumphal car on which were painted the arms of England and Scotland. The car was preceded by two heralds who cried in a high voice, "*Place! place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre.*" Little did the adoring crowd who responded with shouts of "*Vive la Reine d'Angleterre*" imagine that they were sounding the knell of their darling, for it was the assumption of this title that cost Mary Stuart her life.

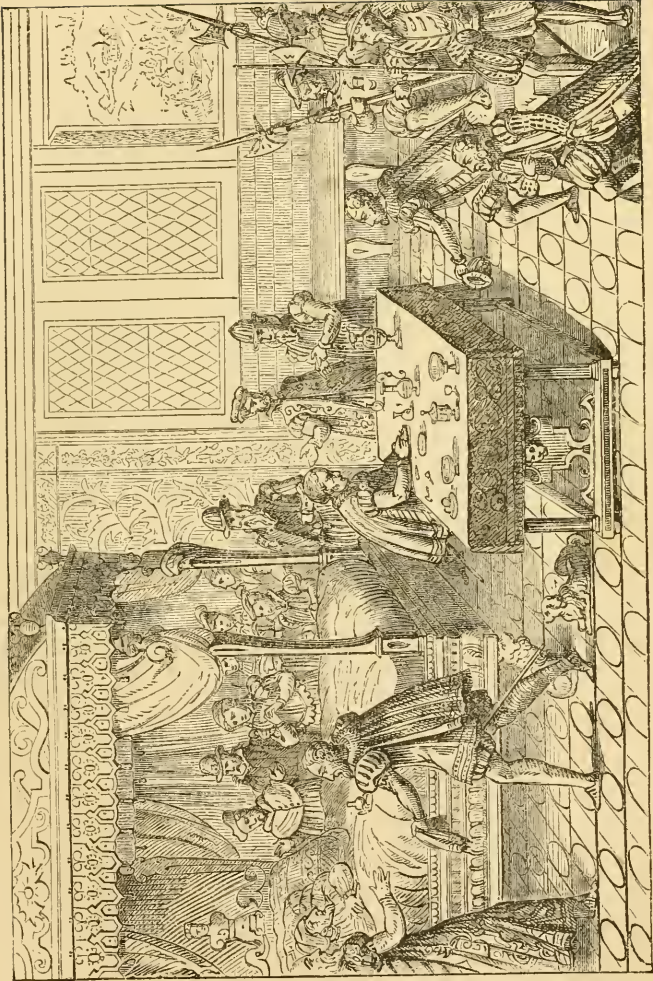
The king entered the lists on this occasion, anxious to convince his subjects that he was still able to compete with youthful knights in chivalric exercises, but he was mortally wounded in the eye by the Count de Montgomery, and the festivities came to a close. The splinter of a lance broken in a friendly encounter in Paris secured the establishment of the reformed faith in England, by causing the death of the only sovereign in Europe who was in position to oppose it.

Four days later Henry II. expired, surrounded by his sorrowing family, and the dauphin became King Francis II. Mary Stuart was now Queen of France, and received all the tokens of respect due to her exalted position. Catherine de Medicis was appointed Regent of France, and was treated by the young couple with the most affectionate and sympathizing tenderness in her deep grief. But she soon found that her title was but a name, for all the power and patronage of the government were absorbed by the queen-consort, or, rather, had passed through her into the hands of Cardinal Lorraine, the

Duc de Guise and other members of that numerous family. The queen regent desired to govern the young king, her son, to appoint his ministers, to direct his public actions, and to control his finances; but in every project she found herself circumvented. She naturally became excessively jealous of her daughter-in-law, and would have proceeded to hostilities if that had been possible, but Mary's life was so pure, and her influence in the Medicis household was so excellent, that there was nothing to attack.

Mary's health continued to be so poor that her anxious consort removed her to his country palace of Villers-Côterêts for change of air and scene, and in a few weeks she improved. While in her retreat, she wrote letters of thanks to those nobles of Scotland who had been faithful to their government during the insurrection, and expressed her approbation of the conduct of her cousin the Duc de Châtelherault. She also sent affectionate letters to her mother, assuring her that she would not let the king forget the aid he promised to send to Scotland.

The royal pair left Villers-Côterêts on the 11th of September, and proceeded to an abbey three leagues from Rheims, there to rest and be ready for their state entrance into the town, on the occasion of the king's coronation. On the 15th they set out in the same carriage, but when within a quarter of a league of the city, Francis mounted a beautiful white charger and made his solemn entry in the midst of a terrific storm of wind and rain. The weather was a disappointment, for elaborate preparations had been made by the loyal citizens to greet their young monarch and his consort. Above the gate of Rheims a platform had been erected between pillars wreathed with lilies. On this platform was the figure of the sun as a globe of fire in which was enclosed a glowing red heart.



DEATHBED OF HENRY II.

As the king drew rein in front of the gate, the sun opened, the heart moved forward, and suddenly expanded, showing a lovely little girl, about nine years of age, with golden curls clustering to her waist. She held the keys of the city in her hand, and addressed some verses of welcome to the sovereign as if she were the presiding genius of Rheims. She then retreated into the sun, which opened again like a flower when Queen Mary arrived. The little girl recited other verses of welcome, and presented the young consort with some beautiful gifts. Their majesties were received by twenty bishops and as many curés, at the head of whom was Cardinal Lorraine, the Archbishop of Rheims. The queen's procession was headed by the city authorities, and a canopy of state was borne over her head.

The coronation took place on the 18th, Cardinal Lorraine celebrating the mass and placing the crown on the king's head. It was a gloomy ceremony in appearance, because Francis had issued an order that, out of respect to his father's memory, no lady, saving his consort, should presume to appear in any other than a black silk or velvet dress, and that all jewels and embroidery should be dispensed with. Of course Mary Stuart was not included in the coronation rite, because, as she was reigning Queen of Scotland, it would have been beneath her dignity to vow that she would undertake nothing without the sanction of the king, and this was the form of the oath prescribed for a queen-consort of France. She therefore merely graced with her presence the consecration of her royal husband, and looked down upon the ceremony from a gallery above the right side of the altar, where she sat with Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and the ladies of their courts. A banquet followed, as usual; and after it was over, the King and Queen of France set out for Lorraine, and thence to Blois,

where both were happy to escape from the cares and turmoils of state affairs.

Unfortunately, Francis, acting by his consort's advice, allowed himself to be completely guided by the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise, who thus gained entire possession of the government, and it is remarkable that, amidst all the horror and hatred excited by the unscrupulous proceedings of her uncles, Mary never lost her popularity, but continued to be adored by the whole French nation.

A few days after the young queen had completed her seventeenth year, she met with an accident, while hunting, that nearly cost her life. The English ambassador wrote the following account of it to his court:—
“On the 19th of December the young French Queen, while hunting, was following the hart at full career when she was thrown from her horse by the bough of a tree, and with the suddenness of the fall was unable to call for help. Divers gentlemen and ladies of her chamber followed her; three or four of them passed over her before she was observed, and some of the horses' hoofs were so near her that her hood was trodden on by them. As soon as she was raised from the ground, she spoke and said she felt no hurt, and began to arrange her hair and dress her head, and so returned to the court, and kept her chamber for several hours. She feels no ill consequences from the fall, yet she is determined to change that kind of exercise.”

Francis and Mary were still at Blois with their court, enjoying the pleasures of country life, when the painful news reached them of the conspiracy of Amboise. This was the beginning of that struggle for political and religious liberty which had been brought about by the despotic rule of the house of Guise, and was destined for nearly thirty years to deluge France with blood. The Bourbon



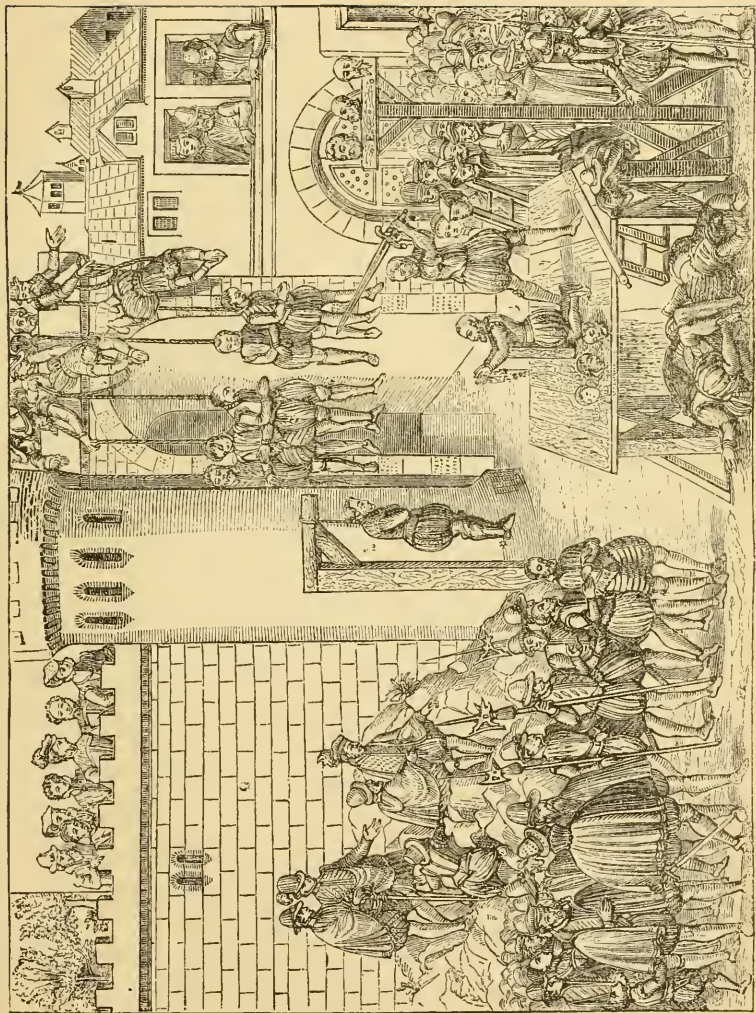
FRANCIS DE LORRAINE.

princes were jealous of the power of the house of Guise, and Catherine de Medicis, who had never cared in the least for her son, was envious of the preference he showed for his consort. Besides, she was very angry because he had deprived her of the political authority which he had vested in the Guisian princes. Perceiving the growing popularity of the Huguenot party, she allied herself secretly with them and was admitted to their confidence. Their plot, to which she perfectly agreed, was to surprise and separate the young king and queen, confine them in separate fortresses, send the princes of the house of Guise to the scaffold and place the government in the hands of a council composed of the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligni, and the Montmorencies. Catherine de Medicis had hoped to be placed at the head of this junta, but she was only used as a tool by the people whom she hoped to render subservient to her ambition and revenge. The Bourbons were assisted by Queen Elizabeth with money, and encouraged with promises of English troops. All seemed to be working to the entire satisfaction of the conspirators, when, through the treachery of Avenelles, a Huguenot lawyer, the Duc de Guise was informed of the formidable scheme, and took measures to avert the ruin that threatened himself and his family. His first step was to remove the king and queen from Blois. Francis was excessively annoyed when he was informed of the plot, and thought it was due to the faulty administration of his informer. "What have I done," he asked, passionately, "to displease my people? I listen to their petitions, and desire to perform my duty to them. I have heard," he continued, pointedly, "that it is you, gentlemen, who cause disaffection; I wish you would leave me to myself, and we should soon see whether the blow is aimed at me or you."

“Ah, sire!” replied Cardinal de Lorraine, bending his knee before the young sovereign, “if our retreat would satisfy your enemies, we should not hesitate to withdraw; but it is religion — it is the throne — it is France itself — they wish to subvert. All these are menaced by the Huguenots, whose aim it is to destroy the royal family, and to transform France into a republic. Such is the object of this conspiracy. Will you abandon your faithful servants? Will you abandon yourself?”

Thus urged, and convinced by undeniable proofs of the correspondence between the Huguenot chiefs and Queen Elizabeth, Francis no longer hesitated to put himself and his consort into the hands of the Guise party, now more powerful than ever before. Catherine de Medicis, in order to conceal from the world her share in the conspiracy, not only renewed her former intimacy with Cardinal de Lorraine, but betrayed and persecuted those who had rashly trusted her. A season of horror followed the removal of the king and queen to Amboise, where they were compelled to witness the heart-rending scenes of slaughter and terror which took place in front of the palace.

It was at this period that Mary saved the life of her Latin master, George Buchanan, who had been doomed to the stake for having violated his priestly vows. But the sickening scenes that were daily enacted at Amboise had such a bad effect on the king and queen that they removed to St. Germain-en-Laye; and shortly after Mary received news of the death of her mother, at Edinburgh Castle. She was plunged in the deepest sorrow by this sad event; but she and her husband were never allowed much time either for reflection or enjoyment, for the tyrannical statesmen who held the reins of state were constantly sending them from one place to another. Now



EXECUTION OF AMBOISE.

their presence was required at Orleans, where the Prince de Condé and other illustrious persons were to be put to death, in order to strike terror to the hearts of the supporters of the Reformation.

They did not know why they had been summoned to Orleans, because the Prince de Condé had not then been arrested; but the order had come, and they did not dream of neglecting it. On the 10th of October they bade farewell to St. Germain, and were joined at Paris by the queen-mother. They set out with a guard of twelve hundred horsemen, their force gradually increasing, as they were met by loyal nobles, with their companies of soldiers, and made their solemn entry into Orleans on the 17th of October. They stood on a scaffold, and reviewed four thousand troops of foot soldiers; and these were followed by the civic authorities, all the children of the principal inhabitants, and the archers of the city. Then their majesties proceeded to the Palace of Orleans, mounted on fine white horses, and followed by a great number of ladies and gentlemen.

Condé was to have been assassinated during his first interview with the king; but upon being informed of the plan, Francis II. forbade the homicide, in such terms that even the bold princes of the House of Guise dared not persist. In their disappointment, one of them exclaimed, within his hearing, "By the double cross of Lorraine, but we have a poor creature for our king." However, Condé was arrested on the 30th of October, as he was leaving the cabinet of Catherine de Medicis, who, with her usual treachery, had led him to believe that she was his friend.

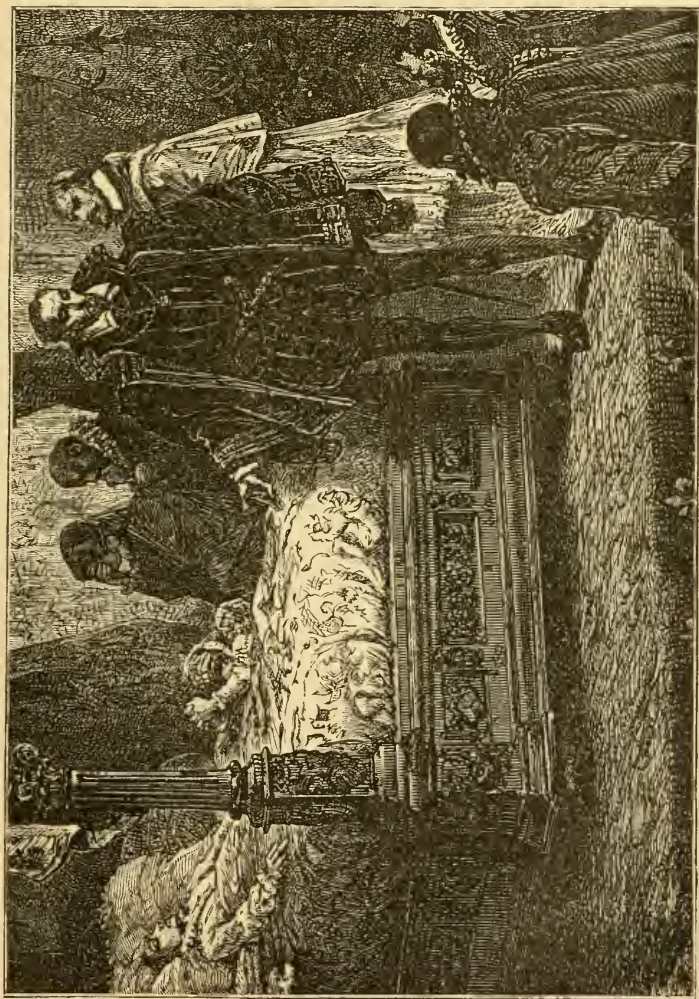
At this time Francis II. was so ill that the physicians declared his recovery doubtful, and that such was the feebleness of his constitution that, in any circumstances, he could not survive two years. Queen Mary was unre-

mitting in her care, and did not leave her suffering partner for a moment. His complaint was an abscess in the ear, attended by inflammation, which attacked the brain, and he grew worse, gradually, but steadily. At last it was announced that he was dying; and the last offices of the church were administered by Cardinal Lorraine. A sensation was produced among the noble crowd who surrounded the bed of the dying youth when he entreated absolution for all the wicked deeds that had been done in his name, by his ministers of state, particularly as the officiating cardinal was his premier.

Francis appeared to regret nothing but his separation from his Mary, the only true mourner in the room. She had been the blessing of his life; and with his last breath he testified to her virtues, and her devotion to himself. He recommended her to his mother, to whom he said, "I bequeath her as a daughter; and I entreat my brothers and sisters always to have a care of her for my sake."

"On the 5th of December, at eleven o'clock at night," wrote Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, "Francis II. departed to God, leaving as sad and weary a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his nineteen days' illness, and by painful diligence about him, is by no means in the best of health, though she is not in danger."

[A.D. 1560.] The boy king was only sixteen years ten months and fifteen days old at the time of his death. Mary Stuart knew that she had now lost her position as first lady in the land, and, without waiting to be reminded of this by her unsympathetic mother-in-law, she instantly vacated the royal apartments she had occupied at the Orleans Palace. It was one of the customs of French royalty that a queen-dowager, immediately after the death of the king, her husband, retired into the most profound



DEATHBED OF FRANCIS II.



seclusion, daylight being shut out of her apartments, which were hung with black. She was served by lamp-light, and approached by nobody but the ladies of her household. Her costume was snowy white, from head to foot; and this she wore for forty days. Hence, she was called *la reine blanche*. The delicate beauty of Mary Stuart was greatly enhanced by this white robe of widowhood.

She appeared in her widow's weeds at church when her husband's body was removed for burial to St. Denis, but she did not accompany the remains. Neither did her ambitious uncles, for they had no time to waste over a funeral procession. The care of the burial was left entirely to the personal servants of the late monarch; and their allowance for this purpose was so meagre that there was very little display. Subsequently, a handsome marble pillar was erected by Mary, as a tribute of her affection, to mark the spot where the heart of Francis II. was deposited in Orleans cathedral. She also caused a medal to be engraved, with a liquorice plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending towards the root, with this motto, "Earth hides my sweetness."

[A.D. 1561.] The most interesting visit Mary Stuart received shortly after she became a widow was from her youthful cousin Henry, Lord Darnley. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, supposed that Mary would return to Scotland to assume the government; she therefore secretly despatched her son to seek an interview and to deliver letters of condolence from herself and her husband, with such expressions of affection and zeal for her service as might best ensure her favor in their behalf. Besides, although Lord Darnley was three years younger than the widowed queen, his mother had already begun to consider the advantages that would accrue to him and his family if

a union between the two could be brought about ; and this was one of her reasons for sending him to France. Mary Stuart withdrew to a château at a short distance from Orleans, where she received many marks of attention from the members of the royal family. They visited her almost every day ; and her brother-in-law, Charles IX., the little King of France, was particularly affectionate and kind. He used to look at her portrait at times and exclaim, "Ah, Francis, happy brother ! though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel, and the object of her love."

The Spanish ambassador and his wife were Mary's frequent visitors also ; but their intimacy excited the jealousy of Catherine de Medicis, who seriously objected to an alliance between Don Carlos of Spain and her daughter-in-law. She kept a strict watch over the movements of the widow, therefore, and signified to the Duc de Guise that it would be wise to remove her from the immediate neighborhood of Orleans. Mary really had not the slightest intention to marry Don Carlos, or any other man just then, as may be seen by the following letter to the King of Spain, in reply to his expressions of condolence on the death of Francis II. : — *

"To the King of Spain, Monsieur my good brother. Sir, — I would not willingly lose this opportunity of writing to thank you for the courteous letters you have sent me by Signor Don Antonio, as well as for the honorable words in which both he and your ambassador have expressed to me your regret for the death of the late king, my lord, assuring you, my good brother, that you have lost the best brother you ever had, and consoled by your letters the most afflicted poor woman under heaven, God having deprived me of all I loved and held most dear on earth,

and left me no other comfort than that of seeing others deplore his loss and my too great misfortune. God will assist me, if it please him, to bear what comes from him with patience; for without his aid I confess I should find so great a calamity too heavy for my strength and little virtue. But, knowing that it is unreasonable for me to weary you with my letters, which can only be filled with this grievous subject, I will conclude this by entreating you to be a good brother to me in my affliction, and to continue me in your favor, to which I affectionately commend myself, praying God to give you, monsieur my good brother, as much happiness as you can desire.

“Your very good sister and cousin, MARIE.”

It was Mary's own desire to pass part of the winter with her aunt Renée de Lorraine, abbess of St. Pierre, in the seclusion of the convent; but she was prevented from doing this by the arrival of the Earl of Bedford, who had been sent by Queen Elizabeth for the double purpose of congratulating the new King of France on his accession, and of offering her condolences to the two queens. As Catherine de Medicis wished to meet the ambassador at Fontainebleau, she removed thither with her court, and Mary Stuart accompanied her.

Bedford's first reception took place on the 16th of February; and after he had performed his errand to the queen-mother, he said that he had orders to visit the Queen of Scotland also. He and the resident ambassador, Throckmorton, wrote a joint account of their interview, as follows:—

“The queen-mother, at our request, called Monsieur de Guise to her and ordered him to conduct us both to the Queen of Scotland's chamber, and to present us to her. We found her in company with the Bishop of Amiens,

divers other French bishops, and many ladies and gentlemen. After the queen's majesty's messages and letter had been delivered to her, she answered, with a very sorrowful look and tone: 'I thank her majesty for her gentleness in comforting me now when I have most need of it; and considering that the queen, my sister, doth now show the part of a good sister and cousin, whereof I have great need, I will endeavor as much as lieth in me to be even with her in good will, and in actions, also, according to my power, and though I be not so able as another, I yet trust the queen's majesty will take my good will in good part.' Then," continued the ambassadors, "we declared unto her that we would trouble her no further at that time, but we had something else to say to her, at her pleasure, from the queen's majesty. She replied that whensoever we would, we should be welcome to her, and prayed us to inform her uncle, the Duc de Guise, when we desired to see her again; and so she commanded Monsieur d'Oysell, her knight of honor, to conduct us to our lodgings."

Two days later, Mary sent d'Oysell to conduct the ambassadors to her presence again, and after the Duke of Bedford had spoken at length on the points contained in his instructions, she replied: "I thank Her Majesty the Queen of England for her good advice, which I will follow and take in good part, both because it comes from my good sister and cousin, and because I take it to be profitable to myself, for I have need of friendship and good counsel considering my position. There are more reasons for perfect and assured amity between the queen's majesty and me than between any two princes in all Christendom, for we are both in one isle, both of one language, near kinswomen, and both queens — so there are many reasons and conveniences why we should be friends. And I will

do my utmost to move the queen's majesty to believe that I am her assured friend, good cousin, sister and neighbor, trusting that I shall find the like on her part."

"Madam, I am glad to hear these words from you," returned the ambassador, "and I trust you will make them good, for then you will find the queen, my mistress, such a sister and neighbor as you desire to have her. And because in your late husband's time there were occasions for unkindness, which were explained and arranged, and also that God hath so disposed of things by the death of the king, your said late husband, that you now have absolute authority to govern your own realm at your pleasure, it may suit you to ratify the late Treaty of Edinburgh without further delay, whereby the queen, my mistress, shall have great cause to esteem you the good friend and sister that you say you will be."

Mary replied that she could not give a definite answer to so important a matter without consulting her ministers, who were not then present. The ambassador continued to urge her to ratify the treaty, whereupon she exclaimed: "Alas! my lord, what would you have me do? I have no council here; the matter is serious, and especially to one of my years; I pray you, therefore, to give me respite till I speak with you again." And so the diplomatists were dismissed.

The next day they had a final audience with the Queen of Scots, but she put them off, as before, with assurances of friendship for Queen Elizabeth and a promise to send an answer with regard to the treaty as soon as she should have an opportunity of communing with the nobility and council of Scotland. So, for the time being, the treaty which would have deprived Mary of a great deal of power, and would have been a serious disadvantage to her realm, remained unratified.

CHAPTER III.

[A.D. 1561.] SHORTLY after her interview with the English ambassadors, Mary Stuart spent a month at Fontainebleau, her favorite of all the palaces in France, and then went to Rheims for the Easter festival. But at this place she stayed only a few days, because she had promised to visit her grandmother at Joinville. Before reaching there, however, she met deputies at two different towns in Champagne, inviting her to return to Scotland. These were representatives of the jarring parties that divided her realm, one being John Lesley, afterwards Bishop of Ross, and the other her half-brother, James, Prior of St. Andrew's, who was now an ardent Reformer.

In the month of July, Mary bade adieu forever to Paris, much regretted by all classes of the citizens. The general feeling on that occasion was expressed by one of the French writers of the day thus: "As a lovely mead despoiled of its flowers, as a picture deprived of its colors, as the heavens in the absence of stars, the sea of its waves, a ship of its sails, a palace of royal pomp, or a ring bereft of its precious pearl,—thus will France grieve, bereft of her ornament, losing that royalty which was her flower, her color, her beauty. Ha, Scotland! I would that thou mightest wander, like Delos, on the face of the sea, or sink to its profoundest depths, so that the sails of thy bright queen, vainly striving to seek her realm, might suddenly turn and bear her back to her fair duchy of Lorraine!"

Accompanied by the royal family and the court, Mary proceeded to St. Germain-en-Laye, the familiar palace which had been her first home in France, and was to be her last resting-place among the friends and associates of her youth. On the 17th of July, she received a letter from d'Oysell informing her of Queen Elizabeth's refusal to permit her to pass through her realm, and two days later came an application for an audience from Throckmorton. Mary appointed the next day, and, after delivering the queen's message, the ambassador explained that the reason for her refusal was Mary's objection to signing the Treaty of Edinburgh, adding: "But I am commanded to inform your majesty that if you will agree to the ratification, my royal mistress will not only grant free passage, but she will be glad to see your highness in her realm for a friendly conference and the establishment of perfect amity between your majesties."

The young queen, who had been standing during this address, now sat down, and courteously invited Throckmorton to a seat at her side. Then, after requesting those who were near to retire to a greater distance, she said: "Monsieur, I know not well mine own infirmity, nor how far I may be transported with passion, and I like not to have so many witnesses as the queen, your mistress, was content to have, when she talked with Monsieur d'Oysell. There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself as to require of the queen, your mistress, that favor, which I had no need to ask. I needed no more to make her privy to my journey than she doth me of hers. I may pass well enough home into mine own realm, I think, without her passport or license; for though the late king, your master, used all the impeachment he could, both to stop me and catch me as I came here, yet you know, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I came

hither safely; and I may have as good means to help me home again as I had to come hither, if I would employ my friends. Truly, I was so far from evil meaning to the queen, your mistress, that at the time I was more willing to employ her amity than that of all the friends I have; and yet you know, both in this realm, and elsewhere, I have friends, and such as would be glad to employ their forces and aid to stand me in stead. You have often told me that the friendship between the queen, your mistress, and me was very necessary and profitable for us both. I have reason now to think that the queen, your mistress, is not of that mind; for I am sure if she were, she would not have refused me thus unkindly. It seems that she cares more for the friendship of my disobedient subjects than she does of me, their sovereign, who am her equal in degree, though inferior in wisdom and experience—her nearest kinswoman and neighbor; and think you, there should be such good meaning between her and my subjects who have forgotten their principal duty to me, their sovereign, as there should be betwixt her and me? I perceive that the queen, your mistress, doth think that, because my subjects have done me wrong, my friends and allies will forsake me also. Indeed, your mistress doth give me cause to seek friendship where I did not intend to ask it; but it will be thought very strange, among all princes and countries, that she should be the first to animate my subjects against me, and now being a widow, to impeach my going into mine own country. I ask her nothing but friendship. I do not trouble her state, nor practise with her subjects; and yet I know there be those in her realm that are inclined enough to hear offers. I know also that they are not of the mind she is of, neither in religion nor other things. She says that I am young and lack experience; but I have age enough, and expe-

rience, to use myself towards my friends and kinsfolk friendly and uprightly; and I trust my discretion shall not so fail me that my passion shall move me to use other language of her than becometh a queen and my next kinswoman. I could tell you that I am as she is, a queen — allied and friended, as is known; and I tell you also that my heart is not inferior to hers; but I will not continue to make comparisons.”

The young queen then proceeded to explain again why she had refused to ratify the treaty, and concluded by asking the following question: “I pray you, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur, tell me how ariseth this strange behavior in the queen, your mistress, towards me. I desire to know in order that I may reform myself if I have failed.”

Poor Mary drew down upon herself a severe reprimand on the score of the serious offence she had given to Queen Elizabeth in consequence of her having assumed the arms and title of Queen of England. “But, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur,” she eagerly replied, “I was then under command of King Henry, my father, and of the late king, my lord and husband; and whatsoever was then done by their orders, was continued until both their deaths, since which time you know I have neither borne the arms nor used the title of England. Methinks these, my doings, might assure the queen, your mistress, that what was done before, was done by command of them that had power over me. It were no great dishonor to the queen, my cousin, though I, a queen also, did bear the arms of England, for I am sure that some inferior to me, and not so well *a-parented* as I am, do bear the arms of England. You cannot deny but that my grandmother, Margaret Tudor, was the king, her father’s, sister, and, I trow, the eldest sister he had. I do assure you, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur, and I do speak unto you truly as I think, I never

meant nor thought matter against the queen, my cousin. Indeed, I know what I am, and would be sorry either to do others wrong or suffer too much wrong to myself. And now that I have told you my mind plainly, I pray you behave like a good minister, whose part it is to make things betwixt princes rather better than worse." And thus Mary Stuart closed the conference.

Catherine de Medicis expressed regret to Throckmorton that Queen Elizabeth had refused Mary a free passage home to her own realm, and said: "They are neighbors and near cousins, and both of them have powerful friends and allies, so it may chance that more unkindness shall ensue from this matter than is to be wished for or meet to come to pass. Thanks be to God, all the princes of Christendom are now at peace, and it were great pity they should not so continue. I perceive the matter of this unkindness is grounded upon the delay of the ratification of the treaty. The queen, my daughter, hath declared unto you that she hath stayed the same until she may have the advice of her own subjects, wherein I think she doth act discreetly; and though she have her uncles here, by whom it is thought she should be advised, yet, considering they be subjects and counsellors of the king, my son, they are not the meetest to give her counsel in this matter. The nobles of her own realm would neither like it nor allow that their sovereign should resolve without their advice in a matter of consequence; therefore, methinks the queen, your mistress, might be satisfied with this answer, and accommodate the queen, my daughter, her cousin and neighbor, with such favor as she demandeth."

This explanation was as unavailing as the same oft repeated by Mary Stuart herself had been. Elizabeth had made up her mind to force a quarrel as an excuse for endeavoring to intercept and capture the Queen of Scots

on her homeward journey, and Throckmorton lent his assistance to further the project. He wrote Elizabeth: "That I might the better ascertain whether Queen Mary did intend to make the journey, I repaired to her to take my leave, and said that, hearing by common report that she intended to take such voyage shortly, I thought it my duty to take my leave of her, and was sorry she had not given your majesty so good occasion for amity as that I, your minister, could conveniently wait upon her at her embarking."

"If my preparations were not so far advanced as they are," replied Mary, "peradventure the queen, your mistress's, unkindness might stay my voyage; but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favorable that I shall not come upon the coast of England; but if I do, then, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the queen, your mistress, will have me in her hands, to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, peradventure she may then do her pleasure and make sacrifice of me. That casualty might be better for me than to live; in this matter God's will be done!"

Throckmorton felt not the slightest pity for the young creature, who, if seized, was to be consigned to a life-long captivity in an English prison, but proceeded to spy out whatever plans were made for the sorrowful widow's return to her native land and report them, adding as a postscript, "If you mind to catch the Queen of Scots, your ships must search and see all, for she meaneth rather to steal away than to pass by force."

Mary did not get away from France quite so soon as she had expected, because of the scarcity of funds. She had received no part of either her royal revenue or personal income from Scotland for more than a year, during which

time she had been living on her jointure as queen-dowager of France and the estates she had inherited from her mother. She therefore obtained a loan of a hundred thousand crowns from the King of France, and on the 25th of July, 1561, departed from St. Germain-en-Laye, attended by a more numerous and brilliant retinue of noble ladies and gentlemen than had ever swelled the train of any royal bride of France. Never was a queen of that realm so beloved, regretted, and esteemed as Mary Stuart, and it was with a heavy heart that she bade farewell to her beloved relations. She had one more sorrowful duty to perform before leaving France forever, and that was to visit Fescamp, the burial-place of her mother, to bid adieu to the lifeless remains, that had been denied interment in Scotland.

Several days later, she arrived at Calais, where she was forced to wait a week for a favorable wind. All things being propitious, at last, Mary embarked on the 15th of August, with her three uncles, her ladies and retinue. She was attended to the water's edge by the Duke and Duchess of Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine and a numerous company of weeping friends and servants. Two galleys had been prepared for her and her followers, and four French ships of war for protection. Sobs choked her voice when she beheld the vessels that were to convey her from the country where she had been cherished and petted as a child, honored as a queen, and almost adored as a woman. She raised her eyes to the faces of her friends, pressed her hands to her heart, and parted in silence more eloquent than words.

She continued very sad throughout the voyage, and often wept bitterly. Once her galley was in sight of the English squadron ; and, had it not been for the energetic strokes of her rowers, she would surely have been cap-



MARY LANDING AT LEITH.

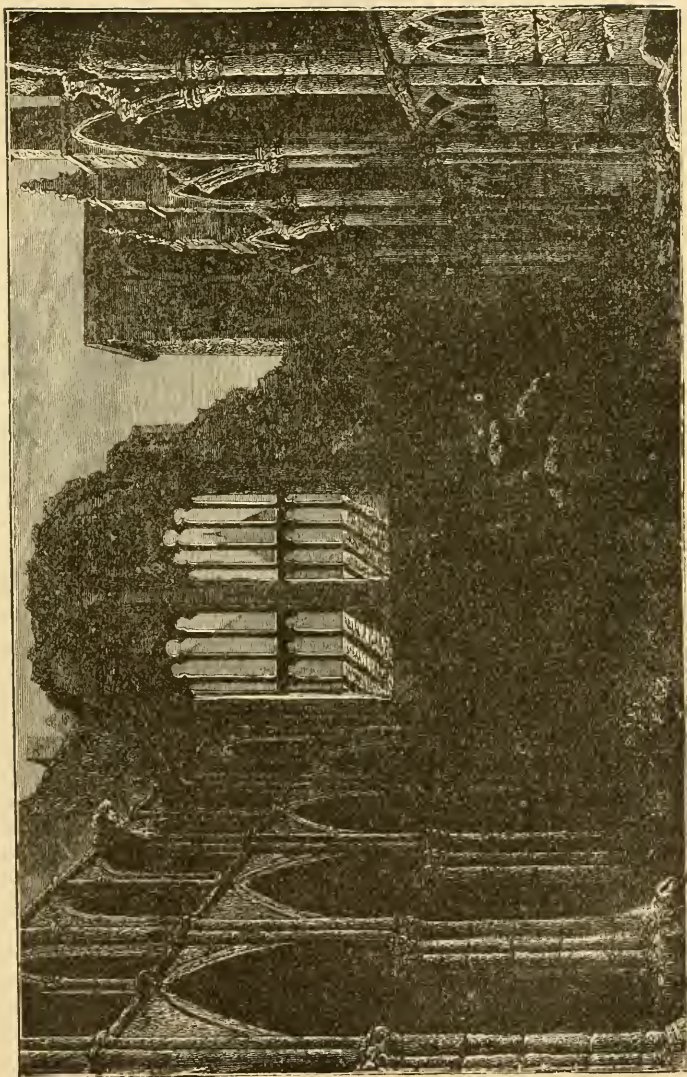
tured. A providential fog concealed the course of the galley, and thickened to such a degree, as the coast of Scotland was approached, that the pilots did not know where they were, and expressed an anxious desire to see the beacon lights. "What need of beacon lights have we," asked the poet Chastellar, "to guide us over the dark waves, when we have the starry eyes of this fair queen, whose heavenly beams irradiate both sea and land, and brighten all they shine on?"

At last, after two whole days and nights of impenetrable fog, the sun came forth bright and clear on Sunday morning, when, to the astonishment of pilots and crew, it was discovered that they were in the midst of the most dangerous rocks along the Scottish coast, and that a miracle had preserved them and their sovereign from a watery grave. "I have no fear of death," said the queen, with calm self-possession; "nor should I wish to live unless it were for the general good of Scotland." She however expressed her gratitude for the safety of her friends and crew; and on the 20th of August, at six o'clock in the morning, nearly a week earlier than had been expected, she entered the harbor of Leith.

It had been Mary's intention to proceed at once to Holyrood; but on being informed that nothing was ready for her accommodation in that palace, she went to the house of one of her faithful subjects at Leith, named Andrew Lambie, where she and her ladies rested until the afternoon. When all the necessary arrangements had been made, Mary's half-brother, Lord James, the Earl of Argyll, and such of the nobles as were in Edinburgh, came to congratulate the queen on her safe arrival, and to conduct her to her palace. As there were no carriages in Scotland, she and her ladies had to travel on horseback. This would not have been unpleasant

had the proper sort of animals been provided ; for Mary was an accomplished horsewoman, and would not have objected to display her fine figure to the eager crowd that had assembled to see her mount. But one of her galleys had been captured by the English, and on it were her favorite state-horse and the rest of the fine animals she had seen safely embarked at Calais for the use of her ladies on their arrival in Scotland. Lord James had not been very dainty in his choice of steeds to supply this loss ; for he had brought only a few sorry looking hack-horses, with miserable saddles and bridles, pretending that nothing better could be secured at such short notice. At this mortifying display of the poverty of her realm, which she knew would excite the ridicule of the luxurious French nobles, who had been accustomed to see her surrounded with elegance and splendor, poor Mary's eyes filled with tears. She did not doubt that this was a mark of personal disrespect to herself ; and with the emotion natural to a girl of eighteen, she thus expressed herself : " These are not like the equestrian appointments to which I have been accustomed ; but it behooves me to arm myself with patience." Nevertheless, vexatious tears coursed down her cheeks.

The young queen's entrance into Holyrood was greeted with general acclamations ; bonfires were lighted, and the neighborhood was illuminated. The nobles and gentry of her realm hastened to Edinburgh to pay their respects, to make complaints, or to recommend projects ; and Mary tried in every possible way to satisfy both high and low. The graciousness and sweetness of her deportment won all hearts ; and her subjects felt proud in the possession of a queen who was the most beautiful and perfect lady of her age.



RUINS OF HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

Everything went on peacefully at Holyrood until the 24th of August. That being Sunday, the queen ordered mass to be said in the royal chapel, claiming for herself and the Roman Catholic members of her household the same liberty of conscience and freedom of worship which she had accorded to her subjects without exception. Patrick, Lord Lindsay, one of the leaders of the Congregation, buckled on his armor, and, rushing to the chapel door, brandished his sword and shouted, "The idolater priest shall die the death!" Others attacked the queen's almoner, and would have slain him had he not fled for protection to the presence of his royal mistress. Mary was offended and grieved at the occurrence, and exclaimed: "This is a fine commencement of what I have to expect. What will be the end I know not; but I foresee it must be very bad." But she was resolute in her purpose; and her chapel door was guarded while the mass was celebrated. In the afternoon there was a meeting at the Abbey; and the crowd of Protestants who assembled there declared that "the land which God had by his power purged from idolatry should not be again polluted."

By the advice of her privy council, the queen caused a proclamation to be made at the market-cross, stating that she was most desirous to preserve order in her realm; that she intended not to interrupt the form of religion which at her return she found established in her realm; and that any attempt on the part of others to do so would be punished with death; and that she, on the other hand, commanded her subjects not to molest or trouble any of her domestic servants, or any of the persons who had accompanied her from France, either within her palace or without, or to make any derision or invasion of them, under the same penalty. This had a good effect;

and for a time there was no further trouble as to the mode of worship by which the queen chose to go to heaven.

In a week after her arrival at Edinburgh, Mary took the bold step of demanding a conference with her formidable adversary, John Knox; and she began by reproaching him with having excited a revolt amongst a portion of her subjects against her mother and herself, also with having written a book against her just authority, entitled "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women."

He boldly defended the principles of his ungallant work, and the able manner in which he considered that he had set them forth, seeming thoroughly well satisfied with the literary merit of his book. "Then ye think that I have no just authority?" asked Mary, coming straight to the point. Knox dared not give a direct reply; but he expatiated on the difference in opinion of learned men in general on this subject, and concluded thus: "If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not farther disallow than within my own breast. My hope is that so long as ye do not defile your hands with the blood of the saints of God that neither I nor that book shall hurt you or your authority; for in very deed, madam, the book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England."

The conference continued for a long time; and Mary was so much impressed by the reformer's remarks on the subject of religion that, had not his ill manners rendered him a stumbling-block of offence to her, she might have been made a powerful instrument in the work of reform in her divided realm. But Knox was harsh and uncharitable, and, although he made the young queen weep by his brutal remarks, he failed to touch her heart.



KNOX AND MARY.

SWAN

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Mary was daily gaining ground in the affections of her people, who were now making grand preparations for her public entrance into the metropolis. The 2d of September was appointed for this important event. In the morning, her majesty left Holyrood House, with her train, and rode through the long street to the foot of Castlehill, where a triumphal arch had been erected for her to pass under. She was accompanied by most of the nobles of Scotland; but the Duke of Châtelherault and his son, the Earl of Arran, were conspicuous by their absence.

Mary rode up the hill to the castle, where, being received with due honors, she dined at the customary hour of twelve. When she emerged, after dinner, and turned towards the city, there was a grand firing of cannon; and, as she descended the hill, she was met by an escort of fifty young men, clad in yellow satin, their arms and legs bare, and blackened to resemble Moors. Their faces were covered by black visors, their hats were of the same sombre hue, and they were laden down with gold chains and bright-colored precious stones. The idea was that these youths of Edinburgh were Mary's humble slaves and blackamoors, and that they esteemed themselves honored in being permitted to wear her chains. Sixteen of the most honest men of the town, who had been appointed by the council, received their fair young sovereign, under a canopy of fine purple velvet, lined with red satin and fringed with gold. Eight bore the canopy over her and her horse, and the others walked on either side, ready to relieve their companions in this labor of love. At the market-place there was an immense wooden gate, hung with arms and tapestry, above which sat some young girls, who sang when the queen approached; and, as she passed through, a cloud suspended from the top, opened and revealed a "bonny bairn," who descended as though she

had wings, and delivered to her highness the keys of the town, together with a Bible and a Psalm-book, covered with purple velvet. The child delivered a set speech in praise of the book, which was a Protestant translation. Mary received the Bible, and delivered it into the care of Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard, which was considered a great crime by those who beheld wrong in everything she did, because Erskine was a rigid Papist; but how she was to carry a heavy book and at the same time manage her horse it is difficult to conceive. Other pageants and speeches greeted the queen in different parts of the city; and, after returning thanks for all that had been done in her honor, she returned to Holyrood. The following evening, she gave a grand entertainment to her Scottish nobles and ladies.

One of her first cares was to appoint two almoners, Archibald Crawford and Peter Rorie, for the distribution of charity to the needy; and she took pains to devote a portion of her private income for the education of children. She also revived the humane appointment of the king, her father, of an advocate for the poor, whose duty it was to plead the cause of the indigent and to see that they were treated with justice and mercy. Three days in the week they could appear to enter their complaints; and the queen often sat with the judges herself, to make sure that nobody was neglected. It was her earnest desire to render her realm peaceful and prosperous by gentle means, and for this reason she paid a great deal of attention to business. Hers was certainly no easy task; and what made it more difficult was that her religion was different from that of the majority of her subjects. However, with strict regard to their wishes, she chose a Protestant cabinet, with the exception of the Earl of Huntley, her Lord Chancellor. Lord James, the Prior of

St. Andrew's, was her Prime Minister; William Maitland, of Lethington, was her Secretary of State; James Makgill, Clerk-Register; Wishart, nephew of the martyr, was her Privy Seal; and Kirkaldy, of the Grange, and Henry Balnaves held offices in the cabinet. Of her council, seven were Protestants and five Roman Catholics.

Mary sat daily in council with her ministers for several hours; but, as she was the only woman present, she relieved herself of embarrassment by sewing or embroidering, her little sandalwood work-table being always placed by her chair of state, with all the necessary articles. While her fingers were occupied, she listened attentively to the opinions of every gentleman present, and expressed her own in return.

After seeing his niece established on her throne with every prospect of rendering herself a blessing to her realm, the Duc d'Aumale, with the greater number of her French followers, returned home. The queen was now desirous of showing herself to her people, and of ascertaining their condition. She therefore determined to undertake a progress through the central counties, stopping at some of the principal towns, and at her country palaces. As she was to be accompanied by fifteen ladies of her household, six members of her cabinet council, her state officers, her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and her brother, the Lord James, she decided to go on horseback. In consequence of the capture and detention of her horses by Queen Elizabeth, Mary had been compelled to provide herself with a fresh supply, which had cost her a great deal of money. She was the first lady in Scotland who used the modern side-saddle with a pommel, and here it will be well to quote the description of Queen Mary's appearance on horseback, as given by Hogg, the Scotch poet, called the Ettrick Shepherd, from tradition:—

For such a queen, the Stuarts' heir,
 A queen so courteous, young, and fair,
 Who would not every foe defy?
 Who would not stand, who would not die?
 Light on her airy steed she sprung;
 No chieftain there rode half so free,
 Or half so light or gracefully.
 When the gale heaved her bosom's screen,
 What beauties in her form were seen!
 And when her courser's mane it swung,
 A thousand silver bells were rung.
 A sight so fair, on Scotland's plain,
 A Scot shall never see again.

The queen departed from Holyrood, with her retinue, on the 11th of September, and reached Linlithgow, her birthplace, the same evening. After holding court the following day, she proceeded to Stirling, and, being received with customary honors, entered the fortress which was associated with the earliest recollections of her childhood. That night she barely escaped being burned to death; for a lighted candle set fire to the curtains of her bed while she was asleep, and she was almost stifled with the smoke before she could be rescued. This accident made quite a sensation, on account of an ancient prediction that a queen would be burnt at Stirling; but it did not affect Mary half so seriously as the riot which occurred on the Sunday during the mass she had ordered. It was her prime minister and justice-general who caused the cowardly assault that was made on her chaplains, and the unlucky creatures were seriously hurt before quiet could be restored.

Mary was so displeased that she left Stirling that very afternoon, and rode towards Leslie Castle, in Fifeshire, the estate of the Earl of Rothes. On the 17th of the month she made a state entrance into Perth, where she was well received and presented with a golden heart filled

with coin. But while riding through the streets of the city, whether from fatigue or over-excitement, her majesty was taken ill, and fainted before she could reach her palace, whither she was borne in a state of unconsciousness. She was in the saddle again the next day, however, and rode to Dundee, where she remained until the 20th, then crossed the Tay, and proceeded to St. Andrew's. A week was spent at this city, and on the 29th Mary was back again in Edinburgh. In every town she had been received with such honors as the poor people of her desolated realm were able to offer; and it was a source of satisfaction to her to find that the masses were generally disposed to regard her with confidence and affection.

Scarcely had she returned to the metropolis when the provost and other city officers attempted a most despotic and illegal act of persecution against some of their fellow-subjects, by issuing a proclamation that all Papists must leave the town under the penalty of being set on the market-cross for six hours, exposed to whatever insults and indignities the rabble might choose to inflict, carted around the town, and burned on both cheeks; and if caught a third time, to be punished with death. Mary's indignation was excessive; and she addressed a letter to the town council, denouncing the oppressive edict as an infringement of the liberties of the realm. Even had she been a member of the reformed Congregation, it would have been her duty, as a just sovereign, to have done the same. But no other effect was produced by her remonstrance than a repetition of the same proclamation, couched in even more offensive language. This was too much; and Mary ordered the town council to elect other magistrates in place of those who had offended. She was obeyed, and she thereupon issued her royal proclamation granting permission to all good and faithful subjects to

remain in Edinburgh or to leave, according to their pleasure or convenience. "And so," says Knox, "got the devil freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street."

It was not only the leaders of the Congregation who vexed and annoyed the queen at this period; for she was beset with complaints and demands from the Roman Catholic party as well. The head of this party was the Earl of Huntley, who boasted that he could have mass celebrated in three counties, if only Mary would give him permission; but, as she had pledged herself not to allow any alteration to be made in the religion she found established on her return, no such attempt could be sanctioned. She was accused of being an injury to the church, and the princes of the House of Guise threatened to organize a party in her own realm against her; but she steadily resisted all foreign interference, and governed according to her own liberal ideas. She even read many works of Protestant divines, and discussed them, though she never swerved from her own belief.

Mary became very fond of Lethington, her Secretary of State; she did not respect his principles, but she admired his intellect, and felt that he could appreciate her abilities. He was a smooth-tongued, polished courtier, while Lord James was rough and outspoken; for this reason her majesty believed the latter the more honest. This was a serious mistake, however, for both were hypocrites of the deepest dye.

The queen's attention was early drawn towards the condition of the Border counties, which swarmed with fierce banditti, whom it was impossible to control excepting by means of a military force. She therefore appointed Lord James to bring them to submission, and, assisted by the Earl of Bothwell, this commander, by means of hanging,

drowning, and other severe penalties, reduced the most warlike to obedience.

On the anniversary of her husband's death, Queen Mary had a dirge sung for the repose of his soul, and it was on this occasion that the superb voice of David Riccio was first heard in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood. Riccio was secretary to Count di Morretta, ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, and a zealous Roman Catholic. He was such an excellent musician that the queen requested her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, to ask the count to leave him in Scotland, and she engaged him to sing regularly at the mass in her chapel, and to act as her secretary. He had been particularly recommended to her by Cardinal Lorraine, who wrote: "I advise you to take Riccio into your service, both on account of his incorruptible integrity and because, from his being ugly, deformed, and of mature age, no cause for scandal can possibly arise from your being much together." The fact of Mary's religious services being constantly interrupted by murderous attacks on her choir, made her anxious to retain as leader a gentleman who was under the protection of a foreign embassy; and this was her reason for engaging David Riccio.

[A.D. 1562.] Early in the new year Mary left Holyrood to be present at the marriage of her half-brother, Lord John, with Lady Jane Hepburn, which was solemnized at Crichton Castle, the residence of the Earl of Bothwell, the bride's brother. On this interesting occasion, she was the guest of that nobleman, with whom her destiny was afterwards so fatally connected.

At this time she was much gratified by the honorable reception Queen Elizabeth gave to her uncle, the Grand Prior. This handsome military monk did more during his visit to the court of England towards reconciling the

royal spinster to her fair cousin of Scotland, than all the formal diplomacy in the world could have accomplished. "*Mon Prieur*," as Elizabeth affectionately styled this agreeable flatterer, managed so adroitly that she forgot the affront Mary had offered in assuming the arms and title of England, and sent her a pressing invitation to make her a visit. The Queen of Scots testified her appreciation of this courtesy, and a show of friendship was kept up for a while between the two royal ladies by letters and an exchange of presents.

Elizabeth's jealousy was aroused, after a time, because several princes wanted to marry her fair cousin. One of these was the heir of Spain, as whose wife Mary would have been in position to contest for the crown of England; another was the Archduke Charles, who had been Elizabeth's suitor, and there were besides some Italian princes. Elizabeth feigned sisterly affection for her rival, hoping thus to control her, and to prevent her from marrying at all. As for Mary, she bestowed very little thought on matrimony, and devoted her energies towards the restoration of peace and prosperity to her unhappy land. When questioned on the subject, she was wont to reply: "I will none other husband but the Queen of England, and I wish withal that one of us were a king, in order to settle all debates."

No allusion had been made to the Treaty of Edinburgh for a long time, but Elizabeth had not forgotten it by any means, and in the autumn she sent Sir Peter Mewtas to demand a ratification of the same. As Mary had already stated her objections, she merely repeated her desire for good will and friendship; she sent Elizabeth a polite letter by the envoy and a present of a handsome gold chain; and she retaliated by a request that in the event of her royal sister's death, she should be appointed successor to

the crown of England. Like her father, Henry VIII., Elizabeth never could bear any allusion to the possibility of dying, and considered it a great piece of impertinence. She declared that nothing should induce her to appoint any one to reign after her, as she felt assured her days would not be long if she did so, and that the mention of her successor produced the same effect on her mind as if her winding-sheet were to be always hung up before her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

[A.D. 1562.] AT the commencement of the year 1562, there were rumors at the court of Holyrood of the engagement of Queen Mary to her young cousin, Lord Darnley, but as the King of Sweden persevered in wooing her through his ambassadors, no credit was given to the idea of an alliance which Mary seemed to consider beneath her dignity.

On the last day of February, Mary removed with her court to Falkland, to pass a few weeks in hawking and hunting. No sooner was she out of the way than the Earl of Bothwell, who on account of shameless, riotous conduct, had been banished from court for a month by her majesty, returned, with his mind bent on mischief. His position had been so seriously injured by his disorderly conduct that his old friends would have nothing to do with him; he therefore determined to ally himself with the powerful party. He was already a member of the Congregation; he now solicited a secret interview with John Knox, and was admitted to his study late one night. Bothwell began to lament the sinfulness of his former life, and expressed great desire to reform, but he said that what weighed most heavily on his mind was his misbehavior towards the Earl of Arran, with whom he begged Knox to bring about a reconciliation.

Knox was a born vassal of Bothwell's family, which fact explains the reason for his treating so notorious a profligate with courtesy and kindness. "My lord," he said,



JOHN KNOX.

“ would to God that in me were counsel or judgment that might comfort and relieve you. For, albeit that to this hour it hath not chanced me to speak with your lordship face to face, yet I have borne a good mind to your house, and have been sorry to my heart of the troubles I have heard you to be involved in. For, my lord, my grandfather and father have served your lordship’s predecessors, and some have died under their standards, and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness.”

Influenced by this spirit of feudalism, the great reformer promised to grant Bothwell’s request, particularly as he was a person of considerable political importance. So a meeting was appointed between him and Arran at the house of Kirk-o’-Field, and when Bothwell entered, the earl advanced and embraced him, with these words:— “ If the heart be upright, few ceremonies may content me.” All present shook hands with the scamp, Knox blessed the reconciliation, and the two earls became so friendly that everybody was astonished. Next day they appeared together at the sermon, and afterwards went to visit the Duc de Châtelherault. His object was to render both the father and son instrumental in his audacious project of abducting the queen. He nearly succeeded by working on the despairing passion of Arran, who wanted to marry the queen, and by arousing the suspicion of the duke that it was Mary’s intention to exclude the house of Hamilton from the succession, in favor of the Lennox family or of her brother, Lord James.

It was planned among these three that Mary should be surprised while hunting at Falkland, and forcibly carried off to Dumbarton Castle, which belonged to Châtelherault; that her two favorite ministers should be slain, and the government placed in the hands of Arran, who was to become

the husband of the sovereign. At first the earl agreed to everything, but soon he began to suspect that he was merely the dupe of Bothwell, and he hastened to Knox, to whom he confessed the plot. As he was in a state of feverish excitement, the reformer tried to soothe and reassure him; but in vain. The unfortunate nobleman returned to his father's house, and wrote a full account of the conspiracy to Mary, asking what she desired him to do. She replied that, if he would continue in his duty he should find it to his advantage. Arran then tried to dissuade his father from assisting Bothwell, but, finding him bent on carrying out the treasonable design, he told him of his having informed the queen. This put the duke in such a passion that he would have slain his son then and there, had he not fled for refuge to his own chamber, where he remained locked up the whole of the next day. He employed himself in writing a letter to Lord James in cipher, which it was impossible for either that nobleman or the queen to comprehend.

Meanwhile, the Abbot of Kilwinning arrived at Falkland, and told the queen that the Earl of Arran had offended his father by falsely accusing him of treason; and had since escaped out of his chamber window by tearing sheets and fastening them together, and no one knew whither he had gone. He denounced everything Arran had written as false; but as he was one of the alleged conspirators, he was arrested. Within an hour afterwards, Bothwell made his appearance, for the purpose of exculpating himself, but, on being cross-questioned, he appeared so guilty that he too was locked up. The next morning Arran arrived at the house of Lord James, to whom he made a verbal statement in accordance with what he had written to Mary. But he gave unmistakable proof that his mind was seriously affected, and his father,

who neither wrote nor came to protest his innocence to the queen, merely lamented that he had a crazy son.

Arran remained at the house of Lord James for five days, at the end of which time he denied that Châtelherault had been implicated in the plot to abduct the queen, but persisted in denouncing Bothwell. He was removed to the Castle of St. Andrew's, where, after five or six days' imprisonment, he earnestly entreated to see Mary. She ordered that he and Bothwell should be confronted in her presence before her council. There Arran charged Bothwell to his face, in a clear, concise, sensible manner, and made such a favorable impression on the queen and her ministers that Bothwell's denial sounded as false as it really was, and the traitor was ordered back to prison.

On the 19th of April, the nobles convened at St. Andrew's, when the Duc de Châtelherault, who feared for the safety of himself and his house, crossed the water, accompanied by a number of his kindred, and, having been granted an interview with the queen, threw himself at her feet, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, and begged her to be merciful, and not allow him to be condemned on the delirious accusation of his son. Mary now had an opportunity to crush a person who had been guilty of many acts of treason, and who had made several attempts to overthrow her government and deprive her of her realm; but the old man's tears touched her heart, and she not only spoke words of comfort, but promised that he should have full liberty to defend himself, in her presence, before the council of lords. He denied any knowledge of Bothwell's plot, and offered such proofs of his son's insanity that Mary said she could not proceed against the duke on such an accusation. However, she added: "As a proof of your royalty and good intentions for the future, I expect you to deliver up my fortress of Dumbarton, which

you have hitherto retained in spite of my repeated demands ; as it was the place named for my imprisonment, I shall not rest satisfied until it be delivered up to my authorities."

The duke asked time to reflect ; and this was granted. The fact is that he was afraid to take so decided a step without consulting Queen Elizabeth ; so he sought an opportunity to speak to her ambassador, who advised him by all means to surrender the castle, since he had never had any other right to it than a verbal agreement with the late queen regent.

Bothwell and Kilwinning were sent to the Castle of Edinburgh, there to await in prison the queen's pleasure ; for, although Arran's insanity was proved beyond a doubt, there were other sources of evidence against Bothwell ; and nothing could induce his sovereign to release him. But at the end of three months he contrived his escape, and went to his stronghold, Hermitage Castle. Not feeling safe there, he finally sought refuge in England.

In the summer, Lethington, who had been to England, returned home with a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Mary, urging the latter to make her a visit. Mary was delighted ; for, surrounded as she was by treacherous counsellors, she had every reason for desiring to meet her nearest relative, whose protection would be of great value. She never suspected that Elizabeth had no real intention of allowing a rival so much younger and more beautiful than herself to appear at her court, particularly as that sovereign went so far in her deceitful professions of her desire to meet Mary as to make the following arrangements : The Queen of Scots was to be received at Berwick by three earls, who were to pay all her travelling expenses from the time she crossed the English border. On her approach to York, she was to be met by the Duke of

Norfolk, and conducted by him to his royal mistress, who proposed to receive her on the 6th of August, at Southwell, a house of the Archbishop of York, whence they were to proceed together to Nottingham, there to pass a month in all sorts of pleasures. Mary eagerly began preparations for her journey, by writing to her nobles to convene at Edinburgh to attend her. It was specified, that, to save expense, nothing but black cloth or velvet was to be worn, her majesty not having yet taken off her widow's mourning.

Meantime, Mary sent for Randolph, and showed him a picture of his sovereign, which Lethington had brought with the letter, asking whether it was a good likeness. "I trust your grace will shortly be the judge thereof," answered the ambassador, "and will find much more perfection than could be set forth by the art of man." Mary rejoined that the greatest desire she had ever cherished was to see her good sister; and that she trusted after they had met and spoken together, the greatest grief that would ever occur between them would be the pain of parting. A few days later, Elizabeth sent Sir Henry Sidney to express her regrets that their meeting could not take place that year, as, in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Catholic princes of France, Spain, and Italy, against the cause of the Reformation, it was necessary for her to remain in London. Mary was so deeply disappointed that she wept. However, she graciously assented to Elizabeth's desire that she should postpone her visit until the following summer.

Being disappointed of her visit to England, Mary decided on a progress through the northern part of her realm, and started on the 11th of August, attended by her ladies, Lord James, many of his friends, her officers of state, and Randolph, the English ambassador. She

slept at Linlithgow the first night, and on the morrow Lord Livingstone, brother of one of her Marys, was honored with a visit, at Callander House. Stirling was reached the same evening; and there the royal party rested until the 18th, hunting whenever the weather would permit, for this was a pastime of which the queen was exceedingly fond. She arrived at Old Aberdeen on the 27th, and was received with the usual honors. The Earl and Countess of Huntley dutifully met her majesty, and invited her to stay at their house, where all the necessary preparations had been made; but, as their son had given much cause for offence on several occasions, and had shown himself an enemy to the queen, she would not avail herself of their hospitality, but chose rather to go to the house of Sir William Leslie, the sheriff of the county, where she passed the night.

On the 10th of September, Mary arrived at Farnaway, the principal mansion of the earldom of Moray; and here she sat in council, having ordered a summons to be served on Sir John Gordon to surrender his castles of Finlater and Auchindown. Here, too, her brother, Lord James, produced his patent for the earldom of Moray, and for the first time took his place by that title. It was partly with this object in view that he had brought his sovereign a long, tedious journey, in extremely cold weather, through bog and moor; for his illegal proceeding needed the cloak of her authority. But this was only the beginning. Next day the new Earl of Moray conducted the queen and her train to Inverness, arriving in the evening. She presented herself before the castle gate, and demanded its surrender. Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, was keeper; and he was sheriff of Inverness as well. His deputy, Capt. Alexander Gordon, acknowledging no authority but that of his chief, refused to admit even the

sovereign, without his orders, though this was an overt act of treason. Mary, being thus repulsed from her own fortress, was compelled to lodge in the town. The next day the castle was forced to surrender by the country people, who flocked to their queen's assistance; and the captain was hanged.

A few days later the queen continued her journey through the heart of the Gordon country unmolested; but when she stopped before Finlater House, one of Sir John Gordon's castles, she was refused admittance. This time she could only move on, because there were no cannon, as at Inverness, to force the castellan to surrender. It was part of Moray's game to crush the Earl of Huntley, whose power was the great barrier against his own ambitious designs; he therefore poisoned Mary's mind against this protector of her infancy, as well as against Sir John Gordon and the Ogilvies, and made her play to the bitter end the part he had assigned her.

The queen arrived at Old Aberdeen on the 22d of September, and made her public entry into the new town the next day, being honorably received with pageants, plays, and addresses. She now provided herself with artillery and arms to be used in reducing the Earl of Huntley's castles; but there was no need for them, for the unfortunate earl, anxious to escape the punishment that threatened him, sent the keys of Finlater and Deskford, and ordered them to be laid at the feet of her majesty. Acting by the advice of her premier, she refused them, saying she meant to reduce those castles by other means. The gentlemen who brought the keys were imprisoned, and Huntley was commanded to deliver up a cannon that had been in his possession many years, and bring it to a spot four miles from his castle. He obeyed and besought the queen's messenger to assure her majesty that not

only the cannon, but his goods, and even his body, were at her disposal.

The queen sent Captain Stuart with a hundred and fifty soldiers to invest Finlater Castle. Sir John Gordon, Huntley's son, hearing of this, surprised them by night with a company of his followers, slew some, disarmed the rest, and captured the leader. Thereupon Huntley's arrest was ordered; but that earl was warned, and made his escape. His wife threw open the gates and invited all who came in the queen's name to enter and partake of her hospitality. They ate and drank, and searched the house, but not a treasonable paper or a warlike sign could be found. Huntley and his son John were summoned to appear before the queen and her council at Aberdeen, but, failing to do so, they were proclaimed rebels and traitors at the market-cross, with three blasts of her majesty's horn, according to the Scottish custom.

Huntley now sent his wife to offer his submission to the queen, and to explain to her how she had been deceived by her advisers. Mary refused to see the countess. The earl then offered by special messenger to surrender himself to be tried by his peers in Parliament, but not by his foes. His proposal was rejected. Goaded to desperation, he at last resolved to march against his sovereign at the head of five hundred armed men, chiefly his own tenants and servants. His intention was to surprise her at Aberdeen, but about twelve miles from that town he was stopped by the Earl of Moray, with two thousand soldiers, and forced to surrender. His sons, Sir John and Adam, who were with him, were captured also. The old earl died, without a word, just after he was placed on the horse in front of his captor. Whether he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, or, as some historians have declared, was strangled by Mary's order, cannot be known. His

body was carried on a rude bier to Aberdeen, and when his daughter, Lady Forbes, saw it lying on the stones in the Tolbooth prison, she reverently covered it with a piece of curtain, saying as she did so: "What stability is there in human things? Here lieth he who, yesterday, was esteemed the richest, wisest, and greatest man in Scotland."

Sir John Gordon was paraded through the streets with ropes around his neck, like a common felon, and the queen shed tears when she saw him. This alarmed Moray, lest she might be induced to pardon the offender; he therefore produced treasonable letters which he said had been found in the dead man's pockets, and brought one of Huntley's confidential servants to confess before the queen that his lord had intended to murder her and the Earl of Moray when they were at one of his castles. The ruin of the noble Gordons, root and branch, was now settled.

On the 2d of November Sir John was found guilty of high treason, before the Justice Court of Aberdeen, and sentenced to lose his head. He was instantly hurried away to execution. The people showed so much interest in this handsome young nobleman that Moray insisted upon having the queen present at the execution. The scaffold was erected in front of the house where she lodged, and her chair of state in which she sat was placed at an open window. Gordon turned and looked straight at her, and she was so moved by this mute appeal that she burst into tears and sobbed hysterically; yet she was powerless to save him, for Moray stood by her side, and she was a useless toy in his hands. Preparations for the execution went on; and just as the blow fell, the queen fainted, and was carried to her bed in a state of insensibility.

Adam Gordon, a youth of seventeen, had been doomed

to death also, but Mary positively forbade the sentence to be executed, and he lived to prove his gratitude to his royal mistress by many a gallant enterprise for her sake in the days of her adversity. Six gentlemen of the name of Gordon were hanged at Aberdeen on the day when Sir John was killed. The Earl of Morton, one of Moray's confederates, was now appointed Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in place of the Earl of Huntley.

The queen went from Aberdeen to Montrose, where she was visited by the poet Chastellar, on whom she bestowed signal marks of favor. For the literary offerings he laid at her feet she gave him jewels, and, being something of a poet herself, she often responded in verse, thus exciting the vanity of the young man to no slight degree. Chastellar was a Huguenot gentleman of an ancient family of Dauphiny; he was handsome, an excellent musician as well as a poet, and skilled in riding, tilting, and dancing. Mary allowed him to accompany her on the lute when she sang, and often selected him for her partner in the dance; indeed, she seemed to enjoy his society so much that the envy of the Scottish nobles was aroused; but, what was of far more importance, the young man himself began to entertain hopes that were the prelude of another tragedy that was to darken Mary's reign.

At Dundee the queen was met by the Duc de Châtelherault, who came to supplicate in behalf of his son-in-law, George, Lord Gordon, who, although he had taken absolutely no part in any revolt, was marked out for another victim by Moray. Mary decided that he should stand his trial, nevertheless, and ordered him to be lodged in Edinburgh Castle with the Earl of Arran, who was still detained as a state prisoner, with the charge of high treason hanging over him. On the 21st of November the queen reached Edinburgh, and proceeded at once to Holyrood.



DEATH OF GUISE.

The following month Mary completed her twentieth year, and at her birthday celebration she danced, greatly to the horror of John Knox, who preached a sermon denouncing such frivolity. Indeed, there were so many spies and busybodies in her household that all her sayings and doings were reported, and, of course, wickedly exaggerated, to her enemies. Thus dancing became a crime, and the most innocent, thoughtless remark a sin of the deepest dye.

[A. D. 1563.] While at St. Andrew's, this spring, the queen received the sad news of the death of her uncle, the Duc de Guise, who had been assassinated by Poltrot. She was inconsolable, for she had loved her uncle Francis devotedly, and the thought that he had been murdered rendered the affliction very bitter. Whatever may have been the bigotry and political offences of the Duc de Guise, he was adored, not only by the members of his own family, but by his country, where his tragical death was deeply deplored.

The Queen Regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, renewed her correspondence with her royal daughter-in-law on this occasion, for she was convinced by this time that Mary was not a person to be treated with disrespect. Indeed, this young sovereign had shown herself so wise in the neutral position she had maintained during the hostilities between France and England that she was regarded as a power of no little importance, and the sovereigns of both countries paid court to her.

Mary had other matters to distress her besides the loss of a dearly beloved relative. One was the news that Bothwell, who was confined in Edinburgh Castle on a charge of treason, had made his escape, and had been sent for by Elizabeth to go to London. Mary beheld with uneasiness the prospect of a secret alliance between this

influential nobleman and the English sovereign, because his estates were in that portion of Scotland most exposed to the danger of invasion from the old enemy.

Another serious cause of trouble and mortification arose when her Roman Catholic subjects attempted to celebrate their Easter festival. Though the Reformation had been established in Scotland, at least a third of the people adhered to the old faith; therefore it had not been considered wise by the queen's Protestant cabinet to inflict the penalty of death against those who attended at the mass. But the brethren of the Congregation became impatient of such tolerance, and determined to take the law in their own hands. Having arrested several priests, they announced their intention to inflict upon them the vengeance appointed by God's law against idolaters, without regard either to the queen or her council. Of course Mary was very angry at this, but she was not strong enough to combat it; she therefore condescended to try her powers of persuasion on John Knox, whom she ordered to come to her at Lochleven, where she then was, on the 13th of April. She talked to him steadily for two hours before supper, and begged him to persuade the people not to proceed to extremities with their fellow-subjects who desired to worship as they thought best. Knox told her that it was her duty to punish malefactors, and added, "If you think to elude the laws enacted for that object, I fear there be some who will let the Papists understand that they will not be allowed to offend God's majesty without punishment." "Will you allow that they shall take my sword in their hand?" asked Mary. The reformer cited in reply the slaying of Agag by Samuel, and of Jezebel's false prophets by Elijah, and the queen was so disgusted at his thus perverting the facts of Scripture as a warrant for cruelty and persecution that she left him. Unsatis-

factory though the conference had been, Mary sent a messenger at sunrise next morning to summon Knox to meet her at the hawking, west of Kinross. She was most gracious to him, and made no allusion whatever to any cause of dispute between them, hoping to gain his good will. But she had her labor for her pains, for he despised her sex and would not acknowledge her authority. In confidence she expressed her regret that Lord Ruthven had been appointed a member of her privy council, a measure for which she blamed Lethington, her secretary of state; for, from the moment she laid eyes on that nobleman, she felt for him an intuitive antipathy that nothing could dispel.

Mary next spoke to the reformer about the trouble between the Countess of Argyll and her husband, and begged him to use his influence in bringing about a reconciliation and preventing the contemplated divorce. "And now, as touching our reasoning yesternight," she continued, "I promise to do as required; I shall cause all offenders to be summoned, and you shall see that I will administer justice." At this interview she presented the reformer with a small watch in a crystal case as a pledge of friendship.

After an absence of nearly five months, the queen returned to Edinburgh to meet her Parliament. Business of a stormy and trying nature awaited her; for, being of a different religion from the majority of her subjects, policy compelled her to act contrary to the dictates of her conscience, and she was called upon to sanction decrees of which she did not approve. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and several other dignitaries of the Romish church, had been imprisoned for saying mass in the woods, mountain glens, and barns, and Mary dared not pardon them, because she had sworn, on her return to

Scotland, not to encourage any other religion than the one she had found established there. She was required, too, by her base brother, the Earl of Moray, to put the finishing stroke to the ruin of the noble house of Gordon, by confiscating the estates, which were divided among the members of her court and cabinet. The Earl of Sutherland was attainted, also, because of some letters — forgeries of Moray's — which were said to have been found on the person of the late Earl of Huntley. The accused stoutly protested his innocence, no doubt with truth, but he could not be heard. Neither could the Countesses of Sutherland and Huntley, who went to Edinburgh to petition the queen for justice. They were not allowed access to her majesty, nor were they permitted to employ counsel to reply to the charges against their husbands, with the hope of saving something to keep their children from starvation.

On the 26th of May, the queen proceeded to the Tolbooth to open her Parliament for the first time since her infant coronation. She laid aside her mourning for that occasion, and appeared in gorgeous royal robes, surrounded by a glittering train of the ladies of her household, all of whom, as well as those who crowded the galleries of Parliament Hall, were in full dress. The Duc de Châtelherault bore the crown before her in the equestrian procession, the Earl of Agyll the sceptre, and Moray carried the sword. Among all the ladies who attended her, Mary was the most prominent for beauty and grace, the following proverbial expression applying to her perfectly: "The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the loftiest bough."

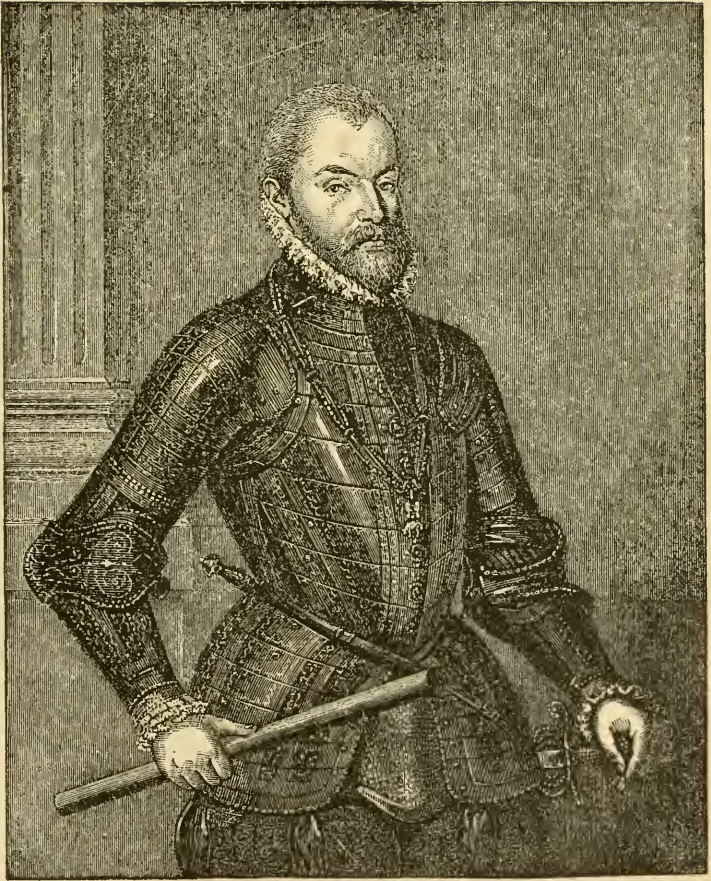
A report had got wind that the queen had forgotten her native tongue, or that she disdained to use it; therefore the majority of the auditors who filled the hall expected a

Latin or French oration, of which they would not comprehend a single word. When they heard the royal lady address them in a fluent, eloquent speech, which was all the prettier for the slight foreign accent, the hall rang with their applause, and loud cries of "God save that sweet face! was there ever an orator spake so properly or so sweetly?" This genuine outburst was most gratifying to the royal lady, but it displeased Knox, whose hostility to her, and contempt of her sex, he thus expresses, "Such striking pride of women as was seen at the Parliament was never before seen in Scotland." The ladies got the better of the preachers on this occasion in the matter of costume, for Knox and the others inveighed against fine dresses to such an extent that, had it not been for the powerful support of the Earl of Moray, Parliament Hall would have looked like a convent with the ladies in plain hoods and frocks. But the Countess of Moray owned superb jewels, which she was determined to display, and she supported Queen Mary in her preference for fine French costumes. Knox, in his customary uncharitable manner, imputed unworthy motives to his old friend and pupil, and sarcastically remarked, "The earldom of Moray needs confirming, and many other things that require the help of friends and servants; therefore he will not urge the queen to anything distasteful, for if he did she would hold no Parliament, and then what would become of them that aided in the slaughter of Huntley?" This was a taunt that plainly indicated the foul play practised by Moray in that business. It stung deeply, and, in consequence, scarcely a word was exchanged between the two for more than a year and a half.

The attention of Mary's friends, foes, and rivals was again occupied with her matrimonial affairs. Philip II. of Spain wanted to marry her to his heir, Don Carlos, a

bad-tempered, sickly epileptic three years her junior. This alliance Queen Elizabeth and Catherine de Medicis opposed with all their might, for political reasons, and the latter began to manœuvre for a marriage between Mary and the emperor's third son, the Archduke Charles, a brave, accomplished gentleman, in all respects a more suitable consort than Don Carlos. The emperor himself was so desirous that this union should take place that he offered the noble dowry of the Tyrol, and an annual income of four hundred thousand francs, to Mary, if she would consent. Philip, on the other hand, who was in private correspondence with her, was so anxious to secure for his unfortunare son a spouse who could hide his deficiencies as she had done those of Francis, sent his envoy, Don Luis de Paz, to conclude, if possible, a treaty with Mary herself.

Mary was luxurious in her habits; though a small eater, she liked her table to be amply supplied and daintily laid. Her table-cloths and napkins were of the finest quality, fringed and embroidered with bullion and colored silks, and she introduced the fashion of having the claws and beaks of the roasted partridges and fowl that were served at her dinner silvered or gilded. It was her habit to rise early in the morning, and while walking in the garden, before breakfast, she transacted a great deal of business. She was fond of flowers, and introduced into the gardens of her country palaces, some of the rarest exotics, fruits, and vegetables, rarely visiting a strange place without planting something with her own hands. She was fond of pets of all kinds, but especially of dogs and birds, and she doted on children. Her ladies were treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness; there is not a single instance on record of ill-nature, envy, or tyranny on her part towards any member of her own sex.



PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

In June, Queen Mary left Edinburgh for a couple of months, and travelled through the beautiful lake and mountain scenery of her realm, going from one nobleman's castle to another on horseback, and enjoying the country sports, in which she delighted. She returned wonderfully improved in health and spirits, and, after spending a week in the metropolis, withdrew to Stirling Castle.

CHAPTER V.

[A.D.1563.] RANDOLPH, the English ambassador, visited his own court during the absence of Queen Mary in this summer of 1563, and seconded Queen Elizabeth in her intrigue for beguiling the Queen of Scots into a marriage with Lord Robert Dudley. He did not return to Edinburgh until December, when, although ill in bed, the queen consented to see him, because she understood that he was charged with private letters from Elizabeth, and the gift of a fine diamond which he was desirous of delivering in person. She was much pleased with the letters and the ring, which she placed upon her finger, but she was not well enough to converse long with Randolph. She was suffering from a low nervous fever, and her attempts to exert herself to receive her ministers, who held their cabinet councils in her bedroom, and to give audience to ambassadors from foreign courts, so aggravated her disease that her physicians feared for her life.

Yet, in the midst of her illness, she was called upon to perform a most important duty. Two members of Knox's congregation having been arrested and thrown into prison, for raising a riot in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, to prevent the service from being performed there during the queen's absence, Knox wrote a letter exhorting the brethren in all parts of Scotland to convene in Edinburgh on the day appointed for the trial of the offenders—in other words, to excite a tumult, and probably rekindle the horrors of religious warfare. Great excitement pre-

vailed, and Knox was summoned to appear before the council to answer for his conduct. Poor Mary, suffering though she was, had to leave her sick-bed to appear among a set of wrangling statesmen — pitiless traitors for the most part — and was compelled by her ministers to take upon herself the unpopular responsibility of calling to account the most formidable man in her kingdom, for exciting an insurrection, while his followers crowded about the doors, ready to burst in upon her at a moment's notice.

Knox came off triumphant, for when the question was put to the vote, whether or not he was guilty of offending her majesty, the lords decided that he was not.

A week later, Mary was still confined to her bed, but this did not prevent her from hearing the consultations of her ministers, for they met in her chamber, and never took the trouble to procure for her the repose so necessary to an invalid. Randolph gives evidence of this in one of his letters to Cecil thus: "I had warning to come to court after dinner, and I found in her grace's chamber, besides ladies and gentlemen, many of her grace's council, herself keeping her bed, and talking with the Earl of Moray and Lord Lethington." The object of the ambassador's visit was to ascertain her views at that time regarding the suit of Archduke Charles. Among Mary's numerous suitors there was not one of whom Elizabeth approved, and she was especially jealous of the archduke, because he had once aspired to her own hand. Mary never failed to consult the English sovereign with regard to every offer, after she had determined not to accept; it was therefore easy for her to appear dutifully satisfied with the objections that were sure to proceed from that quarter. With regard to Archduke Charles, Elizabeth wrote: "This is a match which I have weighty political reasons for opposing, but if, instead of marrying a foreign prince, you will consent to

accept a consort of my selecting, I will adopt you as a daughter, and gratify you in anything you can reasonably demand."

As the object of Mary's ambition was to obtain formal recognition to the crown of England, she was willing to curry favor with Elizabeth by giving up the archduke and her whole train of royal suitors, but she was somewhat curious as to what selection her English majesty would make for her. She suspected that it was Henry, Lord Darnley, particularly when Randolph said to her: "Her majesty, my mistress, thinks that none fitter can be found than some nobleman of her realm, who, besides the many virtues that may be found in him, would also have a special desire to unite the two countries, and to live in perpetual peace and concord."

"I assure you," replied Mary, "the queen, my good sister, is not more willing to continue friendly than I am; and if we had so well known one another as now we do, I think the matter had been beyond doubt. Touching her desire of my marriage, I may conceive more than in plain terms your mistress would signify, or you care to utter; but what the world will think of it, I know not." The subtle diplomatist rejoined: "He that ruleth all his actions by the judgment of the world doth not most commonly rule himself best." He then spoke disparagingly of the queen's late marriage, and told her that it had been the greatest inconvenience for her realm, which would in time have fallen into hands unfit to govern. This displeased her so much that she dismissed the ambassador, and told him that she would postpone the conversation, whereupon he took his leave, but merely withdrew to the background, without quitting the room.

Mary then called the Earl of Argyll to her bedside, and, after conversing with him in a low tone, said: "Randolph

would have me marry in England," to which he merrily rejoined: "What! is the Queen of England become a man?" Without noticing this jest, Mary asked, "Who is there in that country you would wish me to marry?" "Whom your grace would like the best," was the answer; "I only wish there were as noble a man there as you could like." Her majesty continued the conversation until the earl perceived that she was disposed to favor Lord Darnley; and when he withdrew, he repeated all she had said to Randolph, for he was one of the spies interested in her marriage. The courtiers were very curious to learn of Randolph who was really the English nobleman intended for their queen, some guessing Darnley, some the Earl of Warwick, but none suspecting that it could be Lord Robert Dudley "except the very few to whom I dare safely and freely talk," writes the ambassador to Cecil. Among the chosen few was the Earl of Moray, who favored the match with this profligate minion of Elizabeth, simply because she delighted to do him honor; but he had not the courage to communicate it to his royal sister, much less to recommend it to her.

[A.D. 1564.] Queen Mary was well enough on New Year's Day to invite Randolph to dine with her, and on Twelfth Day she gave a brilliant entertainment and ball, and introduced the amusing French game called the feast of the bean. The bean was concealed in a large cake, and whoever got it was treated as sovereign for that night. On this occasion Mary Fleming was the lucky winner of the prize, and her royal mistress carried out the frolic by arraying her in her own regal robes, and decorating her with her costliest jewels, wearing none herself that evening, that the Queen of the Bean might shine peerless. Her costume was white and black, for she had not yet removed her mourning. A miniature

painted of her at this time, which still exists in Scotland, represents her in a black dress trimmed with white; her head-dress is a shovel-shaped black hood, flat and spread out in front, and descending from the ears, like a stiff slanting frame, on each side of the throat; over this a black veil is thrown back. She seems to be about twenty-one years of age; her expression is sad, but lovely; her complexion pale and clear; eyes, dark hazel. Her bright chestnut colored hair is drawn back in Madonna bands across her broad brow, and braids slope down towards the cheeks. The contour of the face is oval. The figured damask gown is slashed on the breast and sleeves, and edged around the openings with white fur, which also encircles her throat. The picture is oval and very small, and around the edge of the deep blue background is inscribed "Maria Regina Scotorum" in gold letters. It was painted by Catharine da Costa, the first female artist whose name appears on a royal portrait.

At the conclusion of the holiday festivities there was a season of peace, when the nobles departed for their respective homes. The intrigues for forcing the queen into an unworthy marriage continued, and as her request to be informed of the name of the person whom her "good sister" had kindly selected for her consort remained unanswered, she concluded that it was because of Lord Darnley's youth. At last the mystery was penetrated by the French minister resident at the English court, and Mary received a letter from her uncle, Cardinal de Guise, written by the desire of her mother-in-law, warning her of the alliance that was being planned for her.

Aware that it was the policy of the French court to break all friendly relations between her and the English sovereign, Mary would not believe anything so improba-

ble, but continued to listen to Randolph's flattering promises, and to express unbounded confidence in the good intentions of his royal mistress. Meanwhile, even the Scotch confederates themselves were puzzled to understand why Elizabeth, who was without doubt in love with Lord Robert Dudley herself, should be willing to bestow him on their beautiful young queen. Mary often told Randolph that she had no desire to marry at all, and there was so much affection existing between her and her four Marys, that they had made a vow never to enter the bonds of matrimony unless she set them the example.

When it became evident that a matrimonial treaty was contemplated, many of Mary's faithful subjects were gratified because they felt sure that Lord Darnley was the object of Randolph's secret instructions; and as he was the first prince of the blood royal of the Tudor line, there would be nobody in the event of this union to contest their queen's claims to the crown of England when Elizabeth should die. Mary herself saw the advantages of such an alliance, and was perfectly willing to resign all other suitors in exchange for Darnley; for she could not believe that any other English subject would be offered to her.

The queen regent of France, finding her hints of Elizabeth's perfidy disregarded, began to court her daughter-in-law with professions of affection, of which she gave tangible proofs by sending her the arrears of her dowry pension, and offering all the wines for her household free of duty. She promised besides to grant Scotch merchants all the privileges they had formerly received from France and to appoint Lord Robert Stuart captain of the Scotch Archer Guard. But Mary could not be bribed into violating the strict neutrality she had observed in the contest between France and England; no doubt her sympathies were with France, but her actions were, in every case, prompted by

the wishes of her subjects. It was, however, impossible for her ever to do right in the eyes of the party whom she desired to please, and they blamed her for matters over which she had no control. The members of her cabinet were to all appearances leaders of the Congregation, but, instead of working in the interest of their pastors, their sole object was to enrich themselves, and they got possession of the best church lands which the crown held as trustee for the benefit of their own ministers. Thus every ill-paid and unpaid divine of the Reformed Congregation looked with indignation at the court festivities, and hurled maledictions on the head of the queen for lavish expenditure of money which ought to have been theirs, without considering that it was their own leaders who were robbing them.

The entertainments at court just before Lent were more than ordinarily brilliant, because the queen was anxious to establish good will among her ministers, and thus preserve the tranquillity of her realm. But she was far from happy, for the Earl of Moray had become reconciled to John Knox during her illness, and had been his champion when he appeared for trial before the council. This, added to a demand that the rites of her church should no longer be performed in her chapel, offended Mary so much that she offered to resign her position to her prime minister, commanding him to take the thankless burden of state on his own shoulders. This was the desire of his soul, the sole object of his intriguing and treachery; but the time had not yet come for its accomplishment, his arrangements were not completed. Mary was still the idol of her people; they loved her for herself, and respected her for her virtues; she must be deprived of their affection and made to appear a criminal of the deepest dye before another would be tolerated in her place. So Moray rejected her

offer, and asked permission to retire to his estates in Fife-shire. Mary granted him leave of absence for a week; he was gone twenty-one days, during which he incurred suspicion by meeting the Earl of Argyll at Castle Campbell. Then a report was brought to the queen that he had gone to England, but this turned out to be false, and she reproached herself for having suspected one who had proved himself loyal and true by refusing the crown she had offered him. How often, in later years, must the poor deluded queen have wondered at her own blindness and credulity when she recalled the moves of her brother rival in the fine game he was playing.

True to her generous nature, Mary was the first to seek a reconciliation with Moray when she reasoned herself into the belief that she had wronged him. Without waiting for him to sue for pardon, she sent him a gracious invitation to return to his place in her affections and her councils. It suited him to accept, and his re-appearance at court was celebrated with fêtes and merrymakings, to which all the nobles were invited, whether they had sided with her or him in the late quarrel. But these political reunions did not suit the ideas of the English sovereign, and those in her secret service made it a point to impute some wicked motive to even the wisest and best of Mary's actions.

There were no satisfactory results from these feasts in consequence, and the reconciliation between Moray and his royal sister was said to be not genuine. He assumed a defensive attitude, and told his partisans that he expected to be arrested and sent to prison; while, on the other hand, fear was entertained by the nation lest the queen, who had expressed herself weary of the thankless responsibilities of her vocation, would withdraw to France and abandon Scotland entirely. Her offer to resign the

government to Moray had given alarm, arwith good reason, for under her sway the people hadown peace, and if she deserted them nothing but .il war between Moray, the Hamiltons, and the Lennotuarts could result. The anxious state of the public rd is thus described by Randolph: "Her grace werd Monday last to Dunbar, with only a few in attence. Immediately there came a report that two shindad arrived there that night, and either that they hbrought some noblemen from France, or that thkzen, out of spite against this country, was gg away in them. The next day there came news that one of the two ships, laden with artillery, had come to Scotland, and that the other had been captured by the English. That night, being Wednesday, sudden warning was given to all my Lord of Moray's servants and friends in this town to ride out and to lodge themselves in towns and houses about Dunbar, for that Lord Bothwell had come, with many horses, to speak with the queen secretly, and Lord Moray, being without any company, might, perchance, have fallen into danger."

These agitating rumors, to which was added one that the French were coming to cut Protestant throats, were evidently circulated by Moray to sound the tocsin of revolt against the queen; but as no circumstance had as yet occurred whereby a single action of hers could be twisted so as to coincide with the calumnies which had begun to be directed against her, the poisoned shafts fell to the ground. Moray's object was to feel the national pulse, in order to ascertain his own standing.

The real estimation in which the queen was held at this period, not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe, may be gathered from the following testimony of that accomplished statesman, De Castelnau, who visited her court, with propositions for an alliance with Henry, Duc



HENRY III.

d'Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France. He says: "When I arrived in Scotland, I found this royal lady in the flower of her age, esteemed and adored by her subjects, and in great request by all her neighbors, not only on account of her high rank and connections, and prospects of being the successor of the Queen of England, but because she was endowed with greater charms than any other princess of her time. As I had the honor to be very well known to her, inasmuch as she had been our queen, and I had been one of her own servants in France, and had accompanied her to Scotland, I had freer access to her majesty than those to whom she had been less accustomed. She told me of the suit that had been made to her by different princes, and that some of her subjects wished her to wed the Prince de Condé. This, she observed, might be the means of uniting the House of Bourbon to a better understanding with that of Lorraine; yet she felt no desire to encourage his proposal. There was another match, greater than any other, she said; namely, Don Carlos of Spain. Then I suggested to her how she might return to France if she were to marry the Duc d'Anjou, brother to the king. She replied that in truth no country was so near to her heart as France, where she had been nurtured, and of which she had had the honor of sharing the throne; but she could not say she would like to return there in an inferior position to that she formerly occupied, and perhaps at the risk of losing her realm of Scotland, which had been greatly shaken, and her subjects much divided, during her absence. If she could be sure, she added, that the Prince of Spain would live to inherit all the dominions of his father, and would pass into Flanders, and follow up his proposal, she knew not what she might be induced to do with regard to him." It surprises one

to note the perfect indifference with which the beautiful Queen of Scotland discusses her various suitors with an old servant; but she was by no means indifferent when the name of the person whom Elizabeth had chosen for her was revealed. It was Randolph who had this duty to perform; and he expected an outburst of scornful indignation when he offered the insult in the name of his royal mistress. "She bore it with patience," was his report; "and when her answer was required, she coldly said, 'I must defer my resolution, being wholly taken by surprise.' I begged her to consider the necessity of coming to a speedy conclusion on a subject of such importance. 'Your mistress,' she observed, 'hath been somewhat longer in deciding than I have been. She hath counselled me to have regard to three points in my choice, the principal of which is honor. Now, think you, Master Randolph, it would be honorable in me to debase my state by marrying her subject?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'for, by means of him, your majesty is likely to inherit a kingdom.' 'Where is my assurance of that?' she asked. 'May not my sister marry, and have children herself? What then shall I have gained by this marriage; and who will justify me if I enter into it on so sudden a proposal, without due consideration? I would not willingly distrust your mistress; but the adventure is too great. Is it conformable with her promise to use me as her sister or her daughter, and then marry me to her subject?'"

Randolph spoke of the advantages of such an alliance, and said it was an evidence of Elizabeth's affection. "I take it rather as a proof of her good will than her sincerity," was Mary's sharp rejoinder, "seeing that she has so much regard for himself that it is said she cannot well spare him." Randolph begged her to advise with Moray and Lethington, of whose influence he was sure in the

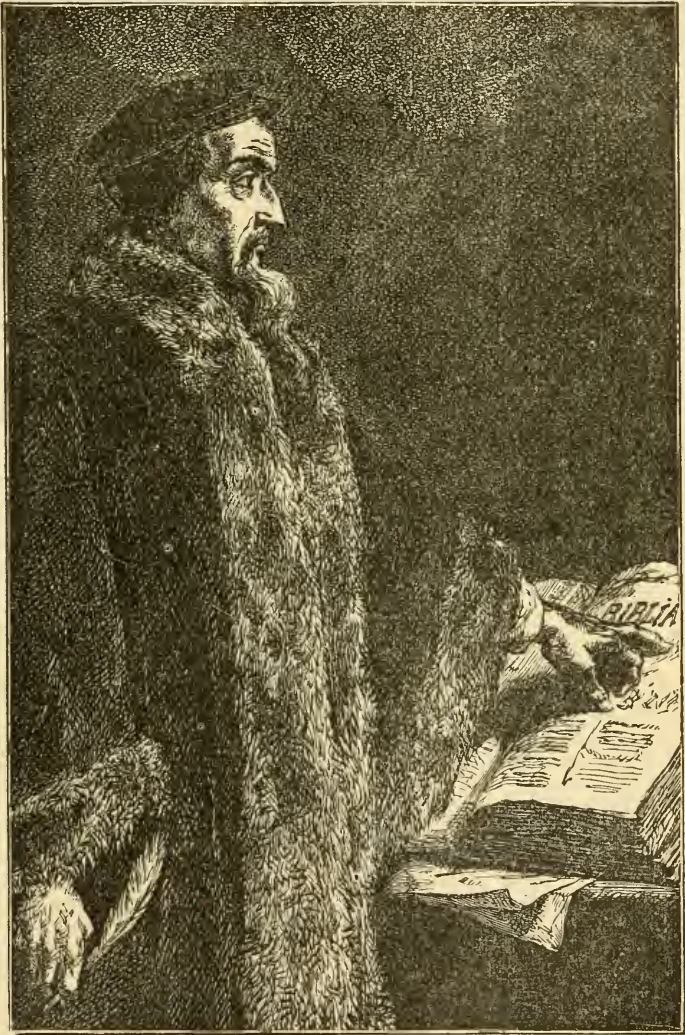
matter. She did so the same evening, at supper, and consented to a conference at Berwick between Queen Elizabeth's commissioners and her own. She had no intention of marrying Dudley; but she humored the farce, hoping by this policy to obtain recognition as lawful heiress to the crown of England through his influence with Elizabeth. The emperor was still a suitor for his son, the archduke; and secret negotiations for Mary's marriage with Don Carlos were continued. Meanwhile, in steps the Countess of Lennox with her son, Lord Darnley, whom she offers in marriage to his royal cousin. This prince had been educated by his mother in the church of Rome. He was handsome, learned, and accomplished, and he excelled in all the courtly exercises of the age. Mary herself declares that this proposal was only the renewal of a suit which had been previously made to her, in behalf of her young kinsman, by her aunt of Lennox, and which she therefore considered herself bound to entertain favorably; and that she was strongly urged to accept it by the Earl of Athol, Lord Lindsay, the Stuarts, and all her Catholic subjects.

Mary visited Lochleven this spring, and spent several weeks at Perth, where she received Sir James Melville, on his return from England. This ambassador informed her that the new emperor, Maximilian, intended to prevent her marriage either with his brother, the archduke, or Don Carlos of Spain, because both were opposed to his interests; also, that Queen Elizabeth had made overtures for a renewal of the matrimonial treaty between herself and the said archduke. Mary was naturally indignant at this piece of news, not that she desired to marry the Archduke Charles, but that she saw how she had been made the dupe of an artful rival in this matter.

At an assembly of the church, which took place in June,

Lethington took Knox to task for calling the queen, from the pulpit, "a slave of Satan." The loyal part of those present declared that such violent language could do no good; and the master of Maxwell, who was a sincere reformer, said in plain words, "If I were in the queen's place, I would not suffer such things as I hear." Knox defended himself thus: "The most vehement, and, as ye speak, excessive, manner of prayer I use in public is this, 'O Lord, if thy pleasure be, purge the heart of the queen's majesty from the venom of idolatry, and deliver her from the bondage of Satan in which she hath been brought up, and yet remains for lack of true doctrine.'" Lethington asked where he found the example for that sort of prayer, and told him he was raising doubts of the queen's conversion. "Not I, my lord," replied Knox, "but her own obstinate rebellion." "Wherein rebels she against God?" "In every action of her life," retorted Knox, "but in these two heads especially, — that she will not hear the preaching of the blessed evangel of Jesus Christ; and that she maintains the idol at mass." "She does not think that rebellion, but good religion," replied Lethington; "why do you say that she refuses admonition? She will gladly hear any man." "When will she be seen to give her presence to the public preachings?" asked Knox. "I think never, as long as she is thus entreated," returned Lethington. A lengthened dispute followed as to whether the queen should be permitted to enjoy the liberty of her private worship, Knox protesting that she should not. At length, it was decided to refer the decision to Calvin; but, as Knox objected to this manner of settling the dispute, the assembly broke up without arriving at any conclusion.

The queen returned to the metropolis in the beginning of June, and, after transacting her business for the season, departed, with her retinue, for the Highlands, determined



CALVIN.

to go as far as the most northerly part of her dominion. She had the good sense to visit, at one time or another, every district of Scotland, thus making herself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of her people; and everywhere she went she was admired and beloved. She was present at the great hunts in Athol, where two thousand Highlanders had been employed to sweep the game from the woods and mountains of the neighborhood; and she had the satisfaction of being in at the death of five wolves, the last survivors of those savage beasts that had terrified the shepherds and lassies of those wild districts. No less than three hundred and thirty-six deer were slain during this royal hunt. Hawks were brought to her majesty from the Isle of Skye, and those who presented them were liberally rewarded. She was not occupied all the time with amusements; for she held courts of justice, and listened attentively to every case of wrong and suffering reported by the advocate of the poor; she gave receptions to those ladies who were unable to undertake a journey to Edinburgh for the purpose of paying their homage to her at Holyrood; and she proclaimed a musical, offering her own favorite harp as the prize to the best performer. The fair Beatrice Gardyn, of Banchory, in Aberdeenshire, was the fortunate winner; for her majesty decided that she displayed more taste and skill in her playing and sang better even than her own musicians, not excepting David Riccio. She was charmed with the melodies of Scotland, which she pronounced superior to those of France; and when she heard a Scotch ballad from the lips of the sweet-voiced lassie, she hailed her young subject as the Queen of Song, and presented her with the harp, with these words, "You alone are worthy to possess the instrument you touch so well." This harp is still preserved by the descendants of Beatrice Gardyn, at Lude. It origi-

nally bore a portrait of Queen Mary, and the arms of Scotland in solid gold, studded with gems, two of which were considered of great value ; but these were stolen during the civil wars.

While Mary was thus winning her way to the hearts of her subjects in the north, negotiations for her marriage with Lord Robert Dudley proceeded slowly. Randolph had seen with what disdain she regarded so unworthy a mate, and neither he nor any one else supposed that Elizabeth would consent, when it came to the point, to resign her favorite. Indeed, the ambassador actually took the liberty to inquire of her whether, in case the Queen of Scotland could be induced to receive the Lord Robert for her consort, her majesty meant not to consider such acquiescence a sufficient warrant for marrying him herself.

Elizabeth's answer was probably not given in writing, for there is no record of it, and her motive for desiring a union between Dudley and Mary, if she really was serious in the matter, will remain forever a mystery. While her anxiety was at its height, on account of the intrigues for forcing her into wedlock, Mary Stuart recalled the Earl of Lennox to Scotland, a decisive step on her part towards settling the matter herself. Elizabeth was so displeased at this that she wrote Mary to withdraw her permission, on the ground that the earl was now one of her subjects. Mary used certain expressions in her reply which were so displeasing to the English sovereign that a coolness resulted ; and the two queens ceased to correspond with each other, excepting when affairs of state required the interchange of letters.

Lady Lennox was so desirous of marrying her son, Lord Darnley, to the Queen of Scotland, thus to unite their claims to the English crown, that she wrote most urgently on the subject ; and Mary, though well disposed

towards this marriage, entirely misled Elizabeth by pretending to prefer Don Carlos. The consequence was that, with the hope of preventing the Spanish alliance, the sovereign of England not only granted Lennox permission to go to Edinburgh, but gave him besides a letter to Mary, interceding for his pardon, and the restoration of his estates. So, after an exile of twenty years, the earl arrived in Scotland; the queen had not yet returned from her northern tour.

As soon as she heard of the presence of Lennox in her kingdom, she summoned him to appear before her, and the day after she reached Holyrood, he rode in state to the abbey, preceded by twelve gentlemen on horseback, clothed in velvet coats. Thirty other mounted gentlemen followed, in gray livery coats; and the entire party entered the house of Lord Robert Stuart, who was then serving as bishop, apartments in this house having been prepared for them. The queen, who was holding a special court, sent a deputation of her officers of state to conduct the earl to her presence, and she welcomed him warmly, traitor though he had been, because he was the husband of her aunt. Fears were expressed by some of the lords lest the Protestant religion might suffer on account of the return of Lennox, but he calmed them by frequently attending the preachings.

Randolph wrote to England at this period: "Lord Lennox's cheer is great, and his household is numerous, though he hath discharged part of his train. He findeth occasion to spend money very fast, and of the seven hundred pounds he brought with him, I am sure not much is left. He gave to the queen a marvellous rich and fine jewel, a clock and a dial, curiously wrought, and set with stones, and a looking-glass richly set with stones of various colors. To my Lord of Lethington, he has given a

fine diamond ring; to my Lord of Athol another, and also something fine to his wife — I know not what, and valuable things to others, but to Moray nothing. He presented each of the Marys with beautiful gifts; these are his means for winning his way to all hearts, for reasons of his own. It is reported that Lady Lennox herself and Lord Darnley are coming, and some have asked me if she be not already on the way. I find that there is here much fondness for the young lord, and that many desire him to come.”

Lord Chancellor Morton was not one of these, for his own interest was at stake; neither was the Duc de Châtelherault, who, at first, absolutely refused to meet Lennox, excepting in the presence of the queen, whose authority alone prevented an open act of violence. However, a reconciliation was finally effected, and the two noblemen shook hands and drowned their quarrel in the bowl, according to the Scottish custom; but within the week, Mary had to interpose to restrain them from abusing each other, when she assured them that she should take part against the one who would presume to enter first into a fresh strife. The duke opposed the restoration of Lennox's estates, and declared that the return of that traitor would be followed by evil consequences, both to the queen and her realm. Mary, whose policy it was to convert foes into friends, convened a Parliament for the express purpose of restoring to the earl his honors and estates. On this occasion the Earl of Moray bore the crown before the queen, because Châtelherault refused to be present; the Earl of Athol, the sceptre, and the Earl of Crawford, the sword of state. Her majesty made a speech from the throne, declaring her gracious intention, and added: “I am the more disposed to exercise clemency in this matter, because of the solicitations of the Queen of England in

behalf of the Earl of Lennox." She was seconded by her secretary of state, Lethington, who set forth the descent of Lennox from the royal house, and his relation to the queen by his marriage with her aunt Margaret, her father's sister. He also alluded to the wisdom of paying attention to the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth, and laid some stress on the desire of Mary to pity the decay of noble houses, adding: "We have heard from our sovereign's own report that she has a great deal more pleasure in upholding the ancient blood than in ministering to the decay or overthrow of any good race." It was unanimously decided that the rights and privileges of Lennox should be restored, and the next time the queen appeared to give her regal sanction to the acts, the Duc de Châtelherault resumed his place in the procession to bear the crown, lest by his absence the claims of his rival to that honor should be recognized.

Queen Elizabeth gave signs of such severe displeasure at this season that Mary despatched that adroit courtier, Sir James Melville, to inquire into the cause, and authorized him to offer any explanation or apology that might be deemed necessary to effect a reconciliation; he was also to come to a private understanding with Lord Robert Dudley. On his arrival in London, he received special marks of attention from the handsome master of the horse, who sent his servant with a fine riding animal and embroidered saddle for his use during his sojourn at the English court. Melville's first presentation to the queen took place in the garden of her palace, where she was walking. She expressed herself with considerable warmth about the spiteful letter the Queen of Scots had written her, and vowed she would never write to her again, unless it were a letter equally spiteful. Melville says: "Indeed, she had one already written, which she took out

of her pouch to let me see, but added that the reason she had not sent it was because it was too gentle ; so she delayed till she could write another, more vehement, in answer to the angry billet of the Queen of Scots." She showed the ambassador the letter Mary had written, but he could not discover anything offensive in it, and adroitly imputed its being misunderstood to certain idiomatic expressions in the French language. "For although," he says, "Her Majesty of England could speak as good French as any one who had *never* been in France, yet she lacked the use of the French court language, which was frank and concise, and had often two meanings, which discreet and familiar friends always took in the best sense." He therefore entreated her to tear up the letter she had prepared to send in answer to the one Mary had written, and declared that he would never let it be known how strangely his sovereign had been misunderstood. The mighty Elizabeth was so ashamed of the way she had exposed her ignorance of polite French, and so afraid of ridicule, that she tore up both letters then and there, and changed the subject by asking whether the Queen of Scots had sent any answer to the proposition of marriage made to her by Randolph. Melville answered that his queen had not given the matter much thought as she was more interested in affairs of state, and hoped that the commissioners would soon meet on the Border to confer on subjects of importance to the quiet of both realms. He added : "Her majesty thought of sending the Earl of Moray and Secretary Lethington on her part, and was in hopes that your grace would fulfil your promise to send the Earl of Bedford and Lord Robert Dudley." "You appear to make small account of my Lord Robert," observed Elizabeth, "by naming the Earl of Bedford before him ; but ere long I shall make him the greater earl, and

you shall see it done before you return home ; for I esteem Lord Robert as my brother and best friend, whom I would marry myself if I were minded to take a husband ; but being determined not to marry, I would that the queen, my sister, would take him. He is the meetest of all her suitors, and with him for her consort, I might sooner declare her next in succession to my realm than with any other person ; for I should not fear, if she were matched with him, that any attempts at usurpation would be made during my life."

"To make my mistress think more of him," continued Melville, "I was required to stay in England till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity, at Westminster, the queen herself helping to put on his ceremonials, he sitting on his knees before her and behaving very discreetly and gravely ; but she put her hand around his neck and patted him with an approving smile, the French ambassador and I standing beside her. Then she asked how I liked him. I said as he was a worthy subject, he was happy in a princess that could discern and reward merit. 'Yet,' she said, 'ye think more of yonder lang lad,' pointing towards my Lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, bore the sword of honor that day. My answer was that no woman of spirit would make choice of such a man, who was more like a woman than a man, for he was lovely, beardless, and lady-faced. I had no desire that she should think I liked him or had any eye that way."

Elizabeth professed to Lord Melville much affection for his royal mistress, and a great desire to see her, saying that she often looked at her picture and kissed it. She showed him a large ruby, which he asked her to send to Mary as a token of love, or else Lord Leicester's picture. She said, "If your queen will follow my counsel she will

get both in time, and all that I have, but I will now send her a diamond by you. Tell me," she added, "is my hair or Queen Mary's the finer, and which of us two is the fairer?" He answered that the fairness of neither was her worst fault. Elizabeth repeated the question, and insisted upon an answer. "Then I told her," says Melville, "that she was the fairest Queen of England and ours the fairest Queen of Scotland. Yet she was not satisfied, and I said, 'You are the fairest ladies in your courts; your majesty is the whiter, but our queen is very *lusome*.'" "Which of us is of the higher stature?" asked Elizabeth. "Our queen," answered the ambassador. "Then she is over high," said Elizabeth, "for I am neither over high nor over low. What exercises does the Queen of Scots use?" was the next question. Melville replied that when he was despatched from Scotland she had just returned from hunting in the Highlands; that when she had leisure from the affairs of her country, she read good books, such as the history of various lands, and sometimes played on the lute and virginals. "Does she play well?" asked her majesty. "Reasonably well for a queen," was the reply. Elizabeth managed that he should hear her play the next day, and then asked which was the better performer, she or his mistress. "In that I gave her the praise," says the ambassador. She detained him two days, that he might have an opportunity to see her dance, and then asked whether she or his queen danced the more gracefully. He answered that his queen danced not so high nor with so much spirit as she did. Elizabeth's excessive vanity prompted her to regard this as a compliment, and she was tickled at her own superiority.

Next day Leicester invited Melville to sail with him in his barge from Hampton Court to London, his object being to inquire how Mary felt about the marriage which

Randolph had proposed to her with himself. "I answered unconcernedly, as the queen had commanded, and he began to excuse himself for aiming so high as to think of marrying a queen whose shoes he was scarcely good enough to wipe, saying that the proposition had originated with Cecil, who was his enemy. 'For,' he added, 'if I should have seemed to desire this marriage, I should have lost favor with both queens; I pray you, therefore, to excuse me to yours, and let her not impute the fault to me, but to the malice of my enemies.'" Leicester certainly had no desire to be played off as a puppet in this intrigue; he was therefore anxious to have an understanding with Mary before he committed himself in so delicate a matter.

Melville, on his return to Scotland, carried presents from Lady Lennox to the queen and her ministers, as she wished to purchase all the good will possible for her son, young Darnley. The ambassador was also charged with messages of affection to Mary from many important personages, Protestant as well as Catholic.

As soon as Mary saw him, she inquired whether the Queen of England was in reality so friendly towards her as she had pretended to be. "In my opinion," was his reply, "there was neither plain dealing nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, rivalry, and fear lest your princely qualities should outshine her and chase her out of her kingdom. I judge this by her hindering your marriage with the Archduke Charles of Austria, and now offering my Lord of Leicester, whom she would not marry herself, for she gave me her hand that she never would marry the newly made earl."

Scarcely had Melville succeeded in restoring at least a semblance of good feeling between the two queens, than Elizabeth found new cause for offence in a report which

reached her from France, that Mary had treated the offer she had made of her favorite with contempt. This was not a fact, for the Queen of Scots had been very guarded in the remarks she had made about this matter; but as the spies had informed Elizabeth that Mary had been observed to laugh more than usual for several days after the proposition was made to her, without giving any reason for her mirth, her English majesty could not be convinced that it was not in ridicule of herself.

The commissioners appointed by the two queens to negotiate for the marriage met at Berwick on the 19th of November. They were Bedford and Randolph on the part of Elizabeth, and Moray and Lethington on that of Mary, but there are so many conflicting reports as to the behavior of these gentlemen that it does not seem that they treated the matter very seriously.

[A. D. 1565.] Queen Mary left Edinburgh for St. Andrew's at the beginning of the new year, and established her residence at the house of one of the loyal citizens, where, attended by her four Marys and a few other chosen friends, she enjoyed for a period the repose and comfort of domestic life. But she was soon interrupted in her quiet retreat by Randolph, who followed her early in February with a packet of letters from his royal mistress on the subject of her alliance with Leicester. He writes to Elizabeth: "As soon as time served I did present the letters, which being read, and, as it appeared by her countenance, very well liked, she said little to me at that time. The next day she passed wholly in enjoyment, and said she would not be otherwise than quiet and merry. Her grace lodges in a merchant's house, and there are very few in her train. She desired that while I stayed there I should dine and sup with her. Your majesty's health was oftentimes drunk by her. Having continued

with her grace Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, I thought it time to take occasion to ask, as I had been commanded by your majesty, what was her resolution touching the matter which was considered at Berwick by my Lord of Bedford, myself, and my Lords of Moray and Lethington. I had no sooner spoken these words than she said, 'I see now well that you are weary of this company and treatment. I sent for you to be merry, and to see how like a bourgeoisie wife I live with my little troop; and you will interrupt our pastime with your grave and important matters. I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity and your ambassadorial affairs until the queen come thither; for I assure you she is not to be found here, nor do I know what has become of her. You see neither cloth of state nor such appearance as to make you think that there is a queen here; nor would I that you should think me the same person at St. Andrew's that I was at Edinburgh.' I said I was sorry for that," continues Randolph, "for at Edinburgh she said that she did love the queen, my mistress, better than any other; and now I wondered how her mind had altered. It pleased her at this to be very merry, and to call me by more names than were given me at my christening; and this excited great sport. 'And now, sir,' she said, 'that which I then said in words shall be confirmed to my good sister, your mistress, in writing. Before you leave this town you shall have a letter to her; and for yourself, go where you will; I care no more for you.' The next day," proceeds Randolph, "I was placed at the usual table, next to the queen herself, save worthy Beton." As he appeared at that time to be in love with Mary Beton, the queen favored the courtship by placing him next to that young lady at table, where all stately etiquette was banished during that enjoyable time.

“Very merrily she passes her days,” continues Randolph. “After dinner she rides, and during this time she talked to me a great deal. She had much to say about France, and of the affection she had received from the people there, for which she was bound to love them and to do them all the good in her power. She added, ‘There are among my subjects, too, those who are nurtured in France, as, for example, my Archer Guard; also am I under obligations for the privileges granted to my merchants, greater than those from any other nation. How they have long sought for me to yield to their desires in my marriage, cannot be unknown to her majesty, your mistress. Not to marry, you know, cannot be for me. To defer it long may be inconvenient. How willing I am to follow the advice of your mistress I have shown many times, and yet I can find in her no resolution. My meaning unto her is plain, and so shall my dealings be.’”

By enlarging on the advantages offered her by France, Mary desired to show Elizabeth’s minister that, if she was to prefer the English alliance to the one offered by her old friends, she must have some equivalent. This would have cost England nothing, for the only compensation Mary asked was that she might be recognized by the queen and Parliament as next in succession. Randolph made great professions of good will, but committed his sovereign by no promises; and thus ended the conference. His official report of the five days spent at St. Andrew’s contained a complete account of Mary’s manners, language, behavior, and habits.

CHAPTER VI.

[A.D. 1565.] THE merry days spent by Mary Stuart at the house of her merchant friend at St. Andrew's were limited to ten. She left there on the 7th of February, and, after stopping at several places, arrived at Wemyss Castle on the 13th. She was not travelling in royal state, because she had received notice that her long expected kinsman, Lord Darnley, had commenced his journey to Scotland, and, as she particularly desired to escape the notice of the Lennox party, she had arranged to meet him in the secluded castle of West Wemyss.

Darnley arrived at Berwick about the same time that Mary left St. Andrew's, and, as he was the bearer of letters to Randolph from the Earl of Leicester, he was received by the English authorities with the distinction to which his high rank entitled him. After crossing the Border, he stopped first at Dunbar, then at Haddington, and next dined with Lord Seton at Seton Castle, before proceeding to Edinburgh. He had outridden all his followers excepting one servant, and performed the long wintry journey, over bad roads, in wretched weather, with such unexampled speed that, when he arrived, even those who were expecting him could not believe it was he.

When Darnley reached the metropolis, he wrote to his father, who was at Dunkeld, to know whether he should proceed to him or should cross the water to seek the queen. During the three days which intervened before his answer came, he received signal marks of attention and respect from many of the Scottish lords, as well as

from Randolph, who waited upon him twice. "Because his own horses had not come," writes the ambassador, "I lent him a couple of mine — the best I had, for himself, the other, not bad, for a servant. Upon Friday he passed over the water, and upon Saturday he met with the queen, where I hear he was heartily welcomed and honorably received."

It was more than four years since Darnley had been sent by his lady mother to carry letters of condolence to the youthful widow at Orleans, on the death of her beloved consort, Francis II. The pretty boy of fifteen was now a young man of nineteen, tall, handsome, and graceful. He made a most agreeable impression on Mary, who invited him to take up his abode with her and her ladies, at Wemyss Castle. The weather was so inclement, that Queen Mary and her companions had to depend on their mental resources for amusement; this was fortunate for Darnley, for it afforded him an opportunity to show how well he could sing, dance, play on the lute, converse in various languages, and write poetry. He could, moreover, entertain his royal cousin and her maids of honor with the secret history and gossip of the English court, of which he had an ample supply.

After a week spent in the delightful seclusion of Wemyss Castle, Lord Darnley proceeded to Dunkeld to pay his respects to his father, by whose advice he had first visited the queen; and she returned to Holyrood House, where she was soon joined by her young English cousin.

Darnley's first business was to gain the good will of the leading members of the Scottish cabinet by discreetly distributing the costly jewels his mother had given him for that purpose. To the Earl of Moray, he presented a diamond of great value, and, in return, the earl took him

to hear John Knox preach. In a worldly point of view, this was really a service, because it induced the members of the Congregation to regard Darnley with favor. Both by education and choice he was a Papist, so was his father; but as the popular party was Protestant, both attended the preachings regularly, and pretended to approve of them.

“Yesterday,” writes Randolph to Cecil, “both his Lordship of Darnley and I dined with the Earl of Moray. His lordship’s behavior is very well liked, and there is great praise of him. Yesterday he heard Mr. Knox preach, and came in the company of my Lord of Moray. After supper, when he had seen the queen and other ladies dance, he, being invited by my Lord of Moray, danced a minuet with the queen, who, since her journey, is much stronger than when she went forth.”

Encouraged by the recall of Lennox, Bothwell sent one Murray, from France, to intercede with the queen for his return, and ordered his messenger, if she proved inexorable, to purchase, if possible, the good offices of some of those in power, that he might at least be granted an allowance from his estates. But he could obtain no favor whatever; so, rendered desperate by poverty, he had the audacity to return to Scotland without awaiting Mary’s permission. Randolph thus communicates to Cecil her sentiments on this subject: “The queen altogether dislikes his coming home without her license; she hath already sent a sergeant-at-arms to command him to underlie the law, which if he refuse to do, he will be pronounced a rebel. As it is thought that he will leave the country again, and perchance for a time seek refuge in England, I am required to write to your honor to use your influence with the queen’s majesty, Elizabeth, that he may have no retreat within her realm, and that warning thereof may be

given to her majesty's officers. For inasmuch as my Lord of Bothwell is charged by Murray, who has just come from France, with having spoken dishonorably of this queen, and also with having threatened that on his return to Scotland he would be the death of both Moray and Lethington, he ought not to find refuge in England."

Bothwell established himself in his old quarters at Hermitage, in defiance of the queen and her sergeants-at-arms. While he was there, one of his stable-men confessed to having been one of the conspirators in France, in a plot to poison him, and declared that Secretary Lethington and the Lord of Pencreth had engaged three men to do the deed. His statement was corroborated by Bothwell's page, who added this piece of information: That the barber was to administer the poison, but when it was all ready, his heart failed him and he refused to do it. Bothwell wrote all this to the queen, who, however, was so displeased with his resistance of her authority that she took no notice of him. Within a few days he was summoned to answer for his contemplated abduction of her, two years before, and for escaping from prison, instead of standing his trial like an honest man.

On the first Thursday in March a grand dinner was given by the Earl of Moray, to which both Lennox and Darnley were invited to meet Randolph and most of the Scottish nobles then in Edinburgh. The ladies of the royal household were present also, and the queen sent word that she wished herself in the company, and was sorry she had not been invited to the banquet. The answer she got was that the house was her own, and she was free to come uninvited. Then she replied that they were all to be at her banquet on the following Sunday, to celebrate the marriage of John Sempill and Mary Livingstone, the latter being her special favorite. These two

had been engaged for a long time, both being in the service of the queen; but the maid-of-honor refused to marry, on account of her pledge, until her majesty was pleased to break the romantic bond by signifying her wish that the ceremony should take place forthwith.

As an extraordinary mark of favor they were married at Holyrood, and the queen gave a great feast in honor of the occasion. She presented them with an estate in Fifeshire and other lands besides. To the bride she gave a splendid bed of scarlet velvet, with silk curtains and fringe.

All this time the treaty for Mary's marriage with the Earl of Leicester was being considered; but Lord Darnley became so impatient, and was so deeply in love, that, instead of waiting for the formalities of royal etiquette, he asked his cousin Mary to marry him. "She took it in evil part at first," says Sir James Melville, whom she had chosen for her private monitor, "as she told me the same day herself, and how she refused the ring which he offered her." As Melville was a stanch Protestant, it was a proof of Mary's liberality in religious matters that she selected him for her private counsellor; and she must have been sincere, because she had previously urged Knox to accept the office, but he had rudely refused. Melville assures us that he performed his duties conscientiously, by telling his youthful sovereign of everything which he thought might be taken amiss by her subjects, and she received his fault-finding in good part, always trying to reform whatever he objected to. One piece of advice he gave her at this time was to tell David Riccio to keep himself more in the background, because, as her private secretary, this deformed little vocalist had interfered in government affairs, much to the disgust of the Scottish nobles. But having promoted David to a

position of trust, the queen chose to place him on a footing with her other officers, and to treat him as though he had been born in the station to which his talents and devotion had induced her to elevate him. She considered the conduct of her peers towards the man whom she chose to honor, insolent in the extreme, and continued to bestow her patronage as she pleased. Seeing how the ill-feeling against Riccio increased, Melville took occasion to discuss the matter with her majesty, and to give further advice. She replied that David meddled no further than concerned her foreign correspondence, and in that she must continue to give him her instructions in private, no matter who was offended by it. Melville reminded her of the consequences of Chastellar and the Earl of Arran having been too much flattered by her attentions, and hinted at the necessity of more reserve in this case. Mary thanked him, and promised to consider the matter.

Unfortunately it happened that Lord Darnley, who was excessively fond of music, took a great fancy to Riccio, whose superb voice charmed him, and they became very intimate. Darnley told him how much he loved the queen, and David acted as a go-between. Thus Melville's sage advice was counteracted, and the singer had more secret conferences with his sovereign than ever before; then, as he was protected by a prince of the blood, the queen's nearest relation, he held up his head so loftily that those who were wont to scowl upon him, now began to court him with attentions and costly presents, hoping that, through him, royal favors might be bestowed on themselves.

The first of her ministers to perceive that Mary was not indifferent to Darnley was the Earl of Argyll, and he at once entered into a league with Moray, the Duc de

Châtelherault, and Queen Elizabeth to prevent the marriage, under the pretence that they feared serious trouble to the realm in case Queen Mary should take a consort of her own religion.

In the March of 1565, the English ambassador writes thus to Cecil, Elizabeth's prime minister: "By the way, I will tell your honor a merry tale, but very true, which usually tales are not. There is a person at this court named Moffet, who commonly once in three years entereth into a phrenzy. Within the past few days, he hath taken it into his head that he is the queen's husband. A great Protestant he is, and very godly, when he is in his wits. He came one day to the queen's chapel, and, finding the priest at mass, drew out his sword, drove the priest from the altar into the vestry, broke the chalice, and threw and pulled to pieces all the robes, relics, cross, and candlesticks; and everything was cut and broken. The massayer was the Doctor of Sorbonne. The queen's physician was present; and he says that he was never in greater fear of his life, and that he hid himself behind the tapestry until the danger was past. It angers the queen as much as it pleases others to have her sacred place thus disturbed."

Though Mary had bestowed her heart on Darnley, intrigues for her marriage with Leicester went on, because Randolph did not suspect the truth. She could not, however, declare her intentions in Darnley's favor until she was rid of Leicester's pretensions. So, in order to bring matters to a crisis, she required Elizabeth to fulfil her promise to declare her heiress apparent to the crown of England. Elizabeth answered, through Randolph, that if Mary would marry the Earl of Leicester, she would be willing to advance him to higher honors, and also to favor her title in every way, excepting that of declaring it.

Mary was so indignant at having been treated like a child, that she expressed her opinion of the English sovereign in no flattering terms; and Elizabeth wrote a fierce letter in reply.

Meanwhile, Cardinal de Lorraine heard of his niece's love for Darnley, and of the probability that she would marry him. He wrote a letter, imploring her, if she valued her happiness, to give up all idea of such an alliance, and requested his messenger to tell her that Darnley was a high-born, quarrelsome coxcomb, unfit in any respect to be her consort. But the warning was in vain; for Mary was infatuated, and could discover no faults in the object of her devotion.

Before Darnley had been at the court of Holyrood a month, he incurred the deadly hatred of the Earl of Moray in this way: he was looking over a map of Scotland with the earl's half-brother, and asked him to point out Moray's lands. Surprised at the extent of his possessions, considering that he had nothing by inheritance, Darnley rashly exclaimed, "That is entirely too much." Of course, this was repeated to the prime minister, who complained to the queen. She advised Darnley to make an apology; but the mischief was done, and Moray could not feel assured that he would be permitted to keep the property of which he had robbed the church that Darnley believed in even more blindly than the queen did. After that, there was no kindly feeling between Mary's lover and her premier. Moray now did all in his power to prevail upon his royal sister to accept Leicester, and entered into a fresh bond with his own party to compel her to do so. But his influence with her was over. Darnley had replaced him, and had brought David Riccio forward in so unwise and unbecoming a manner that all business of importance was referred to him.



WILLIAM CECIL.

“For form’s sake,” says Castelnau, in his memoirs, “the Queen of Scotland asked my advice about this marriage, and begged me to mention it to the King and Queen-Mother of France in such a way as to obtain their sanction, as she would be sorry to do anything that was not agreeable to them.” She commissioned Lethington to signify her intention to Queen Elizabeth, and to say that she was acting in conformity with her directions, in giving up all her foreign suitors for an English consort, — such an one as, being their mutual kinsman, would, she trusted, be approved of by her majesty. She also despatched an envoy secretly to Rome, the near relationship of the contracting parties requiring a special dispensation from the pope.

On the 31st of March, the queen proceeded to Stirling, attended by Moray, Riccio, Darnley, and her usual retinue. Darnley had lodgings in the castle ; but he boarded himself and his servants. A few days after his arrival, he was attacked with measles ; and the queen showed so much anxiety, and bestowed so much care and attention on the invalid that, for the first time, Randolph became aware that she was really in love with him, and so reported to the English premier.

The Earl of Moray withdrew in disgust from Stirling, after he had rendered the queen uncomfortable by his ill will towards Darnley and his jealousy of Riccio, who, in the absence of Lethington, filled the office of secretary of state. Riccio was suspected of urging the queen to marry Darnley ; but, whether this was so or no, certain it is that a Romish chapel was fitted up in his apartment, where, as soon as Darnley was convalescent, he was secretly married to the queen, without waiting for the return of her envoys from the courts of England and France.

Meanwhile, unconscious of what had happened, Leth-

ington delivered his message to Elizabeth, who, having heard of the marriage, at first affected great surprise that the Queen of Scots would condescend to accept a subject for her consort. The French ambassador, who was present, said, "The marriage appears a reasonable one under the circumstances, and not likely to prove inconvenient to your majesty." Elizabeth replied, "I am displeased at the manner in which it was done; for I intended to marry the Queen of Scotland to a person whom I love better than Lord Darnley." This was, of course, Leicester, though he was infinitely beneath Darnley in rank. Lethington then demanded the recognition of his mistress as heiress to the English throne, in case she were disposed to please her majesty in the matter of her marriage. To this Elizabeth sharply rejoined, "I must first be assured that the Queen of Scotland is free to marry; for I have been informed that she is already wedded to Lord Darnley." Lethington protested so earnestly that it was not so, that Elizabeth began to think she had been misinformed, and said, "I will send Throckmorton to Scotland with instructions to put it to the test by a fresh offer of the Earl of Leicester; or, if Mary should prefer the Duke of Norfolk, he shall be at her service."

Another attempt was made by Cardinal de Lorraine to have the brave, honest, illustrious Prince de Condé accepted by his niece for her consort, and well might it have been for her had she yielded in time; but she was bound to Darnley, and ignorant of the true heart she had rejected. She was soon occupied with preparations for the public ceremony of her nuptials with her secretly wedded husband, and sent to Antwerp for gold and silver tissues, and other costly materials, for her bridal robes.

Queen Elizabeth sent Mary, by Lethington, a superb diamond, worth six hundred pounds, as a token of love,



LORD DARNLEY.

and said, "If your mistress will be guided by my wishes, she will obtain from me more than she either asks or expects." Mary despatched Lethington back to the English court with instructions to try to remove the objections of the queen and her council to her marriage. But he yielded entirely to Elizabeth's policy, betrayed the confidence of his royal mistress, and proved that he had never ceased to be one of England's secret-service men.

On the 15th of May, the queen met her nobles in her parliament hall, at Stirling Castle, and signified her intention to contract matrimony with her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley. As no objection was raised, Moray, who was present, said, "Seeing that none of the other lords object to it, I suppose it is best for me to consent."

Henry Stuart, Lord of Darnley, was now introduced into the courtly circle as the future partner of the throne; and he advanced to pronounce the oath of a knight, according to the time-honored forms of the code of chivalry, kneeling before the queen as he did so. She then invested him with the insignia of his order, and bade him exercise the privilege she had just conferred on him, by knighting fourteen nobles for his companions, and gave him authority over them as master of the fraternity. Four of these gentlemen bore the surname of Stuart. The sovereign next proceeded to create Sir Henry Stuart a baron and a peer of her Parliament, naming him the Lord of Ardmanach; lastly, she belted him Earl of Ross, on which occasion he made the following oath as he knelt before her:—

"I shall be true and leal to my sovereign lady, Queen of Scotland, maintain and defend her, her highness' body, realm, lieges, and laws, to the utmost of my power, so help me God, the holy Evangel, and mine own hand."

No sooner were all these distinguished marks of honor bestowed on Darnley than he began to exhibit a very proud, selfish, irritable nature, and to prove that he was totally unfitted for the position he had been called upon to fill. He would stand no opposition to his will; and whenever he was crossed, even in the most trifling matter, he would give way to a tremendous outburst of temper. For example, when the justice-clerk, one of the highest law-officers in Scotland, was sent by the queen to inform him that, for the time being, she must defer creating him Duke of Albany, lest Queen Elizabeth might be exasperated thereby, he flew into a passion, drew his sword, and would have injured the man had he not made his escape. It is very clear that the queen was afraid to tell him herself. Randolph thus describes the unsettled state of the court and cabinet at this period, as well as the uncontrollable temper of Darnley: "Her counsellors are now those she liked least; the nearest of her kin are farthest from her heart. My Lord of Moray liveth where he listeth. My Lord of Lethington hath now both leave and time to court his lady-love, Mary Fleming. Riccio now worketh everything; for he is chief secretary to the queen, and only governor of her good man, whose pride is intolerable. His words are so insulting that no man will bear them excepting he who dare not speak back; and he lets blows fly where he knows they will be taken. Such passions, such furies, as I hear say that he is sometimes in, make one wonder. Whether the people have cause to rejoice at such a prince, I leave it to the world to judge." Darnley must have been either a fool or a madman, to render himself an object of hatred; and a confederacy was already forming to get rid of him.

On the 3d of June Mary arrived at Perth, where she had summoned her nobles to meet her, for the purpose of

making the necessary arrangements for her public marriage. Moray had told her that if she would absolutely put down the Catholic religion in Scotland, he would see to the preparations; but she had replied that it was not in her power to put down any form of worship, that being the business of Parliament. She added, however, that she was willing to hear conferences on the Scriptures, and to attend the public preachings, provided they came from the mouths of men who were pleasing to her. This was certainly liberal; but it failed to satisfy those who were determined to find fault.

Moray and his party, who, a couple of weeks before, voted in favor of the marriage, now began to oppose it with all their might, and applied to the English sovereign for money and other aid for its prevention. Randolph was instructed to promise every encouragement; and from this date he became Mary's malignant foe. He declared that she was bewitched; and accused the poor, oppressed Countess of Lennox of being the witch, whose magic was communicated to the queen through a bracelet she had sent her.

The Earl of Argyll and other nobles, who had refused to convene at Perth in obedience to the queen's summons, assembled, on their own authority, a great Protestant convention at Edinburgh on the 24th. They pretended that the meeting was for the protection of the Reformed Church from the dangers that threatened it in consequence of the queen's marriage with a Papist; but it was purely political, and, of course, filled the queen with uneasiness. Knowing that she was surrounded by spies at Perth, she determined to withdraw to the house of the Earl of Athol, at Dunkeld, for a few days' repose, and for the purpose of considering what to do. Darnley and his father were to accompany her; but before they

were ready to start, a fresh summons from Queen Elizabeth was presented, for their immediate return to England. This was most perplexing to both; and, as an angry letter reached Mary from the English sovereign at the same time, there was consternation besides.

Mary knew by this time the unfriendly and dishonorable part Randolph was playing; and she would give him no satisfaction when he urged her to persuade Lennox and Darnley to obey Queen Elizabeth. All she said was: "I trust your royal mistress is of another mind by this time." The anxieties and difficulties of her position produced such a change in her appearance that everybody noticed it; but many attributed it to regret at the step she had taken, in uniting herself to the violent, jealous Darnley.

Now, in order to get rid of Lennox and his son, the very inconvenient members of the court, Moray and his party determined to make a bold attempt to seize them in the presence of the queen; to hurry her away to Lochleven Castle, there to imprison her until she yielded to all their demands; and to carry the two men, who were under penalty of treason, to Berwick, there to surrender both to the tender mercies of the offended English sovereign. If they met with any resistance, more summary measures were to be taken with Darnley. It was arranged that this enterprise should be attempted when the queen returned from Dunkeld, where she passed only four days, for she had only a limited number of personal attendants in her train, and they could be easily overcome.

Mary went as far as Perth on the 30th of June, intending to ride the next day to Callander House to stand godmother for the infant of Lord and Lady Livingstone, in accordance with a promise she had made them. Late in the night, after she had retired to her chamber and was preparing for bed, a loyal and courageous gentleman of

Dowhill, named Lindsay, presented himself at the castle, and demanded admittance, saying that he had news of the utmost importance to communicate to the queen. She saw him immediately, and, on being informed of the conspiracy which he had come to reveal, she assembled such members of her council as were at hand,—Lennox, Athol and Ruthven,—to consider what was to be done. They advised her not to risk the journey, but thought she was really in no less danger where she was. She decided to set out for Callander House a few hours earlier than she had intended, hoping thus to disappoint the conspirators and get beyond their reach. Athol and Ruthven set to work to gather an armed escort from among their followers and the loyal gentlemen of the neighborhood, and when her majesty mounted for her journey, two hundred armed horsemen surrounded her. She was in the saddle by five o'clock in the morning, and astonished Lord and Lady Livingstone by presenting herself at their gates several hours before she was expected. But she had not used too much haste, for only two hours after she had passed Lochleven, Argyll came down from Castle Campbell, and, when he found that he was too late, deceitfully observed that he thought to meet her majesty there to invite her to dine with my Lord of Moray at Lochleven Castle.

Before leaving Callander House, Queen Mary received the alarming news that a great number of the Congregational citizens of Edinburgh had encamped on St. Leonard's Crags, intending to mutiny. Her courage rose with the difficulties of her position, and, at the head of a gallant little escort, she rode towards the capital. The leaders of the tumult fled at her approach, and, as she proclaimed a pardon to all who would peacefully return to their duties, the crowd dispersed.

The queen, Darnley, and Lennox were all very much pressed for money at this time. Randolph had mentioned this fact, with evident satisfaction, in the reports he sent to England, all of which were colored to suit the disposition of his sovereign. On the 4th of July he wrote: "There arrived a ship out of Flanders on Monday last; in the same there was a servant of the Earl of Lennox, who brought with him a chest in which, it was suspected by the weight, there was a goodly store of money. In this way they have either means or credit; so much the worse." After the lapse of a fortnight the worthy ambassador further informs his correspondent that it was after all only apparel belonging to one Nicholson, a tailor from St. Paul's Churchyard, who was seeking to enter my Lord Darnley's service.

The conspiracy of Moray to seize the person of the queen, and her spirited behavior, had kindled a glow of loyal enthusiasm in every true heart in Scotland. When, therefore, she issued her royal summons, to such of her peers as she could depend upon, to convene at Edinburgh, with their servants and vassals, in warlike array, she found herself within three days surrounded by such a body of soldiers as to banish all fears of the evil designs of her foes. The challenge was not accepted by Moray, or any of his friends; but Mary, who was decidedly a peace sovereign, made another effort to conciliate them. "A few days only before the celebration of my marriage," she writes to De Foix, the French ambassador in London, "I sent to entreat them to come to it; but they excused themselves, and protested that they would assemble to defend their own lives and properties, and to prevent the usurped mastery of the king, my husband; and, not content with that, they put forth proclamations, saying all they could to make me odious to my subjects. Such is the obedience

they have paid me, such the manner in which they have conducted themselves towards me."

At this time, when the tocsin of revolt was resounding through her realm, Mary, in an evil hour for herself, recalled the powerful Border chief, the Earl of Bothwell, from his long exile.

On the 21st of July, Randolph had an audience with the queen for the purpose of delivering a message from Elizabeth, advising her not to take arms against Moray, and others associated in the insurrectionary movement, as they were her best subjects. "I cannot consider them my *best* subjects," replied Mary, "since they will not obey my commands; and, therefore, my good sister ought not to be offended if I do that against them which they deserve." Randolph begged her to consider whence the advice came, and the danger to her own person if she did not heed it. But Mary was not frightened, and said: "For all these things, I have remedy enough, and will never esteem those good subjects who will act so contrary to my will as they do." Randolph then proceeded to remind Lennox and Darnley of the Queen of England's mandate for their return. The former said that, on account of the hard usage of his wife, he would not go back, adding: "Since her majesty does not please to accept my letters of humble submission, it would be too dangerous for me to return, unless assured that she would be gracious to me; but I am ready to do her all the service that I lawfully may." Darnley spoke in a loftier tone, thus: "I do now acknowledge no other duty or obedience but to the queen here, whom I serve and honor; and seeing that the other, *your* mistress, is so envious of my good fortune, I doubt not but Queen Mary may have need of me, as you shall know within a few days; wherefore to return I intend not. I find myself very well where

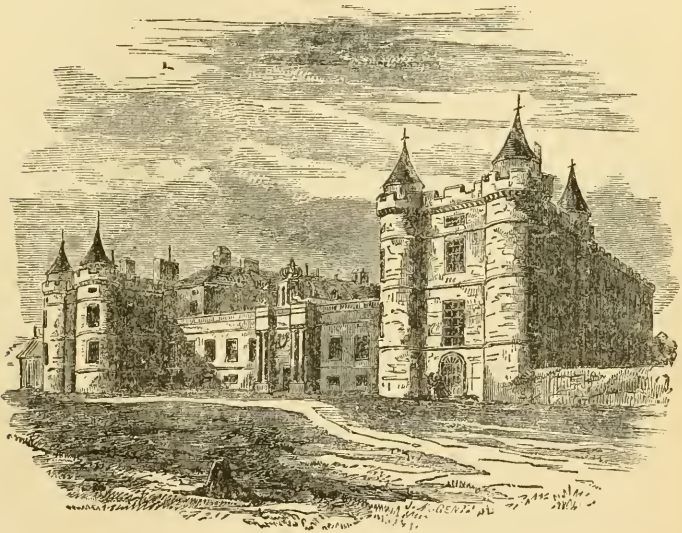
I am, and so purpose to keep myself; and this shall serve for your answer." Randolph reproached him for esteeming his duty to such a queen as Elizabeth so lightly, whereupon the rash Darnley boasted that he and the Queen of Scots had so strong a party in England that Queen Elizabeth had more cause to be in fear of them than they of her, and that he would like nothing better than an opportunity to lead an invasion into the northern counties, adding, with still greater imprudence, "I care more for the Papists in England than for all the Protestants in Scotland."

Unawed by the threats of Elizabeth, or the rebellious spirit of her brother Moray, Queen Mary bestowed the royal title of Duke of Albany on Darnley, and ordered the banns of her marriage to be proclaimed by the Reformed minister of the parish, according to the law of the land. But Darnley was not yet satisfied; "*Avant Darnley — Jamais derrière*" was the motto of his family, and he would not stop importuning his wife until she had proclaimed him King of Scotland. She implored him to have patience and to wait until he had completed his twenty-first year, when probably public affairs would be in better condition, but he was selfish and intractable, and as she had promised him wifely obedience, she had to sacrifice her better judgment to his wilfulness. Besides, the ambitious, unprincipled Earl of Lennox advised her to comply.

On Saturday, July 28, the day before the public solemnization of her marriage, the queen executed a warrant commanding her Lord Lyon King of Arms, and his brother heralds, to proclaim Henry, Duke of Albany, King of Scotland by her authority, in view of the bond of matrimony, which was to be completed, in the face of holy kirk, between her and the said illustrious prince, on

the following day, when he was to receive the title. This proclamation was made at nine o'clock in the evening, at the Abbey gates and the market-cross, with the sound of trumpets.

As six o'clock in the morning was the time appointed by the queen for her marriage, she was led from her cham-



HOLYROOD HOUSE.

ber at half after five, between the Earls of Lennox and Athol, to the chapel royal of Holyrood, attended by her ladies and all the loyal nobles of Scotland. The bridegroom was then conducted, in like manner, by the same earls, to the altar; and the banns were proclaimed for the third time. A certificate was taken by a notary that no man objected or had any cause to offer why the marriage might not proceed, and the document was subscribed in

regal style by Henry and Marie R. This done, the ceremony was performed, according to the ritual of the church of Rome.

Mary was married in a mourning robe, because royal etiquette required her to appear thus on all state occasions, until she was the wife of another. As soon as the mass was over which concluded the marriage ceremony, the bride was led back to her own apartment, where the royal bridegroom was waiting, with the rest of her nobles, to receive her. He appealed to her to lay aside her sorrowful attire. At first, she refused, this being in accordance with custom; but, on being urged, she retired with her ladies, and put on bridal robes. Dancing succeeded; then a sumptuous banquet was served, trumpets sounded, and gold and silver coin was thrown among the people. Mary and her consort sat together at table, but she occupied the place of honor. They were served by the Earls of Athol, Morton, Crawford, Eglington, Cassilis, and Glencairn.

That very night a tumult took place; and, at an early hour in the morning, the queen summoned the principal burgesses and magistrates to her presence, to inquire into the cause. She suspected that the riot arose on account of the fears aroused by her marriage with a Roman Catholic, and therefore spoke in the following mild, persuasive manner: "I cannot comply with your desire that I should abandon the mass, having been brought up in the Catholic faith, which I esteem to be a thing so holy and pleasing in the sight of God that I could not leave it without great scruples of conscience; nor ought my conscience to be forced in such matters, any more than yours. I therefore entreat you, as you have full liberty for the exercise of your religion, to be content with that, and allow me the same privilege. And again, as you have full security for your lives and property, without any vexation from me,

why should you not grant me the same? As for the other things you demand of me, they are not in my power to accord, but must be submitted to my Parliament, which I propose shortly to convene. In the meantime, you may be assured I will be advised on whatever is requisite for your weal and that of my realm; and, as far as in me lies, I will strive to do whatever appears for the best." With this assurance, the tumult was quieted; but when, at twelve o'clock that day, Darnley was again proclaimed king, nobody said Amen, excepting his father, who cried out in a loud voice, "God save his grace!"

There were no festivities to mark the celebration of Mary Stuart's marriage this time, for there was too much important business to occupy her mind. Several lords were denounced as rebels, among whom were Moray and Argyll. Thereupon these two retired to Argyllshire, and sent their envoy to demand immediate aid of Queen Elizabeth; and Randolph assisted them to incite a rebellion that was to bring the horrors of an invasion to their native land.

Sensible of the necessity of strengthening her own party, Mary restored several powerful nobles, who had been exiled or imprisoned, and among these were the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Gordon, heir of Huntley. The insurgent lords appeared in warlike array at Ayr, on the 15th of August, and Queen Mary told Randolph that unless he would promise on his honor not to meddle with her rebels, she would be under the necessity of putting a guard around his house.

CHAPTER VII.

[A.D. 1565.] THE country was now in a distracted state : stealing, killing, and slaying in all parts. The queen acted with energy and spirit, and showed herself in every way as courageous as her predecessors. Each day she sat in council with her husband and her ministers, and issued letters appealing to the loyalty of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland for assistance, addressing each as "trusty friend," and requesting them to come with their whole kin, friends, and household, to meet their sovereigns, who were preparing to go on the 25th of August, in person, to pursue the rebels. So well was this appeal responded to that a muster of five thousand able-bodied troops, with fifteen days' provisions, followed the queen's banner when she left Edinburgh. The advanced guard was led by the Earl of Morton ; the Earl of Lennox commanded the van, and in the centre rode the queen, her consort, her ladies, the lords of the council, and David Riccio. In token of her intention to share the dangers of the conflict, Mary rode with pistols at her saddle-bow, and it was reported that her scarlet and gold embroidered riding-dress covered a light suit of armor, and that under her hood and veil she wore a steel casque. Darnley had donned gilded armor, thus making a dangerous display of himself, for the lords under Moray had appointed certain military men of their number, in the event of a battle, to set upon the queen's husband ; these were pledged either to kill him or die themselves.

Such was the popularity of Mary at this time that the rebel army never exceeded twelve hundred, and the number diminished every day, while hers increased.

The queen reached Linlithgow in time to pass the night at her palace, and the next day she arrived at Stirling, whence she addressed a letter to Queen Elizabeth, informing her that she was engaged in the suppression of a rebellion, and that, "being on the march with the king, my husband, against our rebels, I cannot write you a longer letter." Her object was to mention Darnley by his regal title, and to show Elizabeth that she was not discouraged nor dejected.

Mary passed on to Glasgow on the 29th, expecting to meet the rebels there; but warned by her approach with a formidable army, they had halted at Paisley, then a secluded village. The Earl of Argyll and the Duc de Châtelherault had promised to meet Moray with their soldiers the next day at Hamilton, but they were so frightened at the queen's boldness that they failed him. Their majesties commenced their march from Glasgow in pursuit of the rebels before sunrise on the morning of the 31st, in the midst of a terrible storm of wind and rain. It was with difficulty that the soldiers could proceed; but the queen, by being always foremost, set them such an example of courage that they dared not falter. She kept her saddle many hours in spite of the bad weather and worse roads, and reached Callander House, drenched through and through with rain. Her rebels entered Edinburgh next day, but not in triumph; for the new provost, Alexander Erskine, fired on them from the castle battery, and they decamped more quickly than they had come. If they had tarried another day, they would have had a royal salute from the queen and her men, for, hearing of their march to Edinburgh, she was advancing rapidly to

attack them. She followed them towards Glasgow, but they continued to retreat; and, after resting for nearly a week at Cruickstone Castle, the royal pair returned to Stirling. All the loyal nobles and gentlemen of Fife came to meet and escort their sovereign to St. Andrew's; and on the way, she expelled from their castles all those who had aided the rebels, and obliged others to sign a bond, pledging themselves to defend her and her consort against Englishmen and rebels. To her honor it must be stated that only two men were hanged throughout the course of the rebellion.

Queen Mary's energy and activity astonished her followers, and convinced them that she was capable of greater deeds than the suppression of a rebellion whose leaders dared not face her. When some of her nobles entreated her to be more careful of her health, and not to ride in bad weather, nor for so many hours at a time, she answered gayly, "I shall not rest from my toils until I have led you all to London." So heroic was her demeanor, and so great was the admiration excited by her appearance, that even in the most unfriendly towns she was not obliged to fire a single volley. From Ireland she received the assurance that if she would send a force to support her partisans there, she might annex that island to her realm. Perceiving that she had been too hasty in believing Randolph's assertions of Mary's unpopularity, Elizabeth now made deceitful professions of sisterly affection, and offered to adjust the trouble between the rebel lords and their sovereign. Mary replied: "If it please the Queen of England to send any person properly accredited to effect a reconciliation between herself and me, by explaining the causes of displeasure that have unfortunately arisen, he shall be heartily welcome; but if it be only for a pretence of interfering in the

affairs of my realm, with regard to what concerns me and my subjects alone, I wish to have it plainly understood that I will endure no such interference from the Queen of England or any other monarch, for I am perfectly able to chastise my rebels and bring them to reason."

So great was Mary's indignation at the conduct of the rebel lords that she would listen to no intercession in their behalf, nor would she enter into any treaty, though she was often requested to do so. She could not restore to favor men who openly avowed that they were in arms against her husband, and declared that they were ready to proceed to any lengths rather than pay respect to him as king.

On the 20th of September the Earl of Bothwell had his first audience with their majesties at Holyrood, where he was graciously received by both. It will be remembered that this chieftain had been recalled from exile because it had become necessary to strengthen the crown against the lords who were in the pay of Elizabeth; and the Borderers over whom he held hereditary dominion were committing all sorts of outrages, which he alone could suppress. The queen, therefore, appointed him her lieutenant of the Border; Darnley opposed this step, and signified his pleasure that his father should have that position. But she carried her point, for she valued the safety of her realm more highly than she did the satisfaction of the petulant youth for whose sake she was at war with her nobles. The following letter which she wrote to Queen Elizabeth the day before she took the field a second time, shows how necessary it was to have the Borders protected:—

"MADAME, MY SISTER, — Not only by the report of your ministers, but of all those with whom you have been pleased to speak, I understand that you are offended, with

just cause, against the king, my husband, and me ; and, what is worse, that your ministers on the Borders are threatening to put to fire and sword those of our subjects who wish, according to their duty, to assist us against our rebels, instead of according the aid I had hoped for from you, and which I protest before God I would have given to you had you been in like circumstances. Nevertheless, I cannot persuade myself that you, being so nearly related to me, would show so little regard to my cause as to place on an equality with me men in whom I am assured you will find in the end no more faith than I have done. And if you are pleased, which I cannot believe, to make common cause with my traitors, I shall regret to be compelled not to conceal from all the princes, our allies, this great wrong, which we are willing to impute to the fault of your officers, unless we have your plain declaration that it is so ; assuring you that if it is not, we shall remain as good neighbors as relations ought ever to be. Your affectionate good sister and cousin,

MARIE R."

The day this letter was despatched, Mary left Edinburgh with her consort and her army. As many of her ladies had suffered from the hardships of her first campaign, she resolved to leave them at home this time, and Mary Seton, who never failed her royal mistress in times of trouble, was the only one who accompanied her.

At the head of eighteen thousand men, her majesty entered Dumfries in triumph on the 12th of October ; and the rebel lords fled across the English border to Carlisle. Now if Mary had been of a vindictive temper, she would have exercised it on the men of Dumfries, where her rebels had been sheltered for more than a month ; but no blood-stained scaffold marked her triumph, nor were the gates and towers of her palaces loaded with the heads and

mangled limbs of victims, for she was characteristically humane, compassionate, and peace-loving. Her bloodless victory over her foes being achieved, she disbanded her army, and returned with her husband to the metropolis.

Finding that open violence would not answer his purpose, Moray now resorted to calumny, and, with the aid of Randolph and others, circulated by their letters to England the most malignant falsehoods about her character. There was some truth in what they said about Darnley, for he had begun to neglect his consort, and left her ill in bed to enjoy himself at Fifeshire, with some of his gay companions. Indeed, he absented himself so often that Mary had a painful conflict between her duty to her realm and her respect for him. Either the business of her state would have to await the leisure and convenience of the truant boy king, or she must treat him as a nullity, by governing without his co-operation. She adroitly decided the matter thus: having promised that her husband's name should be affixed to all public acts, she had a stamp made with a fac-simile of his signature, and, after she had written her own name, David Riccio stamped that of her consort. Then, while Darnley was engaged with hawking and hunting, matters of importance were not delayed or wholly omitted. Of course one or two persons alone knew that the king had not actually signed the document, particularly as the stamp was used only when he was absent. The regal title that Mary Stuart had bestowed on Darnley entangled the business of government with difficulties of a most embarrassing nature, but its worst feature was that it influenced the pride and excited the ambition of a petulant, selfish young man, who was neither grateful nor sensible. She often wished that the Earl of Lennox had never set foot in Scotland while she lived, for his influence over his son was so bad

that she could never hope for happiness in her wedded life while he remained.

[A. D. 1566.] Mary gave great offence to the earl, and seriously displeased her husband, by pardoning the Duc de Châtelherault, for thus they were deprived of the earldom of Arran and the wealth of the Hamiltons, on whose fat forfeitures they had placed their affections. She was solicited on all sides to pardon Moray and the other rebel lords; but she refused, because she knew that they were ready at any moment to enter into fresh plots against her. In the following year, when Rambouillet, the French ambassador, was on his way to invest Darnley with the Order of St. Michael, he stopped for a few days at Elizabeth's court, to admit the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Leicester to the same order. While there he was requested by the queen and others to intercede with Mary for the Scotch rebel lords, and he had a personal interview at Newcastle with Moray, who begged him to endeavor to obtain his pardon and recall, promising affection for his royal sister, and good conduct for the future, if she would restore him to favor.

Mary had given signs of relenting, for she had ceased to speak of him with bitterness, and had prorogued Parliament for the express purpose of annulling the acts of attainder. Yet, when sixteen of the Earl of Glencairn's friends came in a body, and offered on their knees a supplication in favor of that nobleman, Mary, unable to repress her indignation at the recollection of his treachery, tore the petition without reading it, and turned haughtily away without offering a reply.

Some uneasiness was excited among zealous Protestants at this season, because of the attention the royal pair bestowed on the observances of their religion. Darnley, his father, the Earl of Athol, and others, were regular

attendants at the mass, and on Candlemas Day they followed in the procession with three hundred men carrying lighted tapers. Darnley swore openly withal that he would have a mass again in St. Giles' Church ere long.

Meanwhile Morton, the lord chancellor, was playing a double part. He recounted Darnley's follies to her majesty, and assured her of his unfitness to be intrusted with the power to do more mischief than he already possessed. At the same time he piqued the pride of the boy husband by urging him to assert his superiority and to demand more authority in state affairs, and he aroused his jealousy by telling him that he was of less consequence in the government than David Riccio. Thus the silly fellow allowed himself to become the tool of those who were plotting his ruin, and took it upon himself to recall the banished lords without consulting the queen, merely as an evidence that he was not to be influenced by her.

On Sunday, the 10th of February, Darnley was invested with the French Royal Order of St. Michael, in the presence of the queen and her court. The herald's fee on this occasion was Darnley's robe of crimson satin, lined with black velvet, and a chain worth two hundred crowns. Mary presented the ambassador, Monsieur de Rambouillet, in acknowledgment of the honor conferred on her consort, with a silver basin and ewer, two cups with covers, a large dish with a spoon of solid silver lined with gold, and two fine horses. That same evening there was a grand banquet, and afterwards a costly mask performed by the queen, her husband, David Riccio, and seven others, in rich and handsome costumes. Entertainments were continued in honor of the ambassador during the two following days, and the artillery fired a royal salute when he took his departure, on the 13th.

The last festivities that ever took place at Holyrood under the auspices of Mary Stuart commenced on the 24th of the same month, to celebrate the nuptials of the Earl of Bothwell with the Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley. As the lady was a member of the church of Rome, the queen desired that the marriage might be performed in her chapel, with the accompanying mass, but Bothwell positively refused. Nevertheless, their majesties honored the ceremony, and, as the groom was regarded as a faithful servant of the crown, he was treated with signal tokens of respect. The feasting, dancing, and tournaments were kept up during five days, and the queen presided over all the entertainments.

Meanwhile the conspiracy for depriving her of her regal authority was actively progressing. Elizabeth had refused to consider Darnley the king-consort of Scotland, but through her spies she gave him reason to expect support from her if he could be induced to make a bold attempt to wrest the regal authority from his wife. Riccio discovered that there was a wicked intrigue in agitation against the queen, and considered it his duty to warn her. At first she could not believe the dreadful piece of information, but, having heard that a secret meeting of the suspected persons was to take place in her husband's apartment one night, she entered unexpectedly, and beheld signs of dismay and confusion on the countenances of the guilty men. Darnley assumed a lordly tone, and accused her of being too suspicious, and of listening too readily to spies and tale-bearers; he roughly told her, besides, that she had no business to watch him, and that she had intruded herself upon him and his friends, when she was not wanted. She proudly withdrew, determined never to enter her husband's chambers again; her manner towards him was thenceforth cold and disdainful, and,

although this was caused by his own unkindness, Darnley appeared very much injured, and pretended that he believed she loved somebody else better than she did him.

Now, as the only person with whom the queen conferred in private was the ugly, deformed, little, old Riccio, her



MARY.

husband chose him for a victim. The nature of this Italian's office, which he filled with rare skill, rendered it necessary that Mary should see him almost daily alone, and it suited the conspirators to make the royal consort suppose himself jealous. The truth of the matter was that this faithful servant sealed his own doom the hour he revealed to the queen the plot that was being formed

against her, and some pretext had to be found for shedding his blood. The nobles wanted to be rid of him because it was not agreeable to have a foreigner so high in their sovereign's favor, and to the people in general he was an object of suspicion and ill will on account of his religion. His enemies took pains to circulate a report that he was a pensioner of the pope, and that he was using his influence with Mary for the overthrow of the Reformed Church. This may have been true, but as yet he had done nothing to prove this, and his murder was merely the opening move in the attack on the queen. It was easy to obtain the co-operation of Darnley, because he had become a dissipated sot, and the good fellows with whom he drank and gambled moulded the weak-minded youth at will. Having consented to recall the banished lords, the secret articles were drawn up by Darnley in which it was stipulated that they were to procure for him the crown matrimonial of Scotland, and that, in the event of the queen's death, he should be declared successor, and his father the next heir after himself, and that the lords should pursue, slay, and extirpate all who should offer opposition.

Lennox undertook to go to England, to assure Moray and the other outlaws that they might return in safety. It must be remembered that one reason why Mary had refused to pardon her brother was that he had conspired against the life of Darnley, who was now offering pardon on condition that he would assist in dethroning her and putting the crown on his own head. Lennox, though a proscribed outlaw in England, was allowed to enter that realm and proceed to Newcastle without the slightest hindrance, because the government was well aware of all that was going on, and encouraged it.

Meanwhile, the queen, attended by her train, her privy

council, and her principal ministers, retired with her husband to Seton House for a brief interval, which she employed in preparing her speech for the opening of Parliament, and arranging the necessary measures to be adopted. Her husband watched her proceedings and reported them three times a day to Ruthven and other traitors in the court.

On the 6th of March, the royal pair returned to Holyrood House, to meet the Parliament on the following day. The queen had arranged that her husband should ride with her in state to the hall in the Tolbooth, and be introduced by her as her consort, in order that he might be formally recognized as king, and might take his place beside her on the throne, and be regularly invested with those honors which at that time he only received through her favor. She knew that this form must be gone through before Parliament would appropriate a revenue to her impatient husband, or supply the funds for the coronation he had been childishly clamoring for. But Darnley's head was so turned by the promises of the conspirators that he alone should reign over the realm, that he refused to appear in an inferior position even for a moment, and protested that the queen should not conduct him into the Tolbooth, but that he would lead her, and that, unless he were allowed to act as the sovereign of Scotland, by opening the Parliament himself, he would not condescend to be present at the ceremonial. As it was impossible for the queen to accede to so absurd a demand, the petulant boy rode away to Leith, with seven or eight of his intimate companions; and Mary took her seat on the throne, as she had done when she was a widow. Nothing could have been more insulting than her husband's public marks of unkindness and disrespect; but she bore them with dignity and patience, not one of her

lords suspecting the agony of the cruel wound she had received.

Darnley had thought that his absence would put a stop to the opening of Parliament; and when he found of how little consequence he was in the matter, he was angrier than before, and became doubly anxious for the success of the plot in which he was interested. Riccio was not the only person who was to suffer, by any means, for the intended victims were the Earls of Bothwell, Huntley, and Athol, Lords Fleming and Livingstone, and Sir James Balfour, all of whom were to be either hanged or stabbed, while several of the queen's ladies were to be drowned. If her majesty survived the horrors of the tragedy, which it was hoped she would not, she was either to be slain, or imprisoned in Stirling Castle until she agreed that her husband should reign as sole sovereign of Scotland.

The day appointed by Darnley for the dreadful deed was March 9. Just at dusk on that day, five hundred men, some having armor under their ordinary clothing, the rest outwardly armed, assembled in the Abbey Close, and about the queen's palace of Holyrood. The Earl of Morton introduced a hundred and fifty of those he thought fittest for the purpose into the inner court. He then ordered the gates to be locked, and took possession of the keys. This excited no suspicion, because he was lord chancellor, and the queen's inferior servants were too loyal to believe that the titled ones were traitors. Morton then went to Darnley, and told him all was ready. Having partaken of a supper with Lord Lindsay, George Douglas, and Lord Ruthven, who had taken care that he should drink plenty of wine, Darnley was ready also, though he could not stand steadily. His suite of apartments was on the ground floor, just under those of his royal spouse, to which he could ascend whenever he

pleased, by means of a narrow spiral staircase, through a private passage, to a door opening into her bedroom, concealed behind the tapestry. Of this door he alone possessed the key. He must have been intoxicated indeed to so far forget his duty as a gentleman and a husband as to abuse this privilege, by introducing a murderous band of traitors through this means into his wife's private chamber. Yet it is said that this was his own proposition, and that he told his fellow-traitors, "I will have open the door, and keep her in talk until you come in"; only one person at a time being able to ascend the narrow stairs.

As the queen was not well, she was supping privately in a small room, twelve feet by ten, in company with Jane, Countess of Argyll, Lord Robert Stuart, Beton (one of the masters of the household), Arthur Erskine, her French doctor, and several other persons. Riccio was present also; but he stood at the sideboard, eating something that had been sent to him from the queen's table, which was in accordance with the customs of the court at that period.

At about seven o'clock, Darnley led the way up the private staircase to the queen's bedroom, and entered alone the cabinet where she was eating. No surprise was manifested at his appearance; on the contrary, Mary treated him as a welcome guest; and when he placed himself beside her in the double chair of state, one half of which had remained unoccupied, she leaned over, and kissed him affectionately, while he put his arm around her waist in a deceitfully loving manner. "My lord, have you supped?" inquired the queen. "I thought you would have finished your supper by this time." He murmured a sort of apology for interrupting a meal which he did not intend to share; and while he spoke, Ruthven, pale, ghastly, and careworn, intruded himself upon the

scene. The evil reputation of this nobleman, both as a sorcerer and an assassin, had from the first rendered him an object of horror to Mary; besides, he had been a sworn enemy to her mother. But he was Darnley's uncle by marriage, and she was compelled to treat him with civility. She knew that he had long been confined to his bed with an incurable disease; and, as she had heard that very day that he was dying, she concluded, from his wild, haggard appearance, and the strange fashion in which he burst into her presence, that he had escaped, from his chamber in a fit of delirium. Under the folds of his loose gown she could see armor; he brandished a dagger in his hand, he had a steel casque over his nightcap, and, altogether, a more frightful apparition could scarcely be imagined. Mary's first impulse was to scream, but, recollecting herself, she kindly addressed the invalid with these words: "My lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, having been told that you were very ill, and now you enter my presence in your armor. What does this mean?"

Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and, with a sarcastic sneer, replied, "I have, indeed, been very ill, but I find myself well enough to come here for your good." The queen could not remove her gaze from his face, and asked: "What good can you do me; you come not in the fashion of one who meaneth well." "There is no harm intended to your grace, nor to any one but yonder poltroon, David; it is he with whom I have to speak," replied Ruthven. "What hath he done?" asked the queen. "Inquire of your husband, madam," was the reply. She turned to Darnley in surprise; he had risen, and was leaning on the back of her chair. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. He faltered, affected ignorance, and said: "I know nothing of the matter."

Thereupon, the queen assumed a tone of authority, and ordered Ruthven to leave her presence under penalty of treason. As he paid no attention to her, some of the gentlemen attempted to expel him forcibly. "Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled," he exclaimed, brandishing his sword. Then another of his party appeared, with a horse-pistol in his hand, and he was immediately followed by several more. "What is the meaning of this?" Mary reiterated; "do you seek my life?"

"No, madam," said Ruthven, "but we will have out yonder villain, Davie," making a pass at him as he spoke. The queen arrested the blow by seizing his wrist and placing herself between the ferocious lord and the defenceless little foreigner, who had retreated into the recess of the bow-window, where he tremblingly stood, holding in his hand a dagger, which he had neither the skill nor the courage to use. "If my secretary has been guilty of any misdemeanor," said the queen, "I promise to exhibit him before the lords of the Parliament, that he may be dealt with according to the usual forms of justice." "Here is the means of justice, madam," cried one of the assassins, producing a rope. "Madam," said David, in an undertone to the queen, "I am a dead man." "Fear not," she exclaimed aloud; "the king will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can he forget your faithful services." The king stood dumbfounded, and did not know what to do; but he was in the hands of those who would not permit him to draw back. "Sir!" cried Ruthven, "take the queen, your wife and sovereign, to you." This was to remind the unhappy tool that he was to perform the promise he had made, to use force, if necessary, in a personal struggle with the woman who by every law of nature, as well as by his oath of allegiance, he was bound to defend and cherish.

Morton and eighty of his followers, impatient of the delay of the king and his party, ascended the grand staircase in full force and broke open the doors of her majesty's presence chamber, while her servants fled in terror, without venturing the slightest show of resistance to the ruffianly band. They made their way to the bed-chamber, where Riccio's struggle for life had been prolonged by the resistance of the queen and the irresolution of her husband. The table, which had hitherto served as a barrier to prevent the near approach of the assailants, was now flung violently over upon the queen by the crowd rushing forward to their work of death. Lady Argyll caught up one of the lighted candles as it was falling, and thus preserved her royal sister and herself from being enveloped in flames. That additional horror was not needed to increase the confusion. Mary was for a moment overcome with surprise, terror, and pain, for she was hurt by the falling of the table and the heavy plate against her person; she would, moreover, have been knocked down by a shock so rude and unexpected, and probably crushed to death beneath the feet of the inhuman traitors who were raging around her, had not Ruthven taken her in his arms and put her into those of Darnley, telling her at the same time not to be alarmed, for there was no harm meant to her, and all that was done was her husband's deed. "The man who had come," as she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her heart, "to betray me with a Judas kiss." Her indignant sense of the outrage offered to her both as a queen and a woman upheld her, and she did not swoon as was expected. She burst, instead, into a torrent of indignant reproaches, and called the unmannerly intruders "traitors and villains," ordered them to leave under penalty of the severest punishment, and declared her resolution to protect her faithful servant. "We will have



MURDER OF RICCIO.

out that gallant!" cried Ruthven, pointing to the frightened secretary, who shrank back for refuge behind the stately figure of the queen, while she continued fearlessly to confront the throng of ruffians.

"Let him go, madam; they will not hurt him," exclaimed Darnley, at last. "Save my life, madam! Save my life, for God's sake!" shrieked Riccio, clinging to her robe for protection. In vain did she try the eloquence of tears, entreaty, and expostulation. She reminded her subjects of their duty to her as queen, of the consideration due to her sex, and added that it would be to their honor, as well as her own, that her secretary should be tried according to the forms of justice. "Justitia, justitia!" screamed the wretched Riccio, catching at the word in his despair. Just then George Douglas reached over the queen's shoulder, and stabbed him with such force that the blood bespattered her garments, and the dagger remained in the side of poor David. Others followed the example; and, Darnley having unlocked the grasp with which he clung to the queen's robe, he was dragged across the room, while crying for mercy and justice. Mary would still have struggled to save him, but Darnley forced her into a chair, and held her so tightly that she could not stir. One Andrew Kerr, a ferocious fanatic, presented a cocked pistol to her side, and, with a repulsive oath, told her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. The weapon was struck aside by the hand of Darnley. Still another attempt on the life of the defenceless queen was made by Patrick Bellenden, who aimed a thrust at her bosom, under cover of the tumult caused by the attack on Riccio; but his purpose was discovered and prevented by the gallant young English refugee, Anthony Standen, the queen's page, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking

the rapier aside with a torch which he happened to have in his hand.

As the ruffians were dragging Riccio through the queen's chamber, he clung to the bedstead until one of them forced him to relinquish his hold by dealing him a violent blow on the wrist with the butt end of his gun. Such was their ferocity that they wounded each other in their eagerness to plunge their swords and daggers into the body of their hapless victim, he all the time uttering the most agonizing cries, while the queen exclaimed, "Oh, poor David, my good and faithful servant, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Darnley had consented to the crime, and had given the treason the sanction of his presence; but when the moment of action arrived, his spirit revolted from the barbarity of the butchery. As a prince and a gentleman, he could not force his hand to plunge a knife into the unfortunate creature, with whom he had lived on terms of familiar friendship. His heart failed him, and he would have drawn back; but it was too late. With the cords that had been brought for the purpose of hanging several of the queen's officers, Riccio's body was bound, and dragged to the private staircase, where it was hurled down to the king's lobby, and there despoiled of its rich decorations, — particularly a costly diamond, which Moray had sent him from England to purchase pardon for himself.

Mary and Darnley were left together, and the key of the door was turned to prevent either from interfering in the disposal of the corpse. During this brief pause, Mary, exhausted by the agonizing conflict she had endured, wept silently, while Darnley kept protesting that no harm was intended. He had said this at first, and he repeated the meaningless words even after the cries of the murdered victim were hushed in death.

One of Darnley's equerries presently stole into the room; and the queen roused herself to inquire whether David had been put into ward, and where. "Madam, it is useless to speak of David," replied the man, "for he is dead." This was verified by one of the agitated ladies, who rushed in to say that she had seen the mangled remains of the murdered man, and that people said everything had been done by the king's order. "Ah, traitor, and son of a traitor," exclaimed Mary, turning towards her perfidious husband, "is this the recompense thou givest to her who hath covered thee with benefits, and raised thee to honors so great?" Then, overpowered by the bitterness of her feelings, she swooned. The boisterous re-entrance of Ruthven and his savage followers aroused her to consciousness. They came, with blood-stained hands and garments, to rate, menace, and insult their queen. Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and called for drink, complaining that he was prostrated by illness. "Is this your malady?" asked Mary, with sarcastic emphasis, as he drained the goblet which one of her pages filled and brought to him. "God forbid your majesty had such!" he rejoined. The queen deigned no further remarks, but left the room, followed by her husband, and passed into the bed-chamber, no longer sacred to her privacy. The frightful state in which it had been left by the butchers, who had chosen that spot for their work, may be imagined.

Mary blamed her husband for being, as his accomplices had boasted, the author of so foul a deed, and began sorrowfully to reason with him, and to inquire into his motives. "My lord, why have you caused this wicked deed to be done to me," she asked, "considering that I took you from low estate and made you my husband? What offence have I given you that you should do me such shame?"

Darnley then proceeded to address such coarse, brutal language to his wife, in the presence of Ruthven and others, who had unceremoniously intruded themselves into the bed-chamber, that she indignantly told him she would live with him as his wife no longer. Ruthven thereupon favored her with a lecture on conjugal duty, and added that the more angry she appeared, the worse the world would judge her. Mary's high spirit quailed before the ruffian who dared thus to insult her. She dashed the angry tears from her eyes, and said, "I trust that God, who beholdeth this from the high heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and will move those who reign after me to root out you and your treacherous posterity."

While she spoke, there arose a mingled clamor and clash of weapons from the court and lobbies below, and Lord Gray, one of the conspirators, knocked loudly at the queen's chamber door, to announce that the Earls of Huntley, Bothwell, Caithness, and Sutherland, Lords Fleming, Livingstone, and Tullibardine, their officers and servants, were fighting against the Earl of Morton and his party. Darnley offered to go down; but Ruthven, who had seen reason for distrusting him, stopped him, and said: "No, I will go instead; do you remain where you are and entertain her majesty meanwhile," and then staggered out, supported by two of his confederates. The part assigned to Darnley from the first was to guard his wife, whom it was intended to keep as a close prisoner; but he had in reality no more freedom of action than she had. The royal pair were again left alone during a few agitating moments of suspense. Darnley took this opportunity to inform the queen that he had sent for the Earl of Moray and other rebel lords to return. She answered: "It is no fault of mine that they have been so long away;

but for fear of angering you, I would have been well content they should come home again."

The enterprise for the queen's rescue was headed by Bothwell and Huntley, who had gathered a force from the kitchen and other parts of the royal household, armed with spits, cleavers, knives, broom-sticks, and whatever other weapons they could find to drive out the invaders; but, finding themselves greatly outnumbered, they retired into the gallery, where a parley took place between the leaders and Ruthven, he inviting them to a conference in Bothwell's chamber. There he made an attempt to induce them to join the conspiracy, by telling them that it was all the doings of the king, and that the banished lords had been recalled, and would arrive that night. He added the assurance that all disputes should be made up between them and Moray and Argyll to their satisfaction. Thereupon they shook hands and drank together. The Earl of Athol was very angry at the proceedings, and sharply reproved Ruthven for being party to such a deed; but Ruthven said: "It is the king's affair, and I should have let you into the secret had I not feared that you would reveal it to the queen." Athol was so indignant that he demanded permission to leave the palace and to return forthwith to his own country. Ruthven tried to pacify him, and spoke in the most flattering terms to all the lords; but Bothwell, Huntley, and Sir James Balfour did not trust him, and, knowing that they were marked men, they lost no time in effecting their escape by letting themselves down with ropes from a back window into a little garden behind the palace.

Ruthven unceremoniously intruded himself for the third time into the queen's bedroom, for the purpose of announcing to Darnley the failure of the attempt of her faithful servants to release her. At the same time he began to

taunt her with having admitted into her council Bothwell and Huntley, whom he called traitors, and accused her of tyranny and bad government.

Mary was nevertheless beloved by the people, of which she presently received a most gratifying proof. The rumor of her distress having reached the Provost of Edinburgh, he caused the alarm bell to be rung, and not less than five hundred armed citizens answered the summons, and hastened with him to the palace as soon as they were told that their queen was in danger. But she was not permitted to approach the windows, for Ruthven and the other assassins brutally threatened, if she attempted to speak to the people assembled in front of the palace, they would cut her to pieces and throw her over the walls. Her base husband was thrust forward in her place; he opened the window and bade the provost pass home with his company, as nothing was amiss and the queen was quite merry. "Let us see our queen and hear her speak for herself," was the rejoinder.

"Provost, know you not that I am king?" asked Darnley, in a haughty tone; "I command you and your company to go home." The crowd were then convinced that Mary was a prisoner in the hands of her ungrateful husband and his party, and they became so excited at such an outrage that they spoke of putting to fire and sword all within the palace who were opposed to her. Then the conspirators told them that it was only a quarrel with her French servants; but, finding that this was not satisfying, they further declared that the Italian secretary was slain because he had been detected in a conspiracy with the pope, the King of Spain, and other foreign rulers for the purpose of destroying the true religion, and introducing popery again into Scotland. On being assured that the queen was well and in no danger, the people quietly dispersed.

Ruthven then said to the queen: "The banished lords have been sent for by his majesty the king, and will return on the morrow to take part with us against your grace." Mary significantly asked what kindness there was between him and Moray, for it was notorious that Moray had told his royal sister that Ruthven was a sorcerer, and had urged her to punish him. "Remember you what the Earl of Moray would have had me do to you for giving me that ring?" she asked. Not being able to deny a fact that everybody knew, he merely remarked that he would bear no ill will for that cause, but would forgive him and all others for God's sake; and as for that ring, it had no more virtue than another ring, but was a little ring with a pointed diamond in it. "But do you not remember that you said it had power to keep me from poisoning?" He made no response, and she inquired: "What offence have I done to be thus handled?" "Ask the king, your husband," he returned. "No, I prefer to ask it of you," said Mary. "Madam, if it would please your majesty, that you have had this long time a number of perverse persons, and especially David, a strange Italian, who hath ruled and guided the country without the advice of the nobility and council, to the injury of the banished noblemen."

"Were you not one of my council," asked she, "and would you not have declared it if I had done anything amiss?"

"Your majesty would not listen to such a thing; but when you called your council together, you did things by yourself with the advice of your private officers, although your nobility were at the pains and the expense." "Well, you find great fault with me," replied the queen; "I will be content to set down my crown before the Lords of the Articles, and, if they find that I have offended, to put it on

whose head they choose." A short discussion on this point followed, Darnley taking no part in it, until Ruthven observed that the queen was so ill that she could scarcely speak; he then left her, taking Darnley with him, but not until he had put a strict guard over her majesty.

All that night she remained ill and alone, not a woman of her household being permitted to approach her chamber. Early in the morning, as she stood at her window, she saw Sir James Melville in the court, and called out to him to help her. He asked what power he had to do so, and she answered: "Go to the Provost of Edinburgh and bid him convene the town with speed, and come to release me from the hands of these traitors; but run fast, or they will stop you." He executed the errand with all speed; but as his interference had been so useless on the preceding night, the provost did not know what to do.

Meanwhile, Darnley had ordered a proclamation to be made at the market-cross, that none of the people, excepting Protestants, should be permitted to leave their houses, and he commanded the provost to arm a strong guard for the purpose of enforcing obedience.

The queen was kept in such close captivity that when Darnley sent his master of the horse, Sir William Standen, in the morning, to inquire after her health, he was not allowed to pass the guard stationed at her chamber door, without an express order from the rebel lords, who were carrying matters with a high hand. This startled Darnley, who determined to visit his consort himself. He found her in her disordered room, unattended, and so ill from terror lest Ruthven should steal in to kill her that he promised to let her ladies go to her. But willing though he might have been to grant this favor, he was not at liberty to do so, until he had gained the permission of Ruthven and Morton, whose puppet he now was, and they

objected because they feared that through her ladies Mary might find means of communicating with her nobles. However, Darnley had given his word; so, after considerable persuasion on his part, they pretended to consent. Several hours later, when he went to his consort's apartment, he was surprised to find her still quite alone and in great mental and physical distress, piteously weeping, and complaining that none of her ladies, either Scotch or French, had been permitted to come to her. Darnley now began to grow uneasy, and sent word to Ruthven and Morton that it was his pleasure that the queen's ladies should be allowed to come to her assistance.

Always loyal and true, these ladies were delighted to get back to the service of their mistress, and even risked their own safety in the offices they performed for her. Mary Livingstone contrived, with her husband's aid, to get from David Riccio's chamber the black box containing the queen's secret foreign correspondence and the keys of her various ciphers — a matter of the utmost importance; and some of the other ladies conveyed letters to the Earls of Athol, Argyll, and Bothwell. One of them was also employed to arrange with Sir James Melville that he should do his best to propitiate Moray on his arrival, and to bring him at once to the queen.

Ruthven and his people, meanwhile, kept a strict watch on the queen and her devoted female band, and strictly forbade any of the latter to pass out "muffled," because it was feared that thus the captive might make her escape. Darnley placed a guard at the chamber door, with orders to let no one go by in muffler and hood; but he was presently informed that the ladies paid no attention to his decree, and positively refused to pass out of the queen's chamber unmuffled. He then expressed his intention to spend the night with his wife, in order to watch her him-

self. But as his dictatorial counsellors feared nothing more than a reconciliation between the unfortunate pair, it was considered expedient to introduce a debate about the crown matrimonial, as this was the sore subject that had caused Darnley's jealousy and distrust.

Ruthven and Morton now demanded an audience of the queen, which, in the circumstances, she had no power to refuse, and asked her whether she intended that her husband should be crowned. She replied: "I have never refused to honor my husband to the utmost of my power; but the persons to whom he now gives his confidence have always dissuaded me from doing so." Morton quailed at this, because he had been most eager in representing to his royal mistress the danger of trusting a man of Darnley's miserable disposition with more power; but he coolly urged her to bestow on him the crown matrimonial now.

"Seeing that I am a prisoner," prudently observed Mary, "all that I might do would be invalid, and foreign princes would say that my subjects had given laws to their sovereign — an example very improper to establish."

CHAPTER VIII.

[A. D. 1566.] ON the 10th of March, the Earl of Moray, and the other banished lords, arrived upon the scene, escorted by a thousand horsemen, under the command of Lord Home. They presented themselves at the palace gates, and were graciously received by Darnley, who had recalled them with the promise of pardon for their treason. As soon as the queen heard that her brother had arrived, she sent for him, and flung herself into his arms with an outburst of feeling, kissing and embracing him, and exclaiming, in her innocence, "Oh, my brother! if only you had been here, you never would have allowed me to be so cruelly handled." She was completely deceived by the tears he shed when he beheld her doleful condition, for she had no reason to suspect that his name stood foremost in the league for the murder of Riccio, for bestowing the crown on her husband, and for consigning herself to prison, possibly to death.

Mary told her brother that she would have recalled him long before, but for her fear of displeasing others, and she added that if he would return to his allegiance, and be a good subject, she would be to him all he could require. He protested his innocence of ever having had evil intentions towards her, pretended to be very sorry for her sufferings, and promised to do all he could to restore her to liberty.

That very night, he met his confederates, to consider whether the queen should live or die, and, when it came

to his turn to vote, he coolly favored her death, saying: "We have gone too far to recede with safety, for we can expect no grace from the queen, therefore we ought to take measures for self-preservation." Then a debate arose as to the number of days that should be granted to her, the more prudent of the party preferring that she should be removed to a place of stricter confinement.

Darnley was not present throughout this meeting, but he heard enough to convince him of the error he had committed, and it was soon clearly demonstrated to him that the real head of the party was Moray, whom he thoroughly hated. He now saw that he had been a dupe, and that the purpose of the revolution had not been for his own elevation, but for that of Moray.

Conscience-stricken at what he had done and at the possibility of the atrocious deed that might ensue, Darnley sought the chamber of his wife. She rose to meet him, and with mournful earnestness thus addressed him: "Alas, sir, wherefore is it thus that you requite me for having loved you above all the men in the world? Why is it that you have torn yourself from my love, to join our mutual foes? Think not that you will escape from their bloody hands after they have caused you to slay me, who ought to be so dear to you; for you will be overwhelmed in my ruin, having no other hold on the realm of Scotland but what you derive from me."

Darnley's heart was touched; he threw himself at her feet, and besought her to forgive his crimes and to restore him to her love, offering, if she would, to do anything she desired. To her honor it must be recorded that the first piece of advice she gave him was that he should, above all things, endeavor to appease the wrath of the Almighty by penitence and prayer, that he might obtain forgiveness where it was most requisite to seek for mercy. As for her

own forgiveness, that she most frankly accorded, she said, turning upon him a look of love and tenderness. Darnley now revealed all the horrible details of the plot in which he had acted an important part, and added: "I fear that your own life is even now in danger, unless you can find some means of making your escape."

Mary then confided to her husband that she had entered into an arrangement with Bothwell and Huntley,



MARY.

whereby she was to be let down in a chair attached to ropes, from the clock-tower, into the court below. Darnley dissuaded her from attempting anything so dangerous, and promised to provide safer means for her escape. As an earnest of his good intentions, he tried to dismiss the four-and-twenty armed men who guarded the chamber door, but found that he was not able to enforce obedience to his commands. He was, in fact, as much a prisoner within the walls of Holyrood as Mary, though he was permitted to wander through more apartments. That

night his wine was drugged, and he slept heavily until six o'clock in the morning. He suspected the truth at once, and went to explain to the queen, who, he found, had spent the night in an agony of suspense, because he had not kept his promise. During this interview he advised her to grant an amnesty, not only to the banished earls, but to all those who had been engaged in the murder of Riccio, and she expressed her willingness to do so if he thought it for the best. Darnley was so pleased at this that he hastened to inform Ruthven and Morton, who listened with uneasiness to this evidence of friendship between the royal pair. "It is all talk," they said; "she has been trained in the court of France, and does not know the value of a promise." "Now, will you let me alone?" asked Darnley, impatiently; "I will warrant to bring all to a good end."

At nine o'clock, having made his state toilet, Darnley returned to the queen's room, and they conversed together as familiarly and affectionately as though nothing had occurred to divide them. Darnley advised her to appear resigned, to use no sharp words, and to promise everything the conspirators demanded, adding: "for when once at liberty you can revoke all that you are constrained by fear to do." He passed most of the day with his consort, who, by his advice, received the rebel lords, and heard them take their oaths of obedience and good behavior for the future.

At six o'clock in the evening, Darnley went down to take supper with the lords, whom he engaged in earnest conversation about their lands, while his trustworthy master of the horse, Sir William Standen, waited on her majesty, to arrange with her the time and manner of escape. He had already provided horses; the difficulty now was to get rid of the guard. The king again proposed to the

lords that they should be removed; but they objected, saying, "You may do as you please, but it is sore against our wills; for we fear that all is deceit towards us, and that the queen will get away shortly, and take you with her, either to the Castle of Edinburgh or Dunbar."

Fortunately, and for a wonder, Darnley kept his temper; and he had his father to back him; for, having an eye to the crown for his son, and the succession for himself, Lennox pleaded that the best and only way to manage the queen was through her affections; and, therefore, it was desirable that his son should pretend to be fond of her. Darnley had not sufficiently trusted his father to inform him of his reconciliation with the queen, nor of his intention to manage her escape that night.

At last it was arranged that her majesty should hold a conference with all the lords; and when they were assembled, she told them that she would go in the morning to the Tolbooth, and there, by consent of Parliament, would in due form grant pardon to everybody, and as a pledge she drank to each. This was the cup of peace, which cemented every bargain in Scotland.

Having made this concession, the queen requested that the keys of her palace should be delivered to her servants, and that her bedroom should be left to the care of her own officials, the same as it was wont to be, and said, "For the last two nights I have not been able to rest." The king facetiously promised to be her keeper himself for that night, and to take very good care of her if they would rid the palace of strangers and trust her to his hands. Lord Ruthven reluctantly consented, saying, "Whatever bloodshed or mischief ensue shall fall on the head of the king and his posterity."

So they all left and went to the house of Morton, where they took supper, not one of them placing the slightest

reliance in the promises of the queen ; but they thought her too ill and weak, after two days and nights of excitement and sleeplessness, to attempt an escape.

In order to avoid suspicion, their majesties both went to bed, but rose two hours after midnight. The queen was attended by only one maid, named Margaret Carwood ; and she was assisted by one Bastian, whom Margaret afterwards married. The party stealthily descended a secret staircase to a gate leading through the cemetery of the royal chapel. At the outer gate of the cemetery, Sir William Standen was waiting with the king's horse. The queen was lifted up behind Arthur Erskine, her equerry, he being mounted on a swift horse, provided with a pillion, for her use. Lord Traquair, the captain of the guard, took the maid behind him. Sir Walter Standen and Bastian got on their horses ; and the little cavalcade moved forward, under shadow of the night, to Seton House, their first and only resting-place. Lord Seton awaited the fugitive sovereigns with two hundred armed cavaliers ready to escort them on their journey to Dunbar.

After this, the party rode with such speed that they arrived at Dunbar before sunrise ; and the queen demanded admittance to her fortress. The warder's challenge was answered by the startling announcement, "Their majesties, the king and queen." Now, as the warder had heard that Holyrood was occupied by the rebel lords who had slain the secretary, and imprisoned the queen, with the intention of placing her husband on the throne, he was considerably puzzled to find that the royal pair had eloped together. He did not dare to raise the portcullis until he had consulted the castellan, and, as this official was sleeping at a house a short distance off, the fugitives were kept waiting in the bleak morning air,



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after their twenty-mile ride, wondering whether they would be admitted at all. Their suspense was soon over; for the castellan hastened to receive their majesties with every demonstration of respect, and led them and their companions into the castle. The first thing the queen did was to order a fire, and to ask for some new-laid eggs. Small appetite for food either she or the king must have had during the dreadful forty-eight hours through which they had just passed.

As soon as Mary had refreshed herself, she wrote to her brother-in-law, Charles IX. of France, to the queen-mother, and to her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, giving an account of her troubles. In her letter to her uncle, she subscribed herself, "Your niece Marie, queen without a kingdom." But she made a mistake; for the hearts of her people were with her, and the kingdom was still hers, as the Earls of Bothwell and Huntley proved that very day, by coming to her aid at the head of thirteen hundred horsemen. She then wrote letters, and issued proclamations, summoning all the true men of Scotland to rally in defence of the crown. And nobly was her call responded to; for an army of eight thousand put themselves under her command. With such numbers she would have been able to take the field against the conspirators had there been need, but, as before, they were defeated without a blow. They were assassins, as they had proven by their manner of dealing with the little Italian secretary — they were not warriors.

When the elopement of Mary and her consort was discovered, the consternation was great, and the lords were furious with Darnley for having outwitted them. Crafty though they were, he was more so, but what made them most angry was that by assuming the character of lawful protector to his wife, and delivering her out of their

wicked hands, Darnley had publicly proved that their slanders against her character were utterly false. Her enemies, now finding themselves very weak in numbers, sent a humble supplication by Lord Sempill to her majesty to sign the pardon she had promised on the day preceding her flight from Holyrood. But as she did not consider herself bound by any pledge she had made while a captive and in fear of her life, she would not see the envoy for three days, and then dismissed him with an unfavorable answer. Glencairn and the Earl of Rothes, however, who protested their innocence of the late foul treason, and threw themselves on the mercy of their offended sovereign, were pardoned.

The queen's party in Edinburgh was now so strong that Lord Erskine, governor of the castle, was ordered to proclaim that unless the rebel lords left at once, he would fire the town. This threat produced the desired result, and Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Kerr, and the other leaders of the assassination fled to England, and took possession of the quarters Moray and his party had previously occupied at Newcastle.

Before his departure, Morton wrote to excuse himself to the queen for his late act of treason, and assured her that he had been reluctantly drawn into the plot by the entreaties and threats of the king and his father, disclosing, at the same time, such clear proofs of the guilt of both, that Mary forbade the Earl of Lennox ever to come into her presence again.

The royal pair passed five days at Dunbar, and then went to Haddington, where they held a council, and transacted important business, involving a complete change of ministry. The Earl of Huntley now became Lord Chancellor, and Sir James Balfour, Clerk-Register; Bothwell, Lieutenant-General, and Captain of Dunbar, and, by in-

heritance, the office of lord admiral also was bestowed on him. Thus all the military force of the crown was in the hands of Bothwell.

Darnley desired that Moray should be severely punished, but the queen, who had never ceased to love her brother, made an effort to win him over to her party. On the night of her escape from Holyrood, she charged one of her ladies to tell Sir James Melville to persuade Moray to leave the rebels and return to his allegiance. Seeing that their cause was hopeless, the earl sent letters to the queen at Haddington, protesting his innocence of the late odious crime, and solemnly pledging himself to have nothing more to do with the rebels. She did not know that it was he who had asked aid for Morton and Ruthven of the English Government when they were on their way to execute his designs, nor could she guess that he never meant to abandon the confederacy, whose sole object was the destruction of herself. The attempt had failed on account of the unexpected part Darnley had played; the conspirators bided their time.

Mary's heart was sore when she was at Haddington, from some fresh cause of displeasure her husband had given her; for, in a private conversation with Sir James Melville, she lamented the king's folly, unthankfulness, and bad behavior, also the treacherous dealings of his father, from whom, she said, she ought to have had far different counsel. Darnley jealously asked Melville whether Moray had written to him, and was told "his lordship esteems your majesty and the queen as one, and his letter was written in haste," but his self-importance was offended. "He might have written to me also," was his petulant rejoinder; he then asked what had become of Morton, Ruthven, and the rest of that lot, and, when told

that they had fled, he said bitterly: "As they have brewed, so let them drink."

On the 18th of March, the queen returned in triumph to Edinburgh, accompanied by her husband, all the nobles of her party, and their attendants, and nine thousand horse and foot soldiers. The whole town turned out to meet the sovereign, who was received with the most flattering demonstrations of joy.

Instead of proceeding to their palace of Holyrood, their majesties took up their abode in Lord Home's house, and caused field-pieces to be placed on the grounds, as well as a guard, for fear of a surprise. Although Mary took every possible measure to grant the fullest form of pardon to her husband, and had it proclaimed in the market-cross that nobody was ever to say that he was interested in the conspiracy, nothing could be more wretched than the position in which he found himself in consequence of his late folly. The queen had lost confidence in him, and her friends held him in contempt; while the confederates scorned and despised him, and thirsted for vengeance. He became more irritable than ever, and bothered the queen with his puerile jealousies on account of her superiority in rank; but he was powerless to do further mischief, either to himself or her, and he sought consolation in the church.

On the 5th of April the queen removed to Edinburgh Castle with her ladies and officers of state, and the first person she met was the unfortunate Earl of Arran, who had been under restraint there for four years. He knew his sovereign, and appeared grateful for the consideration she had shown him, but the interview agitated her so much that he was removed to Hamilton Palace, where he was permitted to reside as a prisoner at large.

The abode of Morton and the other assassins at Newcastle caused Mary so much uneasiness that she wrote an earnest request to Queen Elizabeth not to harbor her traitors there. Elizabeth ordered them to depart, but hinted, at the same time, that England was a wide field, and they would find good accommodation elsewhere, nearer Scotland; so they proceeded to Alnwick, where they lurked in readiness to return at an hour's notice to join their friends in any plot they chose to bring forward.

The King and Queen-Mother of France sent an ambassador to congratulate Queen Mary on her escape from her late peril, and in his train was Joseph Riccio, brother to the murdered secretary, who came to look after David's effects. As Mary had not yet been able to trust any one with her ciphers and private foreign correspondence, she engaged Joseph to take his brother's place, though she could scarcely have made a more unpopular choice.

On Wednesday, June 19, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, Queen Mary gave birth to a fine prince. This happy event was announced by a triumphant discharge of guns from the castle. When the king beheld his boy, he leaned over and kissed him affectionately, and Mary said, "This is the prince who, I hope, will unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland." "Why, madam," said Sir William Standen, who was present, "shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?" "Alas!" she returned, "his father has broken with me." "Sweet madam," said Darnley, "is this your promise that you made to forgive and forget all?" "I have forgiven, but I can never forget," observed Mary.

The happy father wrote that day to the Cardinal de Guise to announce the birth of his son, and to invite

that prelate to stand godfather. The rejoicings throughout the city were universal; bonfires blazed on all the hills, and a vast concourse of people assembled in the Church of St. Giles to unite in solemn thanksgiving for the safety of the queen, and the birth of an heir to the crown.

On the 27th of July, having been ordered by her physician to the country for change of air, Mary consented to honor her old preceptor, the Earl of Mar, with a visit at Alloa Castle. Darnley refused to enter the vessel with Moray and his co-adjutors, and chose to perform the journey by land. The day after their arrival at the castle, their majesties sat in council, and published a proclamation, convening their lords, barons, and freeholders of the southern shires to meet them at Peebles on the 13th of August for the purpose of supporting them in a progress through the realm to hold courts of justice.

Before the queen set out, Moray and the Earl of Athol solicited her to pardon Lethington. Darnley opposed this measure, and pronounced Lethington the vilest of traitors, declaring that he had been guilty of Riccio's murder, and ought never to be admitted to her presence; but Moray told the queen that passion and prejudice prompted her husband to speak as he did, for Lethington was very much her friend, and was perfectly innocent of any share in the murder, as he had supped that night in Athol's apartment. In an evil hour for herself, Mary was, therefore, induced to grant this subtle traitor full and free pardon for all his offences, and to admit him to an audience. Darnley was excessively angry at such a mark of disobedience, and gave ample proof of his displeasure by first raging at the queen, and then treating her with coldness and reserve.

Nevertheless, the royal pair made their progress together, and then returned to Edinburgh, and took their infant with them to Stirling Castle. On the 11th of September the privy council requested the queen's presence in the metropolis for the transaction of business; she wished Darnley to accompany her, but he refused, and she was obliged to go without him. She was back at Stirling by the 21st, and was joined there by the new French ambassador, Monsieur du Croc, who, in a private letter to the queen-mother, says: "Great preparations are making for the baptism of the little prince, and the queen is much pleased with the appointment of Count de Brienne to act as proxy for the King of France on that occasion. The lords here are putting themselves in grand order to perform their duty well, the Protestants as well as the Catholics, and I must tell you that both the lords here and those who are in correspondence with the king and your majesty are so well reconciled to the queen and to each other that I can perceive no division between them. But if the queen and these lords are well together, the king, her husband, is as ill with the one side and the other; nor can it be otherwise, with the way he deports himself, for he wants to be all in all, and so puts himself in the way to be nothing. He often complains to me, and one day I told him that if he would do me the honor of informing me what it was he found fault with in the queen and her nobles, I would take the liberty of mentioning it to them. He said that he wished to return to the same state he was in when he first married! I assured him that he could never do that, and if he found himself well off then, he ought to have kept so; and that his conduct to the queen had been such that he could not hope to be re-instated in authority; and that he ought to be very well satisfied with the honors and benefits she gave

him in treating him as king-consort, and supplying him and his household liberally."

This is a proof that Darnley had been joint sovereign with the queen until his base conduct reduced him to the inferior position of king-consort; but he had not the sense to perceive the justice of the change, and his pride was mortified by the contempt with which he was regarded on all sides. This he attributed to the respect paid by the queen and her council to Moray, who now exercised the functions of prime minister, having filled the cabinet with a majority of his own creatures and confederates. Darnley did not consider that, as he had recalled Moray without the queen's consent, he had placed her in a position that left her little choice in the matter.

On the 23d of September, the queen returned to Edinburgh again, to attend a convention of the nobles. Her husband refused, as before, to accompany her. He wrote to the queen, "I have two causes of complaint: first, that your majesty does not trust me with so much authority, and does not take as much pains to advance me and make me honored by the nation, as you did at first; and, secondly, that nobody attends me, and the nobles seem to avoid my society." To this she answered that, if it were so, he had no one to blame but himself; for in the beginning she bestowed so much honor upon him that it was the worse for herself, since the authority she had given him only served as a protection for those who so heinously offended her. Yet she nevertheless continued to treat him with the same respect; and, although they who perpetrated the murder of her faithful servant entered her chamber with his knowledge, following close behind him, yet would she never accuse him of it, but always excuse him, and seemed not to believe it. As for his complaint

that he was not well attended, she said that she had always placed at his command those who received her wages, the same as if they were his own. The nobles, she continued, came to court when it suited their pleasure; but he had taken no pains to win them, and had even forbidden them to enter his chamber. If he wished them to follow him, he must endeavor to make them love him, by behaving amiably towards them; otherwise, he could not expect them to consent that the management of affairs should be placed in his hands.

CHAPTER IX.

[A.D. 1566.] IT was one of the Scottish laws that when sovereigns reached the age of twenty-five they might revoke all the crown grants, whether made by their regents or themselves, previous to that time. The grants made by the Duc de Châtelherault and the late queen regent had been enormous; and Mary, in her youthful inexperience, had been so lavish that her revenues were reduced to one-third their proper value. Naturally, the parties who profited by this generosity were willing to resort to almost any measures whereby the evil day of restitution might be postponed for a new term of twenty-four years, with the probability of retaining the property forever. There was, therefore, a conspiracy among the nobles for bringing Mary's reign to a close before she completed her twenty-fifth year, and placing the reins of government in the hands of a regent until the little prince was old enough to assume them himself, thereby increasing their own wealth and power.

While her enemies were working to accomplish this, Mary Stuart's attention was divided between preparations for the christening of her son and plans for reconciling the nobles to one another, thus, as she fondly hoped, securing peace and happiness for her realm. Every action of hers was closely watched, and minutely reported to the English at Berwick, who heard with no little interest of the reconciliation which took place between Moray, Huntley, Bothwell, and Argyll. These four obtained the most

important places in the ministry, and agreed not only to act in concert, but to secretly fortify and support one another in all their undertakings against their opponents.

A convention of nobles assembled at Edinburgh for the purpose of making preparations for the baptism of the prince. They subscribed twelve thousand pounds to defray the expenses of this ceremony; and the queen issued directions for the costumes to be worn, which she paid for herself. But before this ceremony took place, Mary had a malignant attack of typhus fever, which it was feared would cause her death. Prayers were said for her in all the churches; but she grew so much worse that her nobles were summoned to her bedside to receive her last commands. In their presence she repeated the Roman Catholic creed in Latin, and told them that by discord all good purposes were brought to naught; she therefore exhorted them to unity and peace. She forgave all who had offended her, — especially, her husband, — and made a request that if the banished lords who had so deeply sinned against her should be brought back into the realm after her death, they should, at least, never have access to her son. To the French ambassador, Du Croc, she said: “Commend me to the king, your master. Tell him I hope he will protect my dear little boy; and also that he will grant one year of my dowry, after my death, to pay my debts and reward my faithful servants. But, above all, tell the queen-mother that I heartily ask her forgiveness for any offence I may have either offered or been supposed to have committed against her.” She also recommended the prince to the protection of the Queen of England, as his nearest kinswoman, and repeated her entreaties to her nobles to take care of him, and not to suffer any to be in his company in his tender youth that were of evil natures,

and likely to set him a bad example, but such only as could instruct him in virtue. She recommended tolerance in matters of religion, declaring that she had never persecuted her subjects on that score, and added, in her pretty Scotch, "It is a sair thing and a meikle prick to any one to have the conscience pressed in sic a matter."

On the night of the 25th of October, an unfavorable change took place in the condition of the queen, and those about her thought she was dying. She swooned, her sight failed, and her extremities were cold, but friction was resorted to, and persisted in for nearly four hours, when she revived. In the morning she swooned again, and for several minutes it was thought that she had passed away; but her French physician, Charles Nau, would not give her up; he had the rubbing begun again, and at the end of three hours her majesty opened her eyes and spoke. From that moment she began to improve, and on the 9th of November she was well enough to travel to Kelso. She was attended by the Earl of Moray and other members of her council, including Bothwell.

Throughout the queen's illness Darnley remained at Glasgow, and devoted his time to amusement. Possibly he had not been informed of her danger until late in the month, when he went to see her; but his apparent heartlessness had made such an unfavorable impression on those who had charge of his wife that he was not admitted to her sick-chamber, and he returned to Glasgow in a very bad temper. While at Kelso, Mary received several letters from her husband, whose contents she did not reveal, but they must have been of a distressing nature, because she was so affected by them that there was danger of a relapse into her recent illness, and she was heard to exclaim, with tears in her eyes, "rather than live to endure such sorrow, I would kill myself."

About the middle of November, Queen Mary suddenly determined to visit the English Border in state, and went as far as Halidon Hill, where she could behold Berwick in the distance, as well as other parts of the country over which she hoped some day to rule. On this subject she was scarcely sane, and when she got back to Dunbar Castle, she actually had the imprudence to write to Elizabeth's privy council, asking them to exert their influence in having her rights established, a proceeding above all others most likely to anger and offend the English sovereign. But her party had been so materially strengthened in England by the birth of her son, her liberal policy in matters of religion, and the courage she had displayed in times of danger, that she felt sure of a triumphant majority in case her claims to the succession were left to the decision of Parliament.

The queen reached Craigmillar Castle on the 20th, and six days later she was joined by Darnley, who stayed with her until the 4th of December. But he came in a bad frame of mind, which was not improved by finding his wife still under the influence of her base brother and his confederates, and his visit was no comfort to anybody. During that week, Moray and Lethington were forming their plans to get rid of him, and they marked with secret satisfaction the unkind feeling that existed between the royal couple. After Darnley's departure for Stirling, they pretended to sympathize with his neglected consort, and, in order to probe the true nature of her sentiments, delicately hinted at a divorce as a matter of political necessity for the benefit of the country.

Deeply though she had been injured, Mary could not bear the idea of an irrevocable separation from the man she had tenderly loved. Lethington and Moray now began to urge her, and to point out the advantages of such a

step, while assuring her that it could in no way prejudice the interests of her son. To this she wisely answered: "I will that ye do nothing whereto any spot may be laid to my honor or conscience, and therefore, I pray you, rather let the matter remain as it is, until God in his goodness shall remedy it; for believing to do me a service, possibly ye may displease and injure me." "Madam," rejoined Lethington, "let us guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and what Parliament will approve." But, seeing that she opposed this conspiracy for a divorce in every way, the lords resolved to fall back to their original plan of assassination. Accordingly, before they left Craigmillar Castle, Sir James Balfour, the notorious parson of Fliske, drew up a bond for the murder. It stated "that it was thought expedient and most profitable for the common weal, by the whole nobility, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign over them, and that for divers causes they had concluded that he should be taken off in one way or another; and they also agreed to defend and fortify whosoever should take the deed in hand and accomplish it, for it should be every one's action, reckoned as if done by himself."

On the 7th of December, Queen Mary returned to Holyrood, without having the slightest suspicion of the conspiracy for the murder of her husband, who on that day completed his twenty-first year. As the infant prince was to be baptized at Stirling, the queen removed with him to that castle on the 10th, and they were shortly after joined by Darnley. The next person of importance to arrive was the Earl of Bedford, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador. He was honorably received by the gentlemen of Lothian, and conducted to the house of Châtelherault, where he was lodged with his suite of eighty persons dur-



ELIZABETH.

ing his sojourn in Edinburgh. Mary held a court for the reception of the English embassy the same day, when Bedford presented her with a splendid christening gift from his sovereign, consisting of a massive silver font which cost more than a thousand pounds. He brought besides a handsome ring to the Countess of Argyll, whom Elizabeth had appointed to act as her proxy at the baptism, saying that, as the time of the year would not allow her to send any of her own ladies, she had made choice of the countess, thinking she would be most agreeable to her sister, the Queen of Scots, to whom she had heard she was deeply attached.

Nothing could have been more deceitful than Elizabeth's demonstrations of friendship; for she had never forgiven Mary for her marriage with their mutual kinsman, Darnley, whom she still persisted in calling her subject. She refused to acknowledge his title as King of Scotland, and forbade the Earl of Bedford and his suite to treat him as such, though she had condescended to accept the office of godmother to the little prince. This placed Mary in a most awkward dilemma, for she could not permit her husband to be exposed to a public insult in the presence of the whole court and the foreign representatives without resenting it, and she was in no position to enter into hostilities with so powerful a neighbor as Elizabeth. It therefore seemed expedient for Darnley to absent himself both from the religious ceremony and the fêtes given in honor of the baptism.

It was the persevering malice of Moray and his party that had brought about this behavior of Elizabeth towards Darnley. The only blame that can be attached to Mary in the affair was her want of foresight in requesting the queen to act as sponsor to the prince without first insisting that she should recognize Darnley's regal title. In-

stead of concealing his annoyance, Darnley behaved with his usual want of judgment, and entered into an open quarrel with his wife (who was no less mortified than himself), and threatened to leave her again, being prevented from a public exposure of his ungovernable temper only by the prudence of Du Croc. "The very day of the baptism," says that statesman, "he sent for me three separate times, desiring me either to go to see him or to appoint an hour when he might come to my lodgings; but I found myself obliged to let him know that the king, my master, had charged me to hold no conference with him; I also sent him this message: that as it would not be very proper for him to come to my apartments, because there was such a crowd of people there, so he ought to be aware that there were two entrances to them, and if he should come in by one, I should feel constrained to go out at the other." The conduct that provoked so stern a rebuff from one who had been untiring in soothing and friendly offices must have been outrageous, and was probably the result of drunkenness.

The day appointed for the baptism was December 17. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the prince was borne from his nursery to the chapel royal by the French ambassador, who represented Charles IX. as one godfather, and by Du Croc, for the Duke of Savoy, as the other. The Countess of Argyll represented Queen Elizabeth as godmother, and the Earl of Athol, nearest kinsman to the father of the infant, walked next to the French ambassador in the procession, bearing the tall wax candle. The salt was carried by the Earl of Eglinton, the chrism by Lord Sempill, the basin and ewer by the Bishop of Ross. A double line of nobles, each bearing a lighted wax taper, extended all the way to the chapel door, where the infant was received by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's

in splendid robes, with staff, mitre, and cross, the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dumblane, and many other churchmen, the ceremony being performed according to the rites of the church of Rome.

The silver font presented by Queen Elizabeth was used, and the little prince received the names of Charles James and James Charles, which were proclaimed by the heralds three times, with a flourish of trumpets, within the chapel, at the chapel door, and to the people assembled outside. The ceremony concluded at five o'clock, with singing and organ-playing, when the infant was carried back to his chamber in triumph.

The queen then invited her distinguished guests to accompany her to the great hall of Parliament, where supper was served. She sat at the middle of the table, with the French ambassador on her right, and the English one on her left. The Earl of Huntley served the queen as carver, the Earl of Moray as cupbearer, and the Earl of Bothwell as server. The heralds, macers, and trumpeters preceded three masters of the household, who walked abreast, bringing up the meat. Then came Lord Seton, followed by the Earl of Argyll, each bearing a white wand; the other lords and gentlemen followed with lighted torches. The first course went off peacefully, though the French nobles and the queen's French servants expressed considerable jealousy among themselves because more attention was paid to the English guests than to them. The second course, consisting of all sorts of dainties and sweet dishes, was brought in on a moving stage on wheels, attended by a band of musicians, clothed like maidens, playing on various instruments and singing. They were preceded by a party of grotesquely dressed creatures, who carried whips with which they cleared a passage through the crowded hall up to the queen's table;

then they performed curious antics for the entertainment of the guests. This device was planned by Bastian, the queen's French master of the revels, who no doubt expected to be greatly applauded; but unfortunately certain gestures were made which gave offence to the English guests, who, suspecting that they were being ridiculed, all turned their backs. One of them, Master Hatton, even went so far as to say that if he were not in the queen's hall and presence, he would put a dagger into the heart of that French knave Bastian, who was evidently jealous because her majesty had made too much of the English. Mary observed that something had gone wrong, and it required all the tact and good nature she and Bedford could bring to bear before order was restored.

Some rich and costly presents were bestowed by the queen in honor of the baptism of her son. To the Earl of Bedford she gave a chain worth two thousand crowns, and George Carey received a string of pearls and a valuable diamond ring. Hatton got a chain with the queen's portrait attached, and to six other gentlemen of the English embassy were presented handsome chains.

The Earl of Bedford, on the part of his sovereign, renewed the demand he had made at Fontainebleau, on the death of Francis II., for the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. In return, Mary drew his attention to the unwelcome question of her recognition as heiress to the throne of England. However, neither matter was pressed very far, and it was proposed that an envoy be sent to discuss both.

Two days after the baptism, the queen gave a grand banquet and a fine display of fireworks. Attended by a train of her noble guests, she walked about in the park among her humbler subjects, so that they might have as

much of the pleasure as possible, and all were charmed with the graciousness of her manners. The prettiest ceremony of all was the one of belting her baby boy, which the royal mother did on the day he completed his sixth month, and within the week of his baptism. An earl assisted in placing the ducal coronet on his brow, the mantle about his person, and a gold ring on his tiny finger. His heels were touched with the spurs, and his hands were clasped between those of his lady mistress, who made him kneel on his mother's lap to perform in silent show his homage, and bend his little head in unconscious assent to the oath of allegiance that was read for him.

The bustle and excitement of the festive week at Stirling came to an end. The proud wish of the royal mother had been gratified; her boy had been presented at the baptismal font by the representatives of the sovereigns of England, France, and Savoy, and the religious ceremony had been solemnized in accordance with her own belief. Everything had been done on a splendid scale, and the people had appeared well satisfied with the show. Indeed, Mary's popular and generous behavior on this occasion endeared her more than ever to their hearts, and they wasted no thoughts on her absent husband, whose arrogance and folly had disgusted them. But the queen knew that her interests and his were inseparable, and she made another effort to win him back, with so much success that he acknowledged his mistakes, and promised for the future to live as a good husband ought with a loving, faithful wife, and never again to listen to those who had given him evil advice.

This reconciliation lasted until the next day, when the pardon that the queen had reluctantly consented to grant the Earl of Morton and others was published; then, in a transport of indignation and rage, Darnley went away from

Stirling, without even bidding his wife farewell. This happened on the 23d of December, and Mary, whose health and spirits were in no condition to stand this extra strain, spent a joyless Christmas. But she was kept busy most of the time with important affairs of state, which kept her from sinking into deep despondency.

Just after Darnley's arrival in Glasgow, he became very ill, and his father, as well as everybody about him, felt alarmed at his symptoms. The learned Doctor Abernethy declared that he had been poisoned; but in due course of time pustules appeared all over his face and body, which proved that his was a case of small-pox, so prevalent in those dark ages of ignorance. But there were those who insisted that Darnley had been poisoned by his wife before he left Stirling, and that the eruption was the result. Buchanan published this among his other calumnies against the Queen of Scots, and had it translated into all the known languages, to insure a wide circulation. His work, entitled "The Detection," was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. Darnley himself never suspected Mary of this crime, for, as soon as he found out what ailed him, he sent to inform her of it, and to request that her own physician might come to his aid. Doctor Lusgerie was the name of this man, and he was so skilful in the treatment of the dread disease that he was despatched with the least possible delay, and succeeded in curing the erring Darnley.

[A.D. 1567.] Shortly after the unfortunate man's recovery, Queen Elizabeth made the important discovery that he was intriguing against her government with her Roman Catholic subjects. This was an alarming revelation indeed, and one calculated to excite the sovereign's rage. She was scarcely less annoyed when the fact was disclosed to her, through William Rogers, one of the treacherous

English adventurers in the employ of Darnley, that both he and Mary often received letters from the Countess of Lennox, Arthur Pole, and other prisoners in the Tower of London. The clew to these dangerous correspondences had been obtained by Bedford, the ambassador, and William Rogers, who had been employed as the spy to investigate them, was summoned for trial on the 16th of January.

Before this trial began, Mary Stuart and her court attended the marriage of the Lord of Lethington and the beautiful maid-of-honor, Mary Fleming, which was solemnized at Stirling Castle. This was the third of the Marys who had entered the pale of wedlock, for Mary Livingstone had married before the queen, and Mary Beton was the wife of Alexander Ogilvie, though she still held a post as one of Queen Mary's bedchamber ladies. Mary Seton was the only one who remained unmarried, and she was true to her royal mistress through good and evil report, in prison as well as in a palace. It is pleasant to be able to mention her among the few bright exceptions to the treachery and ingratitude of the vipers who basked in the sunshine of Mary Stuart's prosperity, and turned their venomous stings upon her when she was in adversity.

Reports began to be circulated of a very alarming nature while the queen was at Stirling. Moray and his colleagues assured her that Darnley and his father were assembling a force at Glasgow to dethrone and imprison her for life, and to crown the infant prince, in order that they might govern the realm in his name. On the other hand, for the purpose of goading Darnley to some rash act, he was told that it was the queen's intention to arrest and imprison him. Some bitter words escaped him, which were repeated to Mary, and, of course, fearfully exag-

gerated. She, thereupon, summoned a special meeting of the privy council, on the 10th of January, to consider the matter. As the members were leagued for the destruction of the unfortunate Darnley, and determined to make an effort to induce her to consent to his death, they said everything to excite her fears. Not considering herself or her little boy safe at Stirling, she beat a hasty retreat with him to Edinburgh, slept one night at Callander House, and reached Holyrood Abbey on the 14th.

Moray urged his sister to frustrate the treasonable designs of her ungrateful husband by hastening to Glasgow at the head of a strong force, and taking the whole party by surprise. But she was too prudent to take such a step until she had personally investigated the matter; and when she had done so, she became convinced that neither Lennox nor her husband was in position to disturb her government, but it distressed her exceedingly to hear of the false reports concerning herself which the tale-bearers had carried to them. While her mind was agitated by the bewildering rumors of plots that did not exist, the Earl of Morton, Archibald Douglas, Lethington, and Bothwell were quietly arranging their plans for the murder of Darnley, and preparing the public mind to ascribe the atrocious deed to the vengeance of his royal wife.

The interviews of these conspirators were held in the garden of Whittinghame Castle, a short distance from the metropolis. There, secure from witnesses, they talked over their plans, though each distrusted the other, and each was as false to the others as to his queen, his country, and his God. According to Morton's account, Douglas took the leading part in the conferences; but this is not probable, for Morton had the peculiar faculty for making men of even greater abilities than his own his tools. Bothwell was the only one of the four who was ignorant of

the deeper plot to which the murder of Darnley was a necessary introduction ; but he rushed into the snares of subtler villains than himself, and argued against the feigned reluctance of Morton, whose aim was to draw the queen herself into the plot against her husband's life. After meeting day by day for two or three weeks, the interviews were finally broken up, in consequence of Bothwell's failing to furnish proof of the queen's encouragement of the deed. Morton then went to St. Andrew's to visit his nephew, the Earl of Angus.

At last, finding that they could not arouse Mary to vengeance against her husband, the ministers went so far as to draw up a warrant for his arrest and imprisonment as a state prisoner. They presented it to her for her signature ; but she refused, for she would do nothing that might prove a final bar to her reconciliation with Darnley. Whenever his faults were recounted in her presence, she was wont to say : " The king, my husband, is but young, and may be reclaimed. If he has been led into evil measures, it is to be attributed to his want of good counsel and to the influence of bad company, as well as to his disposition to yield to those about him ; but God will remedy all in his own good time, and amend what is amiss in his grace."

Ill health, severe weather, and the wretched conditions of the roads had prevented the queen from going to her husband as soon as she heard of his illness at Glasgow ; but one month from the time he parted with her at Stirling, she set out to join him, with the intention of removing him to Craigmillar Castle, where apartments, fitted up with everything for the comfort of an invalid, had been arranged. Mary could scarcely have made a wiser choice ; for this castle was in a most healthful situation, sheltered from the bleak winds, sea fogs, and the smoke of Edinburgh, yet within sight and easy distance of that city. In

order that her husband might be enabled to perform the journey with as much comfort as possible, the queen took her own litter for his use, as this mode of travelling was easier than a carriage.

Queen Mary approached Glasgow with a numerous retinue, which had increased as she passed along the road until it amounted to more than five hundred horsemen. She was met by Captain Thomas Crawford, a person in the service of the Earl of Lennox, who had sent him to present his humble respects to her majesty, with his excuses for not coming to meet her in person, praying her grace not to think it was either from pride or ignorance of his duty, but because he was ill. Besides, he would not presume to come into her presence until he knew further her mind, on account of the sharp words she had spoken of him to Robert Cunningham, his servant, in Stirling, whereby he thought he was in her majesty's displeasure.

Knowing that much of her matrimonial misery had been caused by the selfish, ambitious traitor who had repaid her benefits by conspiring against her life and government, and exerting a baleful influence over her husband, Mary merely replied, with cold disdain, "There is no recipe against fear." "My lord hath no fear," replied the man, "of anything he knows in himself, but only of the unkind words you have spoken of him." "He would not be afraid unless he were culpable," said the queen. "I know so far of his lordship," retorted Crawford, "that he desires nothing more than that the secrets of every creature's heart were written on his face." Mary reminded the man of his presumption, in thus answering, by this query, "Have you any further commission?" The man said, "No." Whereupon the queen rejoined, "Then hold your peace," and closed the conference by riding on to Glasgow. He had his revenge; for he was Lennox's spy, instructed to

inform the earl of all that passed between the queen and Darnley, and he performed his task with a view to making as much mischief as possible.

Mary's first interview with her husband did not take place by daylight, but she was able to discern that he was very much disfigured, and that he had lost all his beautiful hair. She was very sorry, but assured him that she would soon find a remedy for that; and even her worst enemies bear witness to the tender attentions she lavished on the invalid, though, of course, they impute all her kindness to deceit. Darnley was so pleased to have her with him once more that he expressed his willingness to go wherever she desired; but Crawford sought an opportunity to tell him that the queen had some dark design in taking him to Craigmillar Castle, and asked, in a suspicious tone, why she preferred that place to Edinburgh Castle. Then Darnley, who distrusted, not Mary, but all her ministers, refused to go, and it was agreed that he should be removed to Kirk-o'-Field instead.

But it was the conspirators who selected this place, for the queen had fully intended to take her husband to Craigmillar. In consequence of her excellent nursing, the invalid improved so rapidly that by the 27th of January he was able to begin his journey. The queen was with him, and they supped and slept at Callander the first night. The next day they proceeded to Linlithgow, where they rested a couple of nights, and when the journey was resumed, they were met on the road by the Earl of Bothwell, whose duty it was, as sheriff of the Lothians, to receive and escort them to Edinburgh. All the nobles and gentry mounted to meet their liege lady on her return to her metropolis, because she had travelled in state from Linlithgow. Her perfidious ministers had their own reasons for not clearly defining which of the two houses by

the Kirk-o'-Field had been prepared for Darnley's lodging; therefore, when the queen alighted at the door of the provost's house, she supposed it to be a mistake, and took her consort by the hand to lead him to the Hamilton Palace, hard by. But the Earl of Moray, who was there to receive his victims, interposed, and conducted them into the fatal mansion appointed by him and his confederates for the consummation of their long premeditated crime.

The queen now devoted herself to the care of her husband, and his temper was so chastened by his recent illness that he began to give promise of becoming all that a fond wife could desire. While he continued in quarantine, Mary only left him for short periods to get air and exercise, when she walked with Lady Reres in the garden of the ruined Dominican convent, which adjoined that of the Kirk-o'-Field, and occasionally sang duets with her under the window of the invalid, who was exceedingly fond of music. Sometimes she sent for the royal band from Holyrood House to play in the garden of an evening. In short, there never was a princess whose conduct afforded a more touching example of the tender characteristics of her sex, so beautifully described by Walter Scott:—

O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light, quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!

Such she had been to her first consort, the sickly, unattractive Francis, and such she was to Darnley when he was ill and suffering. He had repaid her love with injuries, had been false, ungrateful, and unkind, but she was ever ready to pardon as he was to sin against her.

Three days before the tragedy, Lord Robert Stuart told Darnley privately that there was a plot against his life, and, unless he found means to escape from the house in which he then was, he would never be permitted to leave it alive. Darnley immediately informed the queen, who sent for the man, who had already proved himself a dangerous mischief-maker, and commanded him to explain his meaning. Instead of doing this, he denied point-blank that he had ever said anything of the sort to the king. Darnley, enraged at this falsehood and impudence, angrily told him he lied, the other retorted insolently, a fierce quarrel ensued, and both laid hands on their daggers. Bloodshed would certainly have resulted had not the queen called in terror on Moray to part them, and take Lord Robert away. It is very clear that Moray was present when the queen called Lord Robert to account, and this is why he was intimidated into denying the information he had previously given.

The suspicions of Darnley and the queen were now awakened, and the conspirators felt that it was necessary to hurry on their enterprise, for, among the many who knew of it, they feared further disclosures.

At this juncture, a vacancy occurred in the queen's household, and Bothwell seized the opportunity to recommend a foreign domestic of his own, named Nicholas Hubert, to be her majesty's valet. The first day he entered her service, Bothwell spoke to him in the apartment of the queen, while she was with her consort in the room above. "Hubert," he said, "forasmuch as I have ever found thee a true and faithful servant, I will tell thee something; but keep it secret, as thou valuest thy life." "My lord, it pertaineth not to a servant to reveal his master's secrets," returned he; "but if it be anything ye think I cannot keep close, tell it not to me."

“Wottest thou what the matter is?” asked Bothwell. “If this king, here above, get on his feet over us lords of this realm, he will be both masterful and cruel; but as for us, we will not allow such things; and therefore we have concluded to blow him up with powder, within this very house.” Hubert was dismayed, and seemed unable to utter a syllable, until Bothwell asked what he was thinking about. “What think I, my lord?” returned Hubert; “it might not please you to pardon me if I should tell, according to my poor understanding, what I think.” “Wouldst thou preach?” exclaimed Bothwell, then added, angrily, “but say on, say on.” “My lord,” replied the man, “since these five or six years I have been in your service, I have seen you in great troubles, and never saw any friends that did for you. And now, my lord, you are forth of all your troubles, thanked be God, and further advanced in court, as all the world knows, than ever ye was. Moreover, it is said that ye are the greatest landlord of this country; and also ye are married, at which time a man should become sober and sedate; but now, my lord, if ye enter into this business, it will prove the greatest trouble you have ever had,—far beyond all others,—for every one will call ‘Murderer’ after you.” “Hast thou done?” interrupted Bothwell. “My lord, I pray you pardon what I have spoken according to my poor understanding,” said Hubert. “Thinkest thou that I do this alone or of myself?” asked the earl. “My lord, I cannot tell how you do it; but this I know well, it will be the greatest trouble you have had yet.” “How can that be?” asked Bothwell, “for I have Lethington, who is accounted one of the subtlest spirits of the realm, and he is the manager of it all; and besides him, I have the Earl of Argyll, my brother the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Morton, and the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay.

These three will never fail me, for it was I who interceded for their pardon; and I have the signatures of all I have named to thee, and proof that they were minded to do it when we were last at Craigmillar; but thou art a beast for such a mean spirit; thou art not worthy to be trusted with a matter of such consequence." "Forsooth, my lord, you say truly, for my spirit serveth me not for such things," returned Hubert, "but rather would I prefer to do you what service I may; and well, my lord, may they make you the leader and principal in this deed; but as soon as it shall be done, they will throw the whole on you, and be the first to cry 'Murderer!' after you, and to proceed against you to the death, if it be in their power."

Subsequent events proved Hubert to be a man of no ordinary degree of foresight. He next took the liberty to make further inquiries. "There is one, my lord, you have not named; I know well he is beloved by the common people and by us Frenchmen; and that when he governed, for the space of two or three years, there were no troubles in the country, — everything went well, — there was plenty of money, but now no man has any, and we see plenty of trouble. He is wise and has good friends." "What mean you?" asked Bothwell. "I mean the Lord of Moray; pray tell me, what part taketh he?" "He will not meddle with the matter at all," replied Bothwell. "My lord, he is prudent!" said the man. "My Lord of Moray! My Lord of Moray!" exclaimed the earl, turning about, "he will neither help us nor hinder us, but it is all the same."

This was perfectly true of Moray; he was not a whit more innocent of either the murder of Riccio or Darnley than the brainless ruffians who performed the butcher work; but he left others to incur the responsibility of the

deed in his absence, and came forward to reap the benefits of their daring.

Bothwell concluded his conference with Hubert by desiring him to take the key of the queen's chamber. "My lord, you will pardon me if you please," replied the man, "inasmuch as I am a stranger, and the usher would inquire, with reason, what I had to do with it." "Why, are not you valet-de-chambre to the queen?" demanded the earl. "True, my lord; but, you know, in the house of a prince every officer has his own particular duty, and among others the usher has that of keeping the key of this chamber, the care of which pertains to him." "Why, then," asked Bothwell, angrily, "have I placed you here, unless to draw service from you?" "Alas, my lord," observed the wretched man, "such service as is in my poor power to do, you may command." Terrified at the behavior of his former master, and with the recollection of the cruel kicks and cuffs he used to bestow for the slightest opposition to his will, Hubert breathed a sigh of relief when the tyrant departed, and, hastily putting on his hat and cloak, walked to St. Giles' Cathedral, where he returned thanks to God for the escape he had made; at the same time he prayed fervently that he might be spared from being forced to become an accomplice in Bothwell's crime.

On Friday, the 7th of February, when Bothwell had fully made up his mind to blow up the king's bedroom with gunpowder, he came again to Hubert, and asked if he had secured the key as he had been ordered to do. "I will see about it, my lord," he answered. "Fail me not," returned Bothwell, raising his finger threateningly, "for we are going to put the deed into execution on Sunday night."

The reason for appointing this particular night was that the conspirators knew the queen and all her attendants

would be away, she having promised to give a masked ball at Holyrood Abbey, in honor of the marriage of her faithful servants Bastian Paiges and Margaret Carwood. This couple had assisted the queen and Darnley in escaping from Holyrood Abbey after the murder of Riccio, and, in grateful remembrance of this service, she endowed them on their wedding day with a life pension of three hundred marks, and presented them besides with all the materials for their marriage garments. As an additional mark of favor, she promised to dance at the wedding.

On the Saturday night Bothwell again demanded the key of Hubert, who, terrified at the fear of incurring personal violence from his ruffianly patron, humbly repeated that it was not his office to take charge of the queen's bedroom key. "Well, I have keys enough without thee," boasted the earl, "for there is not a door in this house of which I have not the key; for Sir James Balfour and I have been up all night to examine and search the best means and place for the execution of our design, and have found good entry thereto; but thou art a beast, whom I will not employ in it, for I have people enough without thee, faint-hearted cur as thou art."

After Bothwell's departure, Hubert went into the queen's chamber, where Margaret, the bride-elect, and several other persons were waiting for her majesty, who was with the king in the apartment above. Presently it was announced, "the queen is going to the Abbey!" Every one then went out to follow her, and Hubert, being the last, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. At the Abbey, Bothwell repeated his inquiry, and the man replied: "Yes, my lord, I have the key." "Then I command you to keep it," returned Bothwell.

CHAPTER X.

[A.D. 1567.] WHEN the queen went up to her consort's chamber to bid him good-by before proceeding to Holyrood Abbey, she found him closing some letters that he had been writing to his father, and a cloud passed over her countenance as she recalled the misery that Lennox had caused her. Observing this, Darnley handed her the letters to read, and she was highly gratified to find that they were filled with praises of herself, and of her devotion to him, and contained the assurance that he was satisfied that she was entirely his, and that for the future all things would be well between them.

Darnley was now rapidly recovering his health and strength, and on that morning he had been able to attend mass. Indeed, during his illness he had reflected deeply, and had devoted much of his time to religious exercises. But the more interest he manifested in his unpopular belief, the more determined were the members of the confederacy to get rid of him, for fear of his regaining his influence over the mind of his wife.

The gunpowder brought by Bothwell's order from Dunbar had been secretly conveyed, on Saturday night, to the lower apartments of Holyrood Abbey, and the acting committee proceeded with their preparations for the deed, which was to be perpetrated before the dawn of day. True to his usual cautious policy, the Earl of Moray managed to be out of the way, by obtaining the queen's permission to visit his wife in Fifeshire, representing that she was seriously ill.

The fatal Sunday was a day of uncommon festivity at court; and it was the last gay day in Mary Stuart's reign and life. Bastian Paiges and Margaret Carwood were married in the chapel royal at Holyrood; and the queen graced the ceremony, as well as the dinner (which she had provided), with her presence. Then she returned to see her husband, with whom she spent some time; and at four o'clock attended a grand banquet, given by the Bishop of Argyll, in honor of the departure for home of the Savoyard embassy. When she arose from the table, all the great nobles followed her to the house at Kirk-o'-Field; and she led them to her husband's apartment, in order that they might pay their respects to him, and congratulate him on his recovery. This was evidently a small state reception to amuse Darnley, and to pass the interval between the queen's return from the banquet and her going to the ball at Holyrood, which she had promised to honor with her presence. Meantime, Bothwell, instead of accompanying her majesty with the other nobles to the house where Darnley was, slipped away, and went to hold a secret council with his accomplices in his apartments at Holyrood Abbey, where the gunpowder was standing in a leather trunk. This was now conveyed through the garden gate into the provost's house, and, with the aid of Hubert, to the queen's chamber, where it was deposited on the floor.

Mary had arranged to pass the night at Holyrood Abbey, because it would be late when the ball ended; so she was the last person to leave her husband's room after she had taken affectionate leave of him whom she was to meet no more in life. In his deposition, Hubert, the reluctant accomplice in the murder, says: "Immediately after her majesty's arrival at the Abbey, she ascended to the room where the wedding was held; as for me, I with-

drew into a corner, where my Lord of Bothwell came to me, and asked what I meant by putting on that dismal look before the queen, and added that, if I did not stop it, he would dress me in such a fashion as I had never been before." It must be clear to those who suspect Mary of having been a party to the crime that Bothwell would not have menaced his wretched tool for looking dismal before her if this had been the case; he would rather have warned him against exciting the suspicion of the assembled guests. There can be no doubt of his dread lest she should inquire into the cause of Hubert's dejection, and thus give rise to questions of a more alarming nature, tending to the discovery of his villany and that of her other trusted officers of state. As it was past eleven o'clock when the queen arrived at the Abbey, she did not stay at the ball more than an hour, for, at a little after midnight, she retired with the bride and her other ladies. The company then broke up and dispersed. Mary was attended on that evening by some of the noblest matrons of Scotland, among whom were the Countesses of Mar, Bothwell, and Athol.

The Earl of Bothwell, having exchanged his handsome suit of black velvet, embroidered with silver, for a plainer one, of dark cloth, went privately with Hubert, after the ball was over, to see that everything was in readiness at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and, leaving his kinsmen, John Hepburn and Hay of Tallo, to fire the train of powder, returned to the Abbey in time to be found quietly in bed when the explosion roused the slumbering city.

Bothwell had been in bed about half an hour, when Mr. George Hacket knocked at the gate, and desired admittance, crying out as soon as the earl appeared, "The king's house is blown up, and I trow the king is slain!" "Fie! Treason!" exclaimed the lord, who, hastily putting

on his clothes, went to the queen's house. Alarmed by the noise of the explosion, her majesty had just sent to inquire into the cause, when the Earls of Argyll, Athol, Huntley, and Bothwell, with their wives, rushed into her presence, with the tidings of what was supposed to have happened. The queen instantly ordered Bothwell to proceed to the spot with the guards to ascertain what really had occurred.

On arriving at the scene of the disaster, the provost's house was found in ruins. The mangled remains of the two grooms of the king's bedchamber and their boy attendants were found beneath a mass of rubbish. Thomas Nelson, another of the servants, was the only one who had the good fortune to be taken out alive. Search was made for the king in vain; and it was not until past five o'clock on Monday morning that his lifeless body was found, lying under a tree in a little orchard, on the other side of the wall, about eighty yards away. He had nothing on but his night-shirt; and close by were his fur pelisse and slippers. Near him was the corpse of his faithful servant, William Taylor. It was at first supposed that both had been blown into the air, and carried by the force of the explosion to that distance; but as neither was scorched or blackened by the powder, and not the slightest bruise or fracture could be discovered on either body, such could not have been the case.

Buchanan says that, "besides Bothwell and his men, two distinct parties of the assassins came by different roads to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that a few of them entered the king's chamber, of which they had the keys, and, while he was fast asleep, took him by the throat and strangled him, and also one of his servants, who lay near him, and carried their bodies through a little gate, which they had made on purpose in the city wall, into a

garden near by, then blew the house up with gunpowder." This version of the manner of Darnley's death has been generally adopted; but it is not likely that, after strangling their victim, the murderers would have been at the pains of removing him from a house they were going to destroy. The fact of the pelisse and slippers being near, and uninjured, would seem to indicate the probability that, with the caution of an invalid, dreading exposure to the cold night air, Darnley had snatched up these articles at the first alarm, and fled for his life, intending to put them on as soon as opportunity offered, but that ere he could do this, he was overtaken by the assassins, and choked to death.

The queen, having been told that the explosion was caused by an accidental fire in the provost's house, remained for several hours in suspense as to the fate of her husband, until Bothwell returned to announce that his lifeless body had been discovered. Overpowered with grief and horror, she retired to her own chamber and went to bed, where she wept bitterly, unable to arouse herself.

Darnley's remains were conveyed by Bothwell's command to a house near by, to await the queen's instructions, and, after the surgeons had made an examination, was placed on a bier and conveyed to Holyrood Palace, where it was viewed by thousands of people. The queen deputed her council to take proper steps for the investigation of the mysterious tragedy, and to announce to her foreign allies what had happened. As Bothwell and Lethington, two of the principals in the murder, subscribed the following letter to the Queen Regent of France, it is a very curious document:—

"MADAM, — The strange mischance that has happened in this city constrains us to take the boldness of

writing these few lines to you in order to apprise you of the wicked deed that has been perpetrated on the person of the king, in a manner so strange that no one ever heard of the like. About two hours after midnight, his lodging, he being then lying in bed, was blown up into the air by the force of gunpowder; as far as we can judge by the sound, and by the sudden and terrible effect, which has been so vehement that of a hall, two chambers, a cabinet, and a wardrobe, nothing remains, but all has been scattered to a distance and reduced to dust,—not only the roof and floors, but also the walls to the very foundation. It may easily be perceived that the authors of this crime intended by the same means to have destroyed the queen, with the greater part of the nobles, who were then in attendance and were with her in the king's apartment till very near midnight; and it was a mere chance that her majesty did not lodge there herself that night. But God has been so gracious that the assassins were frustrated of that part of their design, having preserved her to take such vengeance as an act so barbarous and inhuman merits. We are after the inquest, and make no doubt soon to come to the knowledge of the persons by whom it was perpetrated, for God will never permit such wickedness to remain hidden and unpunished.”

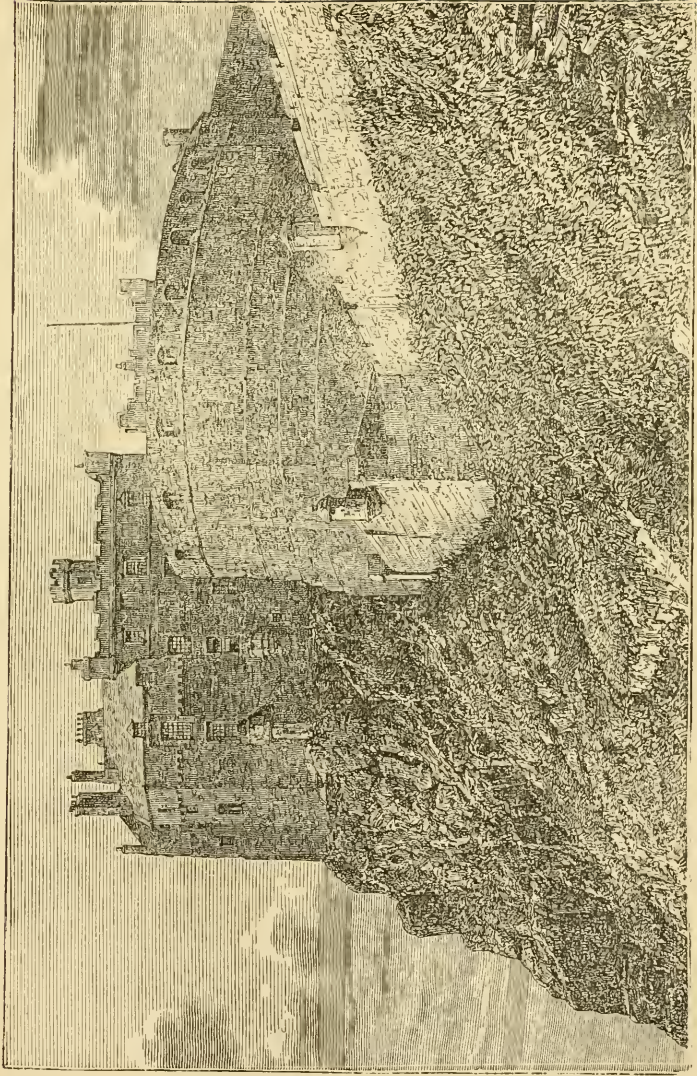
No investigation in which the criminals themselves took the leading part was likely to be either fairly or legally conducted. Early on the morning of the 11th, a court was opened in the Tolbooth for the examination of the servants of the royal household, at which the Earl of Argyll presided, assisted by Sir John Bellenden and the other members of the privy council then in Edinburgh. Nothing was confessed that threw any light on the mystery, and the queen ordered a proclamation to be made offering a reward of

two thousand pounds and a pension for life to whoever would reveal and bring to justice the person or persons by whom the horrible and treasonable murder had been committed.

When Mary went to take her last sad farewell of her dead husband, she gazed long and steadily on his lifeless form, in that deep sorrow whose silence is more expressive than the most eloquent of words. She gave orders for embalming the body, and for having it placed in the chapel royal until the day of the funeral. Doubtless she had her suspicions as to the assassins of her husband, but, surrounded as she was by traitors, her own safety and that of her infant son prevented her from giving expression to them. Holyrood Abbey seemed to her no longer a safe abode; she therefore took refuge with her child in Edinburgh Castle, where a state mourning chamber hung with black was arranged for her, according to the customs of the queens of France on such occasions.

On the evening of the 15th of February, the remains of the unfortunate Darnley were interred in the royal vault of the chapel of Holyrood, by the side of the late King James V. The funeral was private, because, in the excited state of public feeling, anything like pomp or display would have served as an excuse for the gathering of the people at the risk of creating a riot. The time was therefore prudently chosen after the Abbey gates were closed for the night, thus avoiding the danger of insult from the Protestant fanatics, who had often broken into the queen's chapel while she was at mass and beaten and driven her priest from the altar.

The morning after the funeral, the following placard was found on the door of the Tolbooth, having been placed there during the night: "Because proclamation is made whosoever will reveal the murder of the king shall have



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

two thousand pounds, I, who have made inquisition by them that were the doers thereof, affirm that the com-mitters of it were the Earl of Bothwell, Mr. James Bal-four, parson of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, Mr. John Spens, who was the principal deviser of the murder, and the queen, who assented thereto, through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleuch."

The queen's courageous answer to this anonymous placard was a proclamation requiring the setter up of the libel to come forward and avow the same, and he should have the sum promised in her first proclamation, and still more, according to his ability to make good his words before her and her council.

This brought forth a second placard which appeared on the door of the Tolbooth the next morning, and was worded thus: "Forasmuch as proclamation has been made, since the setting up of my first letter, desiring me to subscribe and avow the same, I desire the money to be placed in an impartial man's hand, and I shall appear on Sunday next with a party of four, and subscribe my first letter and abide thereat; and farther, I desire that Francis Bastian, and Joseph, the queen's goldsmith, be stayed, and I shall declare what every man did in particular with his accomplices."

The queen took no further notice of such nonsense, which seemed to be the work of some person with disor-dered intellect, and probably she was reminded how the lunatic Earl of Arran had denounced Bothwell's treason-able designs against herself five years before. There were other placards, mysteriously worded denouncing dif-ferent people; and voices were heard in the night, predict-ing vengeance and woe, and accusing by name parties on whom it was intended to fix the stigma of Darnley's as-

sassination. One historian says: "No one cared for Darnley during his life; and had his death occurred under any other circumstances than those which had been purposely arranged by the enemies of both to throw suspicion on the queen, it would have been regarded by the people in general as a national deliverance, and hailed with savage delight by the parties who were banded together for his murder, even before his marriage with their sovereign." Darnley had only completed his twenty-first year in the December before his death, and scarcely two years had elapsed since his first arrival in Scotland. Randolph had been correct when he predicted, "This new master will have brief days in Scotland."

After the queen had spent a week in the mourning chamber at Edinburgh Castle, from which the light of day had been excluded by the black drapery, her health and spirits became so alarmingly depressed that her council, by the advice of her physicians, entreated her to change her residence without delay. She accordingly retired to Seton, which was near enough to Edinburgh to allow her to transact business of state, and at the same time to enjoy the country air and exercise. She was accompanied by her ladies, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and most of her nobles then in Edinburgh, her suite being composed of more than a hundred persons.

Mary gained nothing by leaving the metropolis, but change of scene; for sorrow, care, and calumny, pursued her, and she had pecuniary troubles to bear besides. These had begun before her husband's death, and she had been for some time endeavoring to negotiate a small loan in France, through her ambassador, Archbishop Beton. Her household was greatly reduced in consequence of the departure of all of Darnley's servants and a great many of her own. Her foreign attendants, for the most part,

warned by the tragic fate of Riccio and Darnley, fled the realm in terror. Darnley had employed a band of his own, as well as a company of English musicians, and when their leader, Hudson, repaired to the queen at Seton to obtain her license for his return to his own country, she endeavored to dissuade him, saying: "You have lost a good master; but if you will tarry, you shall find me not only a good mistress, but a mother." But not even this kind and gracious assurance could prevail on the musicians to remain in so perilous a country.

The queen left her son at Holyrood Palace, when she went to Seton, under the care of the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell; she could scarcely have given better proof of her entire confidence in their integrity; they were among the very few whom she had discovered no reason to suspect. Monsieur du Croc, who was absent on a visit to the court of England at the time of the tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field, returned to Scotland at this time, and joined the queen at Seton. He left her in bad health and spirits, after the baptism of her boy at Stirling; he found her now in a condition far more pitiable. She was then the darling of the people, and the object of general sympathy on account of Darnley's ill treatment of her; but now, in consequence of the late frightful event, and the underhand proceedings of the real authors of the crime, a reverse was rapidly taking place in the public mind. The anonymous placards and caricatures had their effect, and the traitors ventured a step further; they set up on one of the most prominent public buildings of the metropolis, a large board, on which appeared, in glaring letters, "Farewell, gentle Henry; but a vengeance on Mary." There was another, declaring that the smith who made the false keys to the king's lodging would be declared, provided the person who could give the infor-

mation might be assured of the reward promised in the proclamation.

The queen has been severely censured for not taking active means to discover the authors of these denunciations. They were in reality directed against herself by the skulking incendiaries who were inflaming the minds of the citizens against her, and she was perfectly conscious of this fact, but, environed as she was by traitors, she was powerless. Moray, who had withdrawn himself from the scene a few hours before the blow was struck at Darnley, remained away, in spite of the repeated messages his sister sent him and as her prime minister. He had been her principal adviser for nine months; yet he left her at this trying moment, to carry on the affairs of government as best she could. As a natural consequence, the reins of state fell into the hands of Bothwell, Huntley, and Argyll, who, in conjunction with Lethington, became the ruling powers in the court of Holyrood. It was scarcely possible for it to be otherwise, for the queen was a defenceless young widow, of a different religion from her subjects, and with an empty treasury, abandoned by Moray, intimidated by the English faction, and unsupported by her natural ally, France. She yielded to the force of circumstances, and did her best to carry on the government with such a cabinet as she could obtain. It was a cabinet composed exclusively of Protestants, and if she had chosen to abandon her own religion, and declare herself a Congregational queen, her path might have been easy.

The sad fate of Darnley produced a change in the feelings of the queen towards his father, and she wrote a letter of sympathy inviting him to return to court to assist her with his counsel in taking measures for the punishment of the criminals, promising, at the same time,

to treat him with the same affection she had shown him on his first arrival in Scotland. But he replied in a most unfriendly tone, and the several letters that passed between them related to the trial and punishment of all suspected persons, which Lennox forcibly urged.

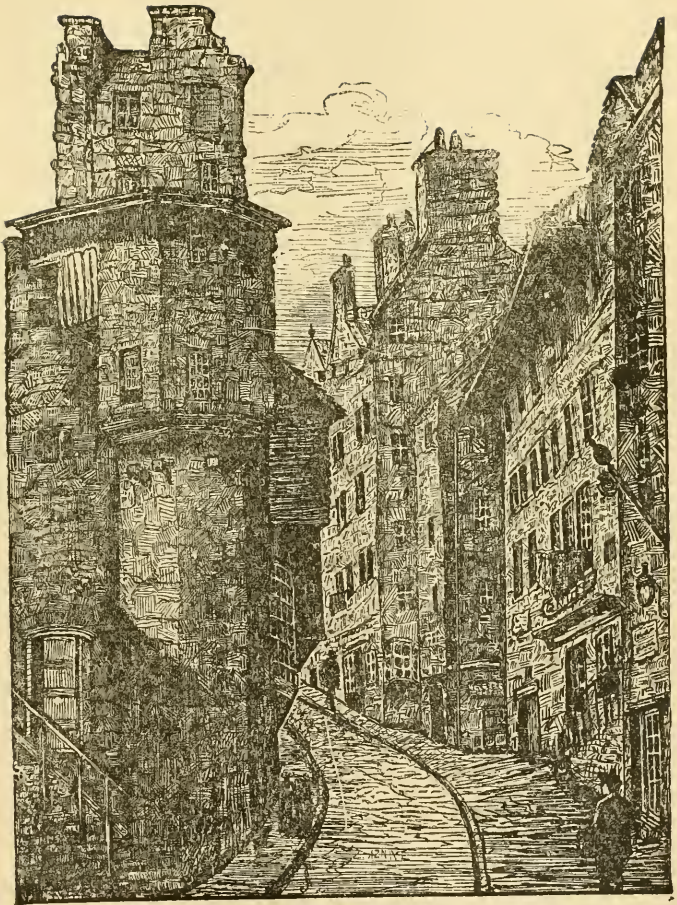
Meanwhile the placard system was diligently continued, and one night a bill was posted up on which were the regal initials M. R. in large type, and a hand with a sword in it; near this were the letters L. B., for Lord Bothwell, with a mallet above. The midnight cries, appealing for vengeance on the shedders of innocent blood, with a proclamation of the names of the supposed assassins, were continued, and still further inflamed public feeling. Several persons undertook to watch and capture the nocturnal agitator; but he either managed to elude their vigilance, or he was found to be too strongly accompanied by armed men to be safely attacked.

As soon as these base contrivances for exciting the passions and prejudices of the multitude against the queen began to produce visible effects, Moray, Morton, Lindsay, and several others of the conspirators, met secretly at the house of Lennox's kinsman, the Earl of Athol, to concert measures for a revolutionary movement under the pretext of avenging the death of Darnley, although there was not one of their number who had not previously banded against his life.

Moray did not return to Edinburgh for a whole month, when, notwithstanding his secret bond for the prosecution of Darnley's murderers, of whom Bothwell was daily named on the placards as the principal, he gave him the right hand of fellowship, and invited him to a select diplomatic dinner to meet the English ambassador, Killigrew. This occurred on the 8th of March, and for a month afterwards Moray continued to treat Bothwell with

all outward appearances of friendship, both having been members of the band, formed the preceding October, to stand by one another in all their doings.

The queen's attention was now drawn towards providing a protector and a secure asylum for her infant son. Her choice fell on the Earl of Mar, her former preceptor, and the son of Lord Erskine, who had faithfully guarded her in her childhood. But the sons of her lord keepers were men of different mettle from their fathers. The Countess of Mar, who had already been appointed governess to the prince, was her confidential friend ; and she had been brought up to love and obey the earl with filial reverence from her earliest childhood. True, he had changed his creed, and, from being a priest in the church of Rome, had become a lay peer of Parliament, and a married man, but that had not in the least abated Mary's regard for him ; she was willing to accord to him as to all others, the same liberty of conscience which she desired for herself. It was to this nobleman that she confided the care and tuition of her only child until he should reach the age of seventeen, knowing full well that he would naturally be bred in the principles of the Reformation. This fact indicates her enlightened views ; she knew how important it was that the sovereign should be of the national religion, and she wanted to spare her child the sufferings she had endured because she was not. She dared not change her own belief for the sake of escaping persecution, and of promoting her own interests, but she proved her willingness to have her son educated a Protestant by consigning him to the care of one of the Lords of the Congregation. It was her wish to deliver the precious charge to Mar with her own hands, and she wrote him to meet her at Linlithgow for that purpose ; but he excused himself under the plea that he was con-



STREET IN EDINBURGH.

fined to his bed from illness. The prince was, therefore, sent to Stirling on the 19th of March, under the care of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, by whom he was safely delivered, in due form, on the following day, to the Earl of Mar. The little fellow was then just nine months old.

On the day that her boy was sent to Stirling, Queen Mary received the following letter from the Earl of Lennox: "I thank your majesty most humbly for your gentle answer, as touching the ward of the Lennox. Further, where your majesty in your former letter writes to me that if there be any names mentioned in the tickets that were affixed to the Tolbooth door of Edinburgh that I think worthy to suffer a trial for the murder of the king, your majesty's husband, upon my request your majesty would proceed according to the laws of the realm, and, being found culpable, shall see the punishment as rigorously executed as the weight of the crime deserves! Please your majesty, it is my humble petition that it may please you not only to apprehend and put in safe keeping the persons named in the tickets which answered your majesty's first and second proclamations, but also with diligence to assemble your majesty's whole nobility, and there, by open proclamation, to admonish and require the writers of the said tickets to appear, according to the promise thereof; at which time, if they do not, your majesty may, by advice of your said nobility and council, relieve and put to liberty the persons in the tickets aforesaid. As for the names of the persons, I marvel that they have been kept from your majesty's ears, considering the effect of the tickets and the open way in which they have been mentioned — that is to say, in the first ticket, the Earl of Bothwell, Master James Balfour, Master David Chalmers, and John Spens; and in the second ticket, Francis Bastian, John de Bourdeaux and

Joseph Riccio, David's brother, which persons, I assure your majesty, I for my part greatly suspect; and now, knowing the names, and being the party even more interested than I am, although I was the father, I doubt not your majesty will take steps in the matter according to the weight of the cause."

As in the first placard it was asserted that the queen consented to the murder, through the enchantments of Lady Buccleuch, it was certainly a great affront to her for her father-in-law to ask her to proceed according to that. She testified no displeasure however, but calmly replied to him, as she had always done, for she knew that, only a few days before, he had written to Cecil, begging the interference of Queen Elizabeth for the revenge of his son's murder, and that, through Killigrew, he had sent messages both to the English sovereign and her minister. She wrote that she had anticipated his desire, by summoning her council to meet her the following week, and added: "Therefore we pray you, if your leisure and convenience may serve, to be with us in Edinburgh this week approaching, where ye may witness the trial, and declare the things ye yourself know."

The queen was, to say the least, peculiarly placed; at the time of the riots in Edinburgh she was in great danger, though acting by the advice of her ministers, and now she was required to arrest one of the most powerful barons of her realm, the commander of her military force, entirely on her own authority, when there was no evidence of his guilt, and nothing to denounce him excepting an anonymous placard. Knowing how innocent Lady Buccleuch and she herself were, Mary thought Bothwell equally so.

Instead of suspecting Moray, who had plotted Darnley's murder, eighteen months before, the Earl of Lennox, whose head was not the clearest in the world, suffered himself

to be deluded by his kinsman, the Earl of Athol, into joining the confederacy for dethroning the queen, under the pretext of avenging Darnley's death.

Mary had done all that was constitutional, by convening her Parliament, calling her council together, and providing for the safety of her son, by placing him, as she fondly imagined, in honest, impartial hands. It is true that the Earl of Mar was Moray's uncle; but she loved and trusted him.

Agonizing excitement, added to the terrible shock that Mary had sustained, began to tell on her health, and every one observed how ill and woe-begone she looked. She was apparently sinking under her burden of grief and care; but the hard hearts of those who were near her failed to sympathize. The age of chivalry was over, and poverty rendered the case of Mary, Queen of Scots, a hopeless one.

Two especial privy councils were held in Edinburgh, on the 24th and 28th of March, to consider the best means for prosecuting the parties named on the placards as the murderers of the late king. At the first of these, Bothwell arose, with the well dissembled frankness of an honest man, and said that as his name had been openly coupled with this odious accusation, he could not allow so foul a blot to be thrown on his character, and demanded to be put on his trial, offering to surrender himself, in the meantime, a prisoner, and to remain in ward until after assize. His hardihood arose from the knowledge of his having in his possession the bond bearing the signatures of several of the confederates in the murder, who, he felt sure, must, for their own safety, protect him. However, in spite of his confidence in the support of his accomplices, Bothwell took good care to guard himself from the honest indignation of the populace, for he seldom went

abroad without being attended by fifty armed horsemen. When thus protected, he assumed an air of bravado, and one day rode up to the market-cross, where a paper denouncing him as the principal murderer of the king was set up, and, swearing a deep oath, struck it down with his sword, vowing that if he could find the person who had prepared the same, he would wash his hands in his heart's blood.

Bothwell's trial was appointed to take place at the Tolbooth, on the 12th of April. The Earl of Moray, who, up to that period, had behaved in a most friendly manner towards him, thought proper to leave the city three days before the opening of the trial, thus avoiding the danger of acting publicly either for or against him. As before, he left his able confederates Lethington and Morton to play the game at home, so as to cast odium on the queen, by linking her irrevocably to Bothwell's cause, while he proceeded to conclude with the English government, in person, his secret arrangements for her ruin.

The queen wept bitterly when Moray came to take his leave of her, and entreated him to remain in Scotland. This he refused to do, falsely assuring her that he was deeply in debt, tired of public business, and intended to pass five years abroad. She desired him, in that case, to go neither to England nor France, but to embark for Flanders, and he promised faithfully to do so, before she gave him permission to depart. He proceeded straight to Berwick, where he remained several days, and then to the court of England, where he was affectionately received by Queen Elizabeth. After remaining there as long as it suited his convenience, he went to France, where he perfected his plans so ably with the queen regent and the Huguenot party, with whom she was then friendly, as to prevent Mary from receiving the slightest aid from France in the time of her greatest distress.

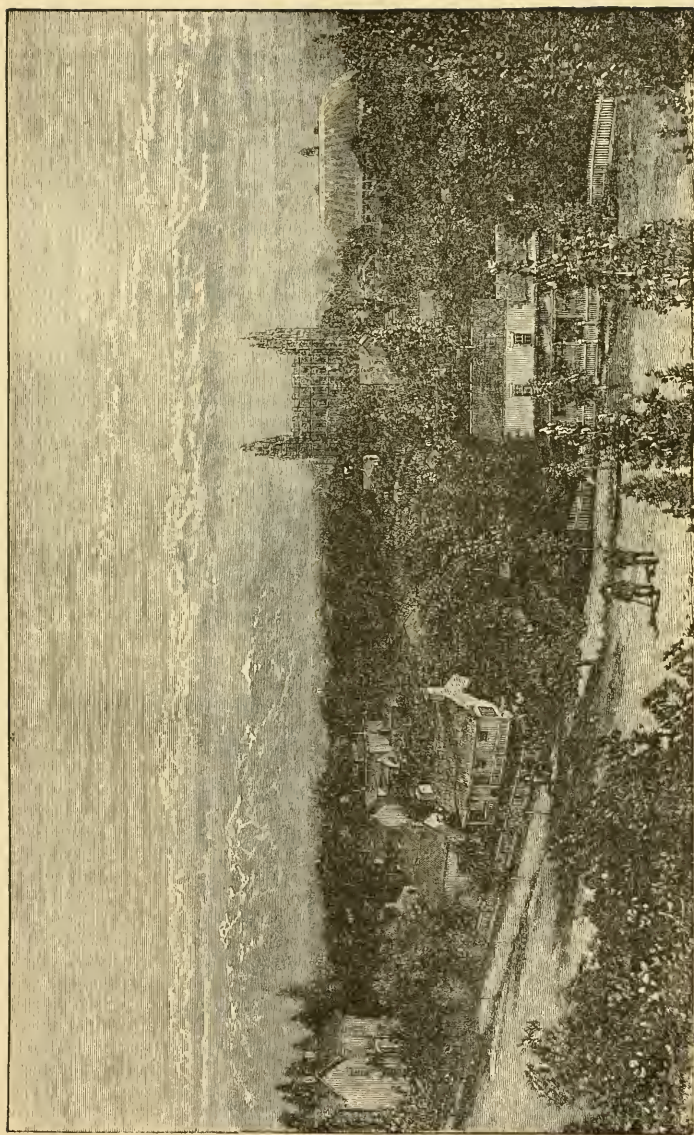
The Earl of Lennox was summoned by the queen to appear in the Tolbooth on the 12th of April, with evidence against the Earl of Bothwell and others whom he had accused. The same proclamation enjoined any of her majesty's lieges who had acquired knowledge therein to come into the said court and depose all they knew of the matter. Lennox was not satisfied, for Parliament was to meet the next day, and as Mary had promised that the trial should take place before the meeting of that body, he thought the time too short. He had suspicions of Bothwell's guilt, but he had no proofs, and, aware that, in such circumstances, acquittal must take place, he wrote to Queen Elizabeth, requesting her to use her influence to have the trial postponed. To his daughter-in-law, he wrote also, but not until the eleventh hour, protesting against so early a day, and requiring her to arrest the persons whom he had accused, in order to give him time to collect necessary evidence. But it was too late, and Mary knew that if she delayed the trial then, it would have been generally believed that she did not intend it to take place at all.

Queen Elizabeth did write, as Lennox had requested, to ask Mary to postpone the trial, but Lethington managed to get hold of the letter, and told the messenger that it would not be well to deliver it until after the court adjourned. He and Bothwell took special pains to allow no one to have access to the queen, who would be likely to alter their arrangements. But even if she had seen Elizabeth's letter, its effect would have been rather to confirm than to alter her decision in regard to a measure against which the English sovereign thought proper to protest in a very insulting tone. Elizabeth had always hated Darnley, and she had no right to interfere in the manner of trying those suspected

of his murder, particularly as she took occasion at the same time to insinuate that she strongly suspected Mary of being an accomplice in the foul deed, and assured her that this opinion would be confirmed if she did not endeavor to give the defunct gentleman's father and friends all the satisfaction in her power by adjourning the court.

Mary had had too many proofs of Elizabeth's hostility to Darnley not to perceive that she was now acting a deceitful part in pretending to bewail his murder; besides, she had been warned by her ambassador at the court of France, of a plot against herself, and she was so panic-stricken that she resigned herself to the guidance of her council. Therefore, the trial of Bothwell took place on the day appointed. Accompanied by Lethington, a guard of two hundred, and a voluntary escort of four hundred gentlemen, the earl rode to the Tolbooth. The Earl of Argyll presided. Moray's brother-in-law, Lindsay of the Byres, Henry Balnaves, and James Makgill, who had been traitors to Mary from her cradle, and were notoriously creatures of Moray, were sworn as judges, and there were fifteen jurors, all men of high rank.

Bothwell was charged with being "art and part in the cruel and horrible slaughter of the right excellent, right high and mighty prince, the king's grace, dearest spouse for the time of our sovereign lady, the queen's majesty." The accused denied the charge, and no witness came forward to depose anything to convict him of the crime. When the Earl of Lennox was called into court, one of his servants appeared in his behalf, and read a paper stating that his lord was unable to attend, on account of the shortness of the notice, and because he was in fear of his life, being denied liberty to bring the three thousand armed men whom he considered needful for his defence. Therefore, he requested that the trial should be put off



HOLYROOD PALACE.

forty days, or such time as he might need to bring sufficient proofs of his charge against the murderers, whom he required to have committed to prison until he should be prepared to convict them. The matter was laid before the judges and jurors, who decided to proceed with the case that day. Bothwell was, of course, acquitted, but, as his trial lasted from eleven in the morning until seven at night, he must have had a great deal to say in his defence, and many witnesses to support him.

A few days after Bothwell's acquittal, the man who had disturbed the city by nightly crying, "vengeance on the shedder of innocent blood," and denouncing the supposed murderers by name, was arrested and thrown into a dungeon, called "the foul thief's pit," from its loathsomeness, and was never heard of more. A servant of Sir James Balfour, who was at the murder of the king, was secretly killed, probably for showing some remorse of conscience, which might have tended to discovery. Of all the persons denounced on the placards, not one excepting the Earl of Bothwell was arraigned. Sir James Balfour offered himself for trial, but it was declared unnecessary, as no evidence had been produced against him; yet, a few weeks later, he was loaded with hush-money, in the shape of pensions, church lands, and other immunities, by the Earl of Moray, who certainly knew of his share in the murder. During the successive regencies, no inquiry was ever made about any of the persons named in the placards, but James Murray, the author of them, was rewarded, by the successful conspirators, with a pension.

The Earl of Lennox applied to the queen for permission to leave Scotland, which was granted. He also obtained a license to bid his grandson farewell, and on the 17th of April, accompanied by twelve persons of his suite, he took his departure from the realm.

CHAPTER XI.

[A.D. 1567.] QUEEN MARY rode in state from her palace of Holyrood to the Tolbooth on the 17th of April, to meet her Parliament. The crown was borne before her on this occasion by the Earl of Argyll, in the absence of the princes of the blood, Châtelherault and Lennox; the Earl of Bothwell carried the sceptre, and the Earl of Crawford, the sword of state. Mary has been severely censured for this arrangement, by historians who argue that, as Bothwell had been accused of the murder of Darnley, he ought not to have had a place in this procession. But first it must be remembered that such matters were arranged by the king-at-arms, and that the sovereign had nothing whatever to do with regard to deciding the precedence. Then, Bothwell had voluntarily offered himself for trial, no evidence had been produced against him, and he had been unanimously acquitted by a jury of his peers, whose rank was too high for anybody to suspect that they had been tampered with; thus it would have been difficult to exclude him from the distinguished place to which he was entitled. We know now that the judges were tools of Moray, and that they violated their oaths, and basely betrayed the duties of their position; but how could the queen be expected to instruct gray-haired senators in the subtleties of the law, particularly when she believed them honest?

This session of Parliament, though short, was important, because twenty-four acts were passed, repealing forfeitures

of lands, and settling disputes among the nobles. Accusations by placards were prohibited; and liberty was granted to worship God according as each person thought proper.

On the 19th of April, the queen returned to Seton; and Bothwell remained in Edinburgh to preside at a banquet, to which he had invited all the nobles who had been present at the five days' session of Parliament. As this entertainment took place at a tavern kept by a person named Ainslie, it is still spoken of in history as "Ainslie's Supper," and is remarkable for the disgraceful bond that was signed at its conclusion. The noblemen pledged themselves by a solemn vow that, in case any person should at any period of the future accuse Bothwell of the murder of which he had been acquitted, they would defend him to the death; and they united in declaring that they considered him, though a married man, a proper person to recommend to their widowed sovereign for a husband, adding: "In case any one should presume, directly or indirectly, openly or under pretence, to hinder or disturb said marriage, so far as it may please our sovereign lady to allow, we pledge our lives and property against them, as we shall answer to God. And in case we do anything to the contrary, may we never thereafter have reputation or credit, but be accounted unworthy and faithless traitors." The Earl of Eglinton did not like the nature of this bond, and slipped away to avoid signing it.

As there were two honest men, Lords Herries and Seton, whose names were subscribed, they must have been drinking to excess, and have acted under the delirium of intoxication. But, subsequently, they, as well as the others, pretended that they were compelled to sign through fear, for there were two hundred armed men in the court, and at the door of the room where they supped, entirely

at Bothwell's service. But such an excuse was no less absurd than cowardly; for, even if Bothwell had been able to compel the peers to unite in an act disgraceful to themselves and injurious to the honor of the queen, he could not have prevented them from protesting against such an outrage afterwards. They did not do so, because their excuse was utterly false, the only point to be urged in their favor being that Bothwell undoubtedly assured them that it was the queen's wish that they should subscribe to the bond.

On the very next day, Bothwell availed himself of a mutiny of the guard at Seton to tell the queen of the bond, and to urge her to regard it with favor, seeing how much he could do in her defence if he became her husband. But she gave him no encouragement; for he says, "Her answer corresponded nothing with my desire."

Mary left Seton on Monday, the 21st, for Stirling, stopping at Edinburgh for a few hours to sign papers. That she refused Bothwell's escort as high sheriff of the Lothians on this occasion shows that she did not favor his presumptuous offer. She proceeded to Callander the same day, and was attended by the Earl of Huntley, Lethington, Sir James Melville, and other gentlemen of her household, besides her ladies. As soon as she arrived at Stirling, her son was brought to her; but she hugged and kissed the little fellow so eagerly that he cried from terror, and refused to stay with her. During the one month of separation, he had quite forgotten her; and the heavy black veil she wore frightened him so much that even the bright red apple which she took from her pocket failed to stop his tears. He turned angrily away, and she gave the apple to his nurse. This incident would scarcely deserve mention but for the fact that it formed the foundation of the atrocious report that the apple contained poison, which

the queen hoped to administer to her child. The apple was thrown to a grayhound, that died after eating it, and this gave rise to the suspicion.

Queen Mary left Stirling Castle on the morning of the 23d, little dreaming that she was taking her last farewell of the spot where she had passed her happiest days, and of her beloved child. When she bestowed on him her parting embrace, she delivered him into the hands of the Earl of Mar, from whom she exacted a solemn promise that he would guard his precious charge from every peril, and never give him up, under any pretext whatever, without her consent. When about four miles from Stirling, the queen grew so alarmingly ill that she was obliged to enter a cottage by the wayside, to wait until she was well enough to resume her journey. It was a remarkable coincidence that Darnley had become ill in the same manner just after leaving Stirling Castle; and, as Mar was then governor, and his nephew, Moray, the all-powerful ruler at court, it looks very much as though some deadly drug had been administered to both. These two intriguers subsequently ruled Scotland, under the shadow of the infant prince's name, and both entered into secret treaties with the English sovereign for the murder of Mary Stuart.

In consequence of the detention caused by her illness, the queen did not reach Linlithgow until the night of the 24th. Bothwell rode boldly out the west port of Edinburgh at the head of a thousand mounted followers, apparently in the performance of his duty as high sheriff, which required him to meet her majesty at the border of the county, and conduct her to her palace at Holyrood. His real object was to capture her in some lonely part of the road; but she had made the journey from Linlithgow so much faster than usual that she was within three-quarters of a mile of the castle, and almost under the walls of

Edinburgh, when she encountered the Border chief with his thousand horsemen. Resistance was out of the question; the attendants were overpowered and disarmed, almost before they were aware of what had happened, and Bothwell, dashing forward, seized the queen's bridle-rein, and, turning her horse's head, hurried her away with him to Dunbar as his prisoner. She suspected no evil; for she had a right to look to her lord admiral for protection, and he deceitfully assured her that she was in imminent danger, and that he had come to provide for her personal safety by conducting her to one of his castles.

Meantime, the startling outcry that the queen's highness had been treasonably beset by the Earl of Bothwell and his military force, prevented from entering her own capital, and carried away captive with her lord chancellor, secretary of state, and vice-chamberlain, towards Dunbar, created intense excitement in Edinburgh. The alarm bell rang, and all the valiantly disposed citizens flew to arms for the rescue of their sovereign. But their loyal intention was prevented by the provost and his fellow-traitors, who instantly closed the gates, and pointed the castle guns, assuring them at the same time that what had been done was with her highness' own consent, for that she and the Earl of Bothwell perfectly understood each other. Thus was the unfortunate queen deprived of the timely assistance that might have prevented her horrible fate. Whatever representations were made by the traitorous lords against Queen Mary's character, certain it is that the Acts of the first Parliament of James VI. declared that her abduction by Bothwell was forcible, as well as her imprisonment, and that her marriage with him was compulsory. Sir James Melville, who was at Dunbar Castle at the time, declares that the queen could not but marry Bothwell after what had occurred against her will.



CHARLES V. OF GERMANY.

Mary's threats of vengeance were answered by a proof of her utter helplessness; for Bothwell exultingly displayed the bond in which the majority of her peers and privy councillors had shamelessly pledged themselves to bring about a marriage between him and her, in spite of all who might presume to oppose it. Astounded at this document, and the signatures, Mary knew that her cause was hopeless. In her own description of the predicament in which she found herself, she says of Bothwell, "He gave us little space to meditate with ourselves, ever pressing us with his suit. In the end, when we saw no hope of getting rid of him, never man in Scotland once making an effort to procure our deliverance, for, as it doth appear by their own handwriting and the time, he had won them all, we were compelled to mitigate our displeasure, and began to think upon what he had propounded."

No sooner had Bothwell got the queen inextricably under his control than he hurried forward the divorce proceedings between himself and his countess, Janet Gordon, who had shown her eagerness to be rid of him, because he had treated her badly. When the sentence was at last pronounced, in both Protestant and Roman Catholic courts, and Bothwell saw that no sort of demonstration was made, either by the nobles or commons, for the liberation of the queen, he conducted her, under a strong guard, to Edinburgh. When they entered the town, the men, fearing at some future date to be brought under the penalties of treason, for assisting to force their sovereign to any measures, threw away their spears. Thereupon the queen would have proceeded to her own palace of Holyrood, but Bothwell seized the bridle, turned her horse's head, and lead her captive to the castle, then in charge of his confederate, Sir James Balfour. Here, Mary found herself subjected to the same restraint as at

Dunbar, her chamber door being guarded by armed men, and not one faithful friend or counsellor being permitted to speak to her. A number of her nobles met in a chamber of the palace, and signed a second bond, declaring that the marriage between the queen and the Earl of Bothwell was very proper, because he alone was able in the Lothians and on the Borders to see good order kept. These were the men who were, for the most part, in secret league with the English faction for dethroning the queen, as soon as they had succeeded in accomplishing this abhorrent wedlock.

Bothwell, whose blind ambition rendered him their willing tool, now drove matters forward with a high hand. On the 8th of May, the day after his sentence of divorce was pronounced, he ordered his intention of marriage with the queen to be proclaimed at St. Giles' Church. John Cairnis, the reader, whose duty it was to proclaim the banns, positively refused to do so. Bothwell then sent his kinsman, Thomas Hepburn, to Mr. Craig, the minister, enjoining him to do as he wished. Craig asked Hepburn whether he had brought the queen's warrant; and Hepburn was forced to acknowledge that he had not. Craig very properly declined to make the proclamation without it. Next day, Sir John Bellenden, the justice-clerk, brought a paper, in the form of a letter, bearing the queen's signature, to the effect that she was not in captivity, and wished him to proceed, as he had been requested.

Of course, Mary's signature had been forced from her; otherwise it would have been produced before. It was on Friday that Craig published the banns; and, at the same time, he added a solemn protest against the marriage, as unsuitable, both for the sovereign and her people, calling on God and the congregation to bear witness to his re-

luctance to become in any way instrumental therein. His voice, however, was the only one that was publicly raised against it. In a furious passion, Bothwell summoned Craig before the council, he presiding, and fiercely called the courageous minister to account for his protest. Craig was not in the least intimidated, and maintained that he had only done his duty, in laying down the law, which he then and there repeated, adding: "The suspicion of the king's murder, which your trial has not removed, will only be confirmed by your present proceedings; and I assure you that, if I be compelled to publish the banns again next Sunday, I shall speak my mind still more plainly than before, in the face of my whole congregation." Bothwell promised him a rope for his reward; but Craig was as good as his word, and on Sunday, the 11th, spoke in much stronger language of the impropriety of the marriage, which he pronounced illegal. In conclusion, he said: "And here I also wish all men to cease from setting up papers, and from secret whisperings. Let those that have aught to say, say it openly, or else hold their peace." Nobody ventured to speak.

Bothwell next proceeded to drag his now passive victim to the Court of Session in the Tolbooth, where she went through the farce of declaring herself at liberty, and under no personal restraint whatever, adding: "Although I have been highly offended with the Earl of Bothwell for his late proceedings, I have now forgiven him in consideration of the many services he has rendered me, and I intend to promote him to further honors."

After this, Bothwell conducted the queen to Holyrood Abbey, and went himself to the lodgings of Du Croc, the French ambassador, where he spent four hours in trying to persuade him to be present at his marriage. Du Croc positively refused, and nothing could shake his resolution.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the same day, the ceremony of creating Bothwell Duke of Orkney was performed in Holyrood Abbey. The Earl of Rothes carried the sword of state before the queen, the Earl of Crawford the sceptre, and the Earl of Huntley the crown; the heralds in armor also walked before her majesty, Bothwell and others following. When Mary had been placed on her throne, the heralds went out with Bothwell and presently returned in procession, followed by the Laird of Skirling, bearing a blue banner with the Earl of Bothwell's arms; then came the earl himself in a red robe, edged and lined with fur, and led between two earls. Her majesty placed the ducal coronet on his head with her own hands, according to the custom on such occasions, and thus conferred on him the new title. She then knighted Sir James Colborne, Patrick Whitlaw, Patrick Hepburn, and Robert Arniston, and pardoned young Kerr of Cessford, who had been in prison for several months for the murder of his father-in-law, the Abbot of Kelso.

Notwithstanding all that had passed, Mary Stuart ought rather to have died than so degrade herself as to marry Bothwell; but her health and spirits were broken; she had been deceived and betrayed, until she was thoroughly unnerved; in short, she was no longer the same noble, high-minded woman she had been, and she yielded to a dire necessity. The contract of marriage was executed on the 14th of May, and then her majesty granted a formal pardon to the noblemen who had signed the bond at the Ainslie supper. At four o'clock the next morning, she and Bothwell were married by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney, assisted by Mr. Craig.

When out of the power of her brutal oppressor, Mary thus wrote to her envoy in France, and as her message was intended for the pope, she would not have dared to

make a false statement: "Tell to his holiness the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley, the chancellor, and our secretary, together, to the Castle of Dunbar, and afterwards to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between himself and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will, to him. Therefore your holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we are made quit of the said indignity, by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland, to the bishops and other Catholic judges, as to your holiness seemeth best, as will be more particularly understood at length by the memorial which will be given in by the Bishop of Ross.

Mary's behavior at these unhallowed nuptials shows how she detested them, for there was no display, no pageantry, and no public entertainments for the people, as was the custom on the occasion of royal marriages. All was silent without the palace, and misery within. Mary did not discard her widow's weeds for Darnley for several days after she became the wife of Bothwell, and when she appeared in rich attire, bedecked with jewels, everybody observed how little they were in keeping with the sad expression of her countenance.

The day after her marriage, the queen sent for Du Croc, who had refused to be present at the ceremony, and told him, in the presence of her husband, that he must not be surprised at her sorrowful appearance, for she could not rejoice, and never should again. All she desired was death. The next day, being alone in a room with Both-

well, she was heard to scream and threaten to kill herself, and the captain of the guard reported that she called for a knife for the purpose of self-destruction.

Bothwell, exulting in the success of his boldness, wrote to announce his marriage to the King of France, the queen-mother, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, besides other friends of Mary. "We trust," he says, "that no nobleman being in our state and case would have left anything undone that we have attempted. The place and promotion truly is great, but yet, with God's grace, neither it nor any other accident shall ever be able to make us forget any part of our duty to any nobleman, or other of our friends. Her majesty might well have married with men of greater birth and estimation, but, we are well assured, never with one more affectionately inclined to do her honor and service."

The long projected revolution was now steadily progressing. Mary was warned by the French ambassador that her brother, the Earl of Moray, whom she supposed to be still on the Continent, was in England practising with the council there, little to her good, and speaking worse of her than became a subject, much less one so nearly connected with her by ties of blood. Morton, the active partner of Moray in the deep game he was playing for the sovereignty of Scotland, now withdrew himself from the court of Holyrood, crossed the water to Fifeshire, and took up his residence at his conveniently situated house at Aberdour. Sir Robert Melville, too, Mary's ambassador to the court of England, was one of the secret agents of the conspirators against her. His brother, Sir James Melville, her most trusted servant, whom she fondly counted on as a sincere friend and adviser, was the person employed by her enemies to arrange with Sir James Balfour for the delivery of Edinburgh Castle, with all the

artillery, plate, jewels, and regalia, into the hands of Morton, when the proper moment should arrive. Lethington, having done all the mischief he could, remained with the queen as the spy of England and the unsuspected co-adjutor of his fellow-conspirators for her ruin. In the course of a few days, however, Bothwell detected his perfidy, and picked a quarrel with him in the queen's chamber, during which he drew his dagger, and would have killed him, but Mary threw herself between them, and saved Lethington's life at the risk of her own. He fled the next day to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Athol, at that time the head of the league to deliver the queen from the hands of her tyrant husband. In order, therefore, to counteract the general impression that Mary was held in restraint, Bothwell made her ride abroad with him every day, and provided public shows for the amusement of the people, at which they both appeared.

During the month of misery that Mary was doomed to pass as the bride of Bothwell, she had so little money that she was compelled to reduce her household expenses, to discharge many of her servants, and even to send some of her plate to be coined at the mint. In her name, Bothwell despatched a messenger to the confederate lords, who were now assembling in force at Stirling, to endeavor to effect a loan, but without success; and it was publicly declared that they were taking up arms to deliver the queen from his cruel tyranny and thralldom. This was merely a pretext to raise an army, many a high-spirited, chivalric volunteer fancying that he was arming himself to fight for his sovereign instead of against her. There is even reason to believe that Mary herself was deceived, and that, supposing her deliverance was at hand, she held secret communication with the leaders of the insurrection. She was in a deplorable state of health, and her heart

yearned after her infant, the only tie that bound her to life. She sent a message to the Earl of Mar, expressing her desire to visit Stirling, but received the reply that he could not permit her to do so, if accompanied by more than a dozen persons. As Stirling was then occupied by the forces of the confederate lords, of course Bothwell had no intention of allowing her to go there.

Bothwell now became a regular attendant at the sermons; but he gained nothing thereby, for the lords who had signed the bond recommending him as the proper husband for their sovereign became foremost in denouncing the marriage, and they communicated their plans to the Queen of England. Her majesty objected to nothing but the proposed inauguration of the infant prince, which she feared might, at some future day, be put in practice against herself, in case of dispute between her and her nobles. The boy being presumptive heir to the Britannic realm made him a prince of no ordinary importance, and Elizabeth was so anxious to get possession of him that she instructed the Earl of Bedford to treat with the associate lords, through her secret-service man, Kirkaldy of Grange, to see whether they would not be content to send him to England to be placed in charge of his grandmother, the Countess of Lennox. The wily traitors understood their game too well to be thus outwitted; the prince, about whose safety they were professing great concern, was in their keeping, and each one of them had his eye on the regency as soon as the child could be crowned King of Scotland. Besides, they knew that if they were to hand this representative of the royal line of Bruce and Stuart over to the old enemy, the very stones of Edinburgh would rise against the proceeding. On the other hand, as they depended on Elizabeth for assistance in their revolutionary enterprise, they flattered her so adroitly

that for years she was expecting to get Mary Stuart's son into her hands.

On the 28th of May, a proclamation was issued in the queen's name, requiring all the men of the southern counties to meet at Melrose on the 15th of the following month, with fifteen days' provisions, to proceed with her majesty and her lieutenant, the Duke of Orkney, her spouse, against the insurgents on the Border. Suspecting that the levy was to be used against them, the confederate lords determined to strike the first blow by marching to Edinburgh a week before this meeting was to take place, and surprising the queen and Bothwell at Holyrood Abbey. The co-operation of Sir James Balfour, governor of the castle, had been previously secured.

Bothwell got wind of their designs, and, being destitute of the means of defence, retreated on the night of June 6 to Borthwick Castle, carrying the queen with him. But, before leaving, he issued a proclamation, in the queen's name, contradicting the tales that had been circulated, that the prince was in danger from the murderers of his father, by a solemn declaration that such wicked reports could not be true since she had placed her son in such safe hands that the security of his person and the careful culture of his mind need not be doubted, all things having been ordered according to the ancient customs of the realm, by those to whom the charge rightfully belonged. Little did she dream that the Earl of Mar, who had the care of her boy, and in whom she placed unbounded confidence, was at that moment marching with the rest of the lords to Edinburgh, and uniting with them in the make-believe that they were forced to take up arms in defence of the prince's person.

When the queen left Edinburgh for Borthwick, the keeper of her wardrobe stores delivered to her faithful

attendant, Courcelles, for her use, a silver basin, a silver kettle for heating water, a small cabinet with lock and key, and two thousand pins. Bothwell probably never expected to return, for he sent all his papers, his plate, and jewels, besides other articles of personal property, to Dunbar.

Having placed the queen in safety within the massive walls of the almost impregnable fortress of Borthwick, under the charge of his friend, the Laird of Crookston, Bothwell left her for the first time since he had captured her on the road to Edinburgh, and proceeded to Melrose, where he hoped to gather a force large enough to attack the associate lords. After two or three days' absence, he returned without having succeeded, and he was in such a bad temper in consequence that he declared his intention to send away all the queen's French servants, some of whom had been her faithful and affectionate attendants and companions from childhood. This could not have increased the queen's love for her oppressor. Had there been the slightest confidence or unity of purpose between this couple, they might have remained in perfect security at Borthwick Castle, for it was built of solid blocks of stone, and stood on a mound surrounded by a moat and high walls of defence, flanked by fortified towers. The windows were nearly thirty feet from the ground, and there was but one door of entrance to the central fortress, the staircases of which were so steep, narrow, and winding, that they could be ascended by only one person at a time, and the labyrinth of dark arches leading to them was so low that it was necessary in some places for a man to bend almost double before he could pass under.

The associate lords assembled in council on the 11th of June, and declared themselves ready to attempt the delivery of the queen's most noble person from the captivity

and restraint in which she had been now for a long time held by the murderer of her husband, who had usurped the government of her realm. And they exhorted all her



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND HILL.

subjects who would not be esteemed parties to the fore-said crimes and treasons to join them in taking up arms for that honorable enterprise. The next day, they posted a proclamation at the market-cross, in language still plainer, regarding the outrageous treatment to which their queen

had been subjected, the compulsory nature of her marriage, and the restraint in which she was held by Bothwell, for which cause they declared that they, the nobles of Scotland, minded with all their forces to deliver the queen's most noble person from captivity and prison, and to punish Bothwell for the murder of the late King Henry, for the detention of the queen, and for the wicked designs he meditated against the prince, charging all who would not take part at once with them in their righteous and loyal enterprise, to quit Edinburgh within four hours.

The appeal was so heartily responded to that an attempt to surprise Borthwick Castle was made that very night. Their force was great, yet, calculating on the strength of the place, they determined to employ a stratagem, and sent a small party forward to cry at the gates for protection, and to announce themselves as friends chased by the rebel band, thinking by this means to obtain entrance. Bothwell, who was just preparing for bed, was far too cunning to bite at such a bait; yet, strange to say, he who had shown himself to be a man of indomitable courage and resolution became suddenly panic-stricken, and escaped with the son of the castellan, through a postern door in the wall that surrounded the castle, leaving the queen to shift for herself, with not more than seven or eight persons in her company. The only probable explanation of such conduct is that the queen, being, as the associate lords had themselves declared, an unwilling captive within the walls, refused to stand by him if he attempted to defend the castle, and had declared her intention to denounce him as a traitor, in the event of its capture by the assailants. At any rate, it is certain that a woman of her energetic and adventurous character would not have hesitated to share the flight of her husband, if she had loved him. No doubt,

she would have thrown open the gates of the castle to the associate lords if the castellan and his men, who were devoted to the interests of Bothwell, had not prevented.

The lords, with their strong force, surrounded the fortress, calling on Bothwell, the traitor, murderer, and butcher, to come forth, and maintain his challenge offered to those who would dare to charge him with the murder of the king. Some of the men made such coarse, brutal speeches about the queen that she was startled. For the first time, she became acquainted with the unfriendly feelings of the populace towards her, and she felt what a mistake it would be were she to place herself in their power.

Though twelve hundred men surrounded the fortress, in the absence of cannon, they could not capture it; they therefore fell back to Dalkeith. Then Mary despatched the young Laird of Reres with a message to Sir James Balfour, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, enjoining him to hold it for her at any cost, and to fire on the lords if they attempted to enter the town. At the same time she wrote to Du Croc, the French ambassador, begging him to confer with the lords, and to inquire of them, in her name, what was their real intention, and what they proposed doing. Du Croc represented to them the inconsistency of their proceedings with their former actions, telling them that they had not only cleared Bothwell at his trial, and confirmed his acquittal in Parliament, but had united in recommending him as a husband for the queen. He added: "If you changed your mind in consequence of his carrying her away to Dunbar, why did you not state your objections after he brought her majesty back to Edinburgh, for he was in the castle five or six days before the marriage took place?" Their replies were nothing but a tissue of falsehoods, and protestations that they were

determined to protect their prince from his father's murderer, an epithet that applied as well to Morton and Lethington as to Bothwell. In her emergency, the queen was not destitute of friends, for that same day the Earl of Huntley, Lords Boyd and Galloway, and Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, marched into Edinburgh, and published a proclamation requiring all loyal men to buckle on their armor and proceed to the relief of the queen's majesty, who was besieged at Borthwick Castle. Unfortunately for her, they were stopped by the provost and forced to retreat to the castle which Sir James Balfour, though in secret understanding with the conspirators, continued to hold in the queen's name until he should see which way the balance would turn.

Had Mary been content to remain quietly where she was, all might yet have been well with her; but, finding herself relieved from the terror of Bothwell's presence, she could not resist the opportunity of making an effort to regain her liberty. At midnight, disguised in the costume of a cavalier, booted and spurred, she stole from her chamber unattended, and, gliding softly down the turret stairs, let herself from the window in the banqueting-hall, a distance of no less than twenty-eight feet, in safety to the ground. She passed through the same low postern in the wall by which Bothwell had made his escape, and, leaving everybody in the castle wrapt in sleep, walked forth into the night unobserved, and without a single person either to defend or guide her. She mounted a nag which she found bridled and saddled outside the wall, at the foot of the mound; this had probably been provided for her by some faithful person of low degree to whom she had confided her intentions. The royal fugitive soon became bewildered in the pathless labyrinth of glens, swamps, and thorny brakes that make up the wild

district about Borthwick Castle, and could not find her way to whatever place of refuge it was her intention to seek. She must have travelled round and round the fortress, for, after wandering all night, she had made so little progress that near the Black Castle, scarcely two



miles from the place she had left, she was met by Bothwell himself, at the head of a party of his vassals. Of course she had then no choice but to accompany him whithersoever he pleased to take her, and he hurried her forthwith to Dunbar once more. She performed the whole journey riding on a man's saddle.

The night Bothwell had deserted the queen at Borthwick, he came very near falling into the hands of his enemies, for he and his companions were pursued and compelled to separate and fly in different directions. Young Crookston was captured; but Bothwell, though the men were within arrow-shot of him, had the good luck to escape, and he kept himself well out of the way as long as the confederate lords and their army swarmed around the castle. Poor Mary had the ill luck to cross his path because she had not got beyond his domains during that long night, and he had been lurking in the neighborhood among his vassal lairds and kinsmen.

CHAPTER XII.

[A.D. 1567.] THE day after the queen and Bothwell arrived at Dunbar, news reached them that the associate lords had entered Edinburgh without meeting with the least resistance, because the provost had joined their band. There was no time to be lost; messengers were sent in all directions, with letters from her majesty, to arouse the country in her defence. This call was responded to so readily that Bothwell, flattering himself with the belief that his unpopularity was confined to the metropolis, was eager to attack his antagonists. So, taking the queen with him, on Saturday, June 14, he left Dunbar, at ten o'clock in the morning, and advanced to Haddington. But he halted by the way to cause an artfully worded proclamation to be made, declaring that the lords had taken up arms under false pretences, and urging all loyal subjects to rally for the protection of their sovereign. Large numbers continued to join the royal standard, which so elated Bothwell that he pushed on the same night to Seton, arriving there only a couple of hours before daylight. Without allowing the queen time for refreshment or repose, they were in the saddle again, and on the road to Edinburgh, by five o'clock in the morning.

The associate lords, having had information from their spies in the queen's train that Bothwell expected to take them by surprise, were still earlier in the field. They marched to Musselburgh, where they refreshed their men and quietly awaited the arrival of the royal army. They

had three thousand men, well armed, most of whom were gentlemen and their retainers; while the queen's army did not amount to two thousand, including Bothwell's Border force, and the majority were peasants, without military training or experience, unprovided with the proper arms or food. Bothwell had made no arrangements for supplying them, and they were faint and worn out from their long march of the preceding day, neither they nor the queen having broken their fast that morning.

Both armies assembled at Musselburgh, about five miles from the metropolis; but Bothwell took possession of the rising ground of Carberry Hill, just above where the disastrous battle of Pinkie Cleugh had been fought, twenty years before. Neither army knew to a certainty what the fight was to be about; nor did either appear at all anxious for the encounter. Their principal desire being to get the vantage-ground, and to avoid having the sun in their eyes, they continued looking towards each other throughout the day from opposite hills. As for the queen, she certainly did not comprehend until too late that the army raised under pretext of effecting her deliverance was to be used for her destruction.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Du Croc, the French ambassador, went to the rebel lords and offered his services to mediate between them and her majesty. They appeared very glad to see him, and said: "If the queen be willing to withdraw herself from the wretch who holds her captive, we will recognize her as our sovereign, and we will serve her on our knees, as the humblest and most obedient of subjects. Or, on the other hand, if Bothwell will come forward, between the two armies, and make good his challenge to meet in single combat any one who maintains that he was the murderer of the late king, we will produce a champion, and a second, or, if he so desire, ten

or twelve." The grave diplomatist treated this proposal as too extravagant to be laid before the queen; but they vowed that they would name no other, and that they would rather be buried alive than not have the death of their king investigated and punished; for otherwise they would not feel that they were performing their duty to God. Thus they spoke of their late adversary and victim, of whose death Lethington was the chief contriver. Du Croc begged them to allow him to see what he could do with the queen, observing that, as he knew her to be of most excellent character and goodness of heart, he thought perhaps he might devise some means with her for preventing the shedding of blood. At first, they were unwilling; but, after considerable parleying among themselves, Lethington said: "As a representative of the king whose friendship we are most anxious to preserve, we will allow you to pass in safety between our two armies."

With an escort of fifty of their horsemen, Du Croc crossed the little brook in the valley, and preceded by runners, who were sent forward to announce his approach, he was brought to the outposts of Queen Mary's army. He was instantly conducted into the presence of her majesty; and, after having saluted her and kissed her hand, he expressed his regret at the sad state of her affairs, and assured her that it would cause the greatest concern to her royal mother-in-law and the King of France to see her in trouble. He then informed her that he had conferred with the lords, who had declared themselves her humble and affectionate subjects. "It looks very ill of them," rejoined Mary, "to act in contradiction to their own signatures, after they have themselves married me to the duke, having previously acquitted him of the deed of which they now accuse him. But, nevertheless, if they are willing to acknowledge their duty, and to ask my par-

don, I shall be ready to accord it, and to receive them with open arms."

At this moment, Bothwell, who had been inspecting the disposition of his men, came up. Du Croc continues: "We saluted each other, but I did not offer to receive his embrace; he asked me, in a loud, blustering tone, that his army might hear, what it was the lords would be at. I answered him, quite as loudly, that I had just come from speaking with them, and that they had assured me they were very humble servants and subjects of the queen, but, lowering my voice, I added, 'They are your mortal foes.' Then he asked whether the assurances they had given to him were not known to everybody." Bothwell alluded to the pledge they had made to defend him with their lives from all who should accuse him of Darnley's murder. "I have never," he said, "intended to offend one of them, but rather to please all, and they speak of me as they do only because they are envious of my greatness. But Fortune is free to any who can win her; and there is not one of them who would not gladly be in my place." Then, affecting an air of tenderness and anxiety for the distress of the queen, he begged the ambassador, "for the love of God," to put her out of pain, as he saw she was in extreme trouble; and to spare the effusion of blood, to go back to the rebel lords and propose in his name to try the cause by single combat with any one of them that would advance and fight with him hand to hand, in sight of the two armies, providing only that their champion were a man of suitable rank, as he had the honor to be husband of the queen. He added, "And my cause is so just that I am sure God will decide for me." Thereupon, Mary declared that she would espouse his quarrel, and esteem it as her own. Nevertheless, she objected to the issue of a single combat, and was seconded by Du Croc, who con-

sidered such a proceeding absurd. At the same time, he expressed his desire that he might be able to say or do something that might be of service in preventing a battle. Then Bothwell, of whom he had studiously taken little notice, cut him short by telling him that he could not talk to him just then, for his adversaries were approaching, having already crossed the brook ; " but," he added, " if you have any desire to see the encounter, I can promise you fine pastime, for there will be good fighting." " For the sake of the queen, as well as the armies, I should be very sorry to see it come to that," returned the ambassador. " I shall win the day!" cried Bothwell, boastfully, " for I have four thousand men and three pieces of artillery, whereas the lords have no artillery, and only three thousand five hundred men." " But you have no noblemen of any weight," observed Du Croc, " and must depend on yourself alone, while there are clever heads on the other side ; moreover, there appears to be a great deal of discontent and murmuring among your people." He then took his leave of the queen, whose eyes were filled with tears.

When Du Croc returned to the rebel lords, he told them that her majesty, with her usual clemency, had declared herself not only willing to forgive, but to receive them affectionately if they would acknowledge their duty and submit the dispute to the decision of Parliament. For answer, they clapped their helmets on their heads and bade him retire from the field before the battle began.

Meanwhile Kirkaldy of Grange rode about with two hundred horsemen, thinking to get between Bothwell and Dunbar, thus to prevent his escape. The queen, who was watching the manœuvres of the enemy, asked who he was, and, on being told, sent the laird of Ormiston to desire him to come and speak with her, which he did after obtaining leave of the lords. While he stood conversing

with her majesty, Bothwell gave directions to a soldier to shoot him. Mary observed this and gave a cry, saying, "No! you shall not do me this shame, since I have promised that Grange should come and return in safety." Bothwell was impelled to this treacherous deed not merely by his naturally ferocious and evil nature, but by hearing Grange urge the queen to put herself into the hands of the lords, telling her, "They will all love and serve your grace if only you will abandon him who was the murderer of your own husband." Bothwell stoutly denied this charge, and again offered to maintain his innocence by challenging any man who would assert to the contrary to meet him in single combat. Grange promised to send him an answer shortly, and, taking leave of the queen, returned to the lords, who said, "We are content to have you accept Bothwell's challenge." Bothwell replied, "Grange is neither an earl nor a lord, therefore cannot be my peer." It was his desire to fight with Morton, whose friends interposed, saying, "You are of more value than a hundred such as Bothwell." Then Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres stood forth and offered to fight as Morton's substitute. Morton handed him his sword, and bade him "Go forth and conquer." Lindsay advanced before the army, fell on his knees, and uttered a long extempore prayer in a loud voice. After these accomplices in the murder which they pretended a desire to avenge had made this theatrical display, Bothwell was informed that Lord Lindsay was ready to fight with him. Though objecting to this adversary as inferior in rank to himself, Bothwell advanced on a fine horse; but while the preliminary ceremonies were being arranged, the queen, impatient of such follies, sent privately for the laird of Grange, and told him that if the lords would really do as he had declared to her, she would leave the Earl of Both-

well and go to them. As they had by that time advanced to within two bow-shots, Grange quickly communicated the queen's message, and returned to assure her that she might depend upon their doing as they had said. She then informed Bothwell of her intention, which he vehemently opposed, saying: "The lords are not to be trusted, as you will find to your cost if you are deluded into the folly of putting yourself into their hands. Let me beseech you rather to bide the event of the battle, or if you prefer delay, retire with me, under the escort of our army, to Dunbar, where I will promise to defend you manfully until your loyal subjects make head against the lords." But so determined was Mary to separate herself from his control that nothing he could say had the slightest weight with her. "Can any assurance be given me for the safety of the duke?" she asked of Grange. "None," he replied; "they are determined to kill him if they get hold of him." Then, observing that the lords were growing impatient of the interview, which they suspected was prolonged for the purpose of gaining time, Grange took Bothwell by the hand and advised him to save himself while he could. The queen added, "Go you straight to Dunbar, and I will write or send you word what I would have you do."

Bothwell lost no time in obeying, and when Grange had seen him fairly off the field, on the road to Dunbar, he returned to announce the news to the lords, who made no effort to pursue the fugitive. He had been their accomplice and tool in the murder of Darnley, and his capture might be attended with fatal consequences to themselves; it was their policy, therefore, rather to favor his escape and to get the queen into their hands. They accordingly sent Grange up the hill again to receive her majesty, and she, advancing to meet him, said: "Laird of Grange, I render myself unto you upon the conditions you rehearsed

to me in the names of the lords." He knelt and kissed her hand; then, after she had been placed on horseback, he remounted his black charger and preceded her majesty down the hill, holding his helmet high above his head, with an air of exultation. There is a picture of Queen Mary which represents her as she appeared on this occasion. She wears a black riding habit, a white ruff, and a red and yellow skirt, the royal colors of Scotland. She is mounted on a large gray horse, which is led by one of her equerries in the royal livery of red and yellow; a young lady on a pony follows the queen, wearing a black hat, a white veil, a red jacket, and yellow skirt. This was Mary Seton.

It is impossible to account with accuracy for Bothwell's ill judged advance, but no doubt he expected to make himself master of Edinburgh before the arrival of the lords. Had he done so he would have kept possession of the queen, and continued to usurp her regal power. Certainly he never could have calculated that, in the event of failure, she would prefer to confide herself to the double-dyed traitors who had come against her, to retiring with him to Dunbar, to await the arrival of her own partisans; for so he regarded Moray and his force, who were hourly expected.

When the leaders of the rebel host advanced to meet the queen she addressed them in these words: "My lords, I am come to you, not out of any fear I had for my life, nor yet doubting of the victory if matters had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian blood; and therefore have I come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me, and give me the obedience due to your native queen and lawful sovereign."

Morton, who took it upon himself to act as spokesman, bending his knee before her in deceitful homage, replied,



MARY SURRENDERS AT CARBERRY HILL.

“Here, madam, is the place where your grace should be, and here we are ready to defend and obey you as loyally as ever the nobles of this realm did your progenitors.” The next moment there were loud cries from among his people of “Burn her! burn the murderess!” with other epithets, too coarse for repetition. She perceived at once that these insults were part of the perfidious scheme to which she had fallen a victim. Indignant, but by no means alarmed, she turned to the Earl of Morton, and demanded: “What is your purpose? If it be the blood of your queen you desire, take it; I am here to offer it, and no other means are needed for revenge.” Without replying to this, Morton committed her into safe custody; and this was the manner of her arrest. No wonder she exclaimed passionately against her own rash folly in confiding in the solemn promises of the ungrateful traitors, whom she had so recently pardoned, and, yielding to her indignation, declared that she would seek the protection of the Hamiltons and her other loyal friends, who, she said, were near at hand.

The associate lords had used for the ensign of their party that day a white banner on which was painted the dead body of Darnley stretched beneath a tree, and at his side the little prince kneeling, with his folded hands uplifted, and from his lips appeared a label on which was written, “Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord!” This was done to excite the passions of the people against the queen; and a description of this banner, as well as of everything else that was done, was duly reported to the English premier, Cecil, by Sir William Drury, the ambassador.

Kirkaldy of Grange, who had been the means of deluding the queen into the hands of his perfidious party, found himself obliged to defend her with his drawn sword from

some of the brutal soldiers on the march to Edinburgh. Goaded almost to insanity by the cruelty of her treatment and the treachery of her foes, she could not refrain from reproaching the Earl of Athol for the part he had played, and threatening with her vengeance those in whose imaginary sense of honor she had confided. Many a bitter tear did she shed that day; and once she stopped, and protested that she neither could nor would proceed another step with perjured traitors who had violated their solemn promises to her. Thereupon, one of the party said, with a sneer, "If your majesty is trying to make time in hopes of the Hamiltons coming up, it is scarcely worth while; for there is not an armed man to be seen for many miles."

The conduct of Lord Lindsay touched poor Mary very deeply in that hour of distress; for he had been almost like a brother to her from childhood, being the son of her faithful lord keeper. She called him to her, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand that is now in yours," she said, solemnly, "I will have your head for this." Maddened by the taunts of those who added insults to perfidy, she was reckless, and said what it had been better for her to have left unsaid. Du Croc tells Catherine de Medicis: "I had hoped that Queen Mary would have used her wonted sweetness of manner to the lords when she went over to them, and endeavored by all the means in her power to conciliate and please them; but they have assured me that on the road to Edinburgh she never spoke but to threaten them with having them all hanged or crucified, and that made them desperate." There was not one among them who feared her threats, or who was not indebted to her for saving him from the halter or the axe.

About nine o'clock on the evening of June 15th, the

hapless queen was dragged a captive into Edinburgh. She was preceded by soldiers bearing the banner that had been cunningly devised to fix the suspicion of murder on her, while Morton and Athol rode on either side of her. She was covered with dust, and her tear-stained face was so disfigured as to be scarcely recognizable. The rabble hooted and railed at her as she passed along; but this ought not to have surprised her:—

For the brute crowd, with fickle zeal,
Applaud each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shout when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.

Instead of conducting the queen to her palace of Holyrood, the confederate traitors lodged her in the town house of her false provost, Sir Simon Preston, a huge, grim mansion, called the Black Turnpike, guarded with towers, battlements, and a strongly fortified gate, being often used as a prison for malefactors before trial. Here, inhumanly deprived of the companionship of her ladies, poor Mary was thrust into a room fronting on the noisy street, and left to pass the night without even the means of bathing, or changing her travel-soiled garments. Supper was, indeed, placed before her, but she refused to eat, though she had partaken of no food for more than four-and-twenty hours.

When morning dawned, Mary showed herself at the windows, and called to the people for succor. Her hair was dishevelled, and her garments disordered, and she presented such a woe-begone spectacle that all who saw her were moved to compassion, excepting two wretches of soldiers, who brought forward the banner with the portraits of her murdered husband and infant son, and held it up before her eyes. At the sight, she screamed aloud.

and called on the people either to slay her or to deliver her from the cruelty of the false traitors by whom she had been deceived, and was thus barbarously treated.

Her appeal was not entirely without effect, for there were still many true hearts in Edinburgh to respond to the cry of the desolate, oppressed queen. An indignant crowd gathered around the provost's house, and declared their intention to take her part, whereupon the lords pretended that they had intercepted a letter from her to Bothwell, which she had written the previous night, to declare her intention to rejoin him as soon as she could. Of course this was absurd, for she had no means of writing a letter, and certainly knew that it would not have been delivered had she been able to prepare one. Like the rest of their fictions, this one had no foundation in fact. They had gathered an army by declaring that it was their object to free the queen from the cruel thralldom in which she was kept by Bothwell; their next move was to pretend that they had been deceived, for that he was the object of her fondest affection, and it was therefore necessary to keep her imprisoned.

It must be remembered that it was only six peers of Parliament who had taken it upon themselves to make Mary a prisoner; the vast majority of the nobles were either neutral, like Argyll, or were avowedly on her side. A loyal army, headed by the chiefs of Hamilton and Gordon, was already in the field, and so near at hand that Sir James Balfour, although he had formed a secret plan, with Morton and Lethington, to deliver the castle into their hands, waited to fulfil his promise until he should see which way the balance would incline. At this critical moment, when a reaction of popular feeling was beginning to manifest itself, the captive queen unluckily espied Lethington among the crowd that had gathered around her

prison, and she opened the window, calling to him, for the love of God, to come to her.

He obeyed and, in reply to her passionate reproaches, and her entreaties for aid, told her that the lords were her friends, and ready to do anything she could desire if she would only show herself of an amicable temper towards them, and that her ill treatment was due entirely to her angry expressions. She was only too easily pacified, and consented to see Morton, Athol, and their confederates. They came to her with soothing and penitent speeches, expressing regret for the unfortunate misunderstanding that had occurred, and declaring that they had no intention to put the slightest constraint on her, but were ready to conduct her to her own palace, where she might be at liberty to exercise her regal authority as she pleased, providing only that she would dismiss the mob that had assembled around the house. In an evil moment for herself, she was induced to speak from the window to her honest champions, whom she assured that she was under no restraint, and requested to return peacefully to their own homes. Her ladies were then admitted, and she was allowed to change her clothing. Food was also provided, but because, in consequence of her long fast and her grief, she was not in condition to partake of meat, a report was circulated that she had made a vow not to taste flesh until she saw the Earl of Bothwell again.

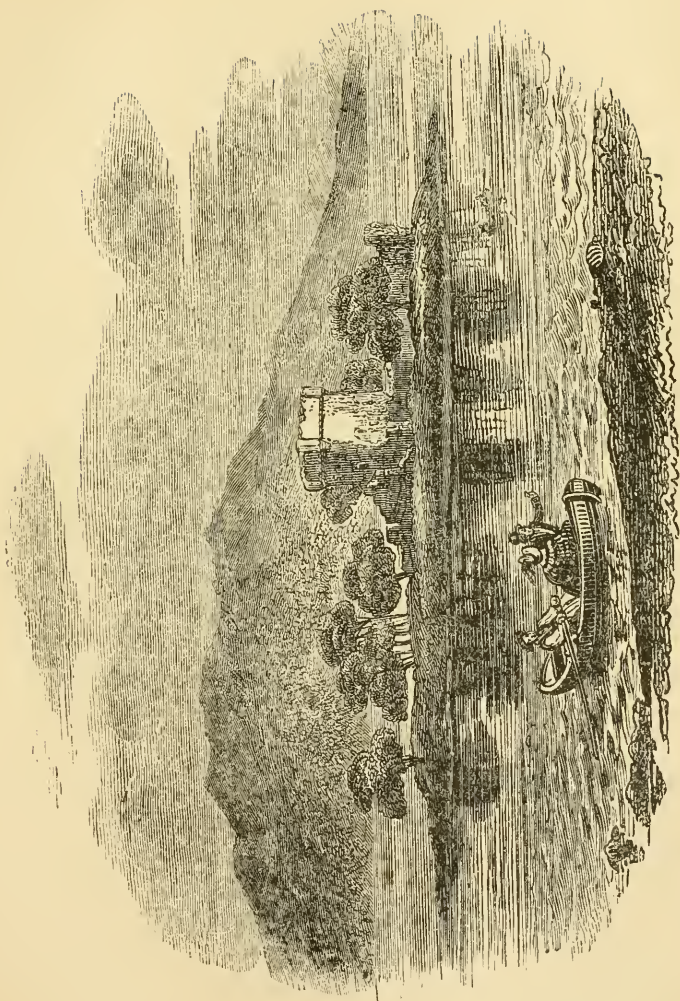
Edinburgh was in a state of tumult throughout the day, and the queen remained in the provost's house a strictly guarded prisoner, in spite of the assurances she had received from the lords. At nine o'clock in the evening she was conducted to Holyrood, not as a sovereign, but as a captive, for she was compelled to walk all the way, between Morton and Athol, guarded by files of soldiers, and exposed, as on the preceding night, to the brutal insults of

the rabble. The cunningly devised banner was again displayed, and accompanied by fiend-like yells and cries of "Burn her! drown her!"

With tears in her eyes, the insulted queen proclaimed her innocence, and said to the people, "I have done nothing worthy of blame. Why am I handled thus, seeing I am a true princess and your native sovereign? you are deceived by false traitors. Good Christians, either take my life or free me from this cruelty."

Her persecutors made the walk as slow and tedious as possible, hoping that the mob would seize the queen and tear her limb from limb, but she had still too many friends for this to be attempted. Besides, the presence of the faithful ladies who followed close behind her, ready to die for or with her, was no doubt a protection. These were Mary Seton, Mary Semphill, Madame Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, and Mlle. Rallay, good, faithful creatures, who shared her imprisonment for many long, weary years.

Knowing that a numerous body of powerful sympathizers might be hourly expected, the confederate lords, who, in that case, would find themselves in a dreadful dilemma, resolved to send their prisoner out of Edinburgh, and lock her up in the castle of Lochleven instead. As soon as the warrant was drawn up and signed by Lords Lindsay and Ruthven, Sir William Douglas, Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and others, the queen was roused from her sleep in the dead of night, and compelled to take another journey. She had no idea whither she was going, or for what purpose; the cruel ruffians Lindsay and Ruthven enveloped her from head to foot in a coarse brown riding cloak and hood, and carried her from her room. Then they put her on a horse, and, followed by a company of soldiers, conducted her to the lake, which they crossed in a boat. Having reached the other side, she was again



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.



placed in the saddle and forced to ride for several hours. Day had dawned when the cavalcade halted on the margin of the broad blue waters of Lochleven; then Mary knew that she was to be shut up in that gloomy fortress.

It was not without considerable resistance that the poor queen was made to step into the boat; and had she been able to delay a little longer, she might have been rescued, for a band of loyal noblemen, having heard what the conspirators were doing, had mounted, with a well armed force, and followed hard and fast to Lochleven. But they were too late, and the portal of the fortress had just closed on the helpless captive when they appeared at the water's edge.

Lochleven Castle, where Mary was doomed to spend many weary months, was situated on an island, about five acres in extent. Her own lodgings were in the south-eastern tower, to which the only approach was through a guarded quadrangle, enclosed by lofty stone walls. Ill and exhausted as Mary was from loss of rest and mental anxiety, her high spirit did not desert her. It was the bitterest feature of her imprisonment that she had to submit to the coarse society and impertinent espionage of the bold, depraved Lady Douglas, who had been selected to fill the thankless office of jailer. Instead of treating her with the respect due to her exalted rank, this woman received her with taunts, telling her she was only a usurper, and that her own son, the Earl of Moray, was rightful King of Scotland. "He is too honest to say so himself," was Mary's calm rejoinder; and it is certain that Moray never ventured to make such a claim.

The queen's first step was to write an indignant letter to Kirkaldy of Grange, reproaching him with the unworthy part he had played in persuading her to confide in the promises of the faithless traitors, by whom she had

been so shamefully deceived. He replied that he had reproached the lords with the same, whereupon they had shown him a note sent by her to the Earl of Bothwell, promising never to forget or abandon him, adding: "And if it were written by your majesty, which I can scarcely believe, it closes my mouth." Such a letter was certainly never shown to him unless it was forged, and he knew this perfectly well.

Lethington told Du Croc that when her majesty called to him in her agony from the window of the provost's house, it was only to complain of her separation from Bothwell, and that she had said, "My only desire is that he and I may be put on a ship together, and allowed to go wherever fortune may carry us."

In communicating to the Queen-Mother of France what had passed between him and Lethington regarding her daughter-in-law, the ambassador dryly observes: "Yet the same Lethington at other times has told me that from the day after her nuptials she has never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that Bothwell would neither allow her to see any one nor any one to see her."

The day after the confederate lords had sent the queen to Lochleven Castle, they seized all her plate, jewels, dresses, and costly furniture in Holyrood House, and sent the silver, including the font Elizabeth had presented for the baptism of the prince, to the mint, to be coined into money for the expenses of their military forces. Glencairn entered the chapel royal with his servants, broke down the altars, and demolished the carving, ornaments, and pictures, some of which were of great beauty and value. The queen's French attendants were driven out in a destitute condition, and they were obliged to apply to Du Croc for food. He provided for them by breaking open a coffer, containing four thousand crowns,

which the queen had confided to him for her own use, also several massive silver vessels, which he sold, and, with the proceeds, hired a ship and sent them back to their own country.

It is a notorious fact that although the conspirators had declared their intention to punish Bothwell for the murder of Darnley, they made no attempt to capture him. Their real object was to deprive the queen of her throne and her liberty, and they knew perfectly well that, if brought to trial, Bothwell's testimony would be damaging to themselves. So a whole month from the date of Mary's surrender was allowed to pass before a reward of a thousand crowns was publicly offered for his arrest.

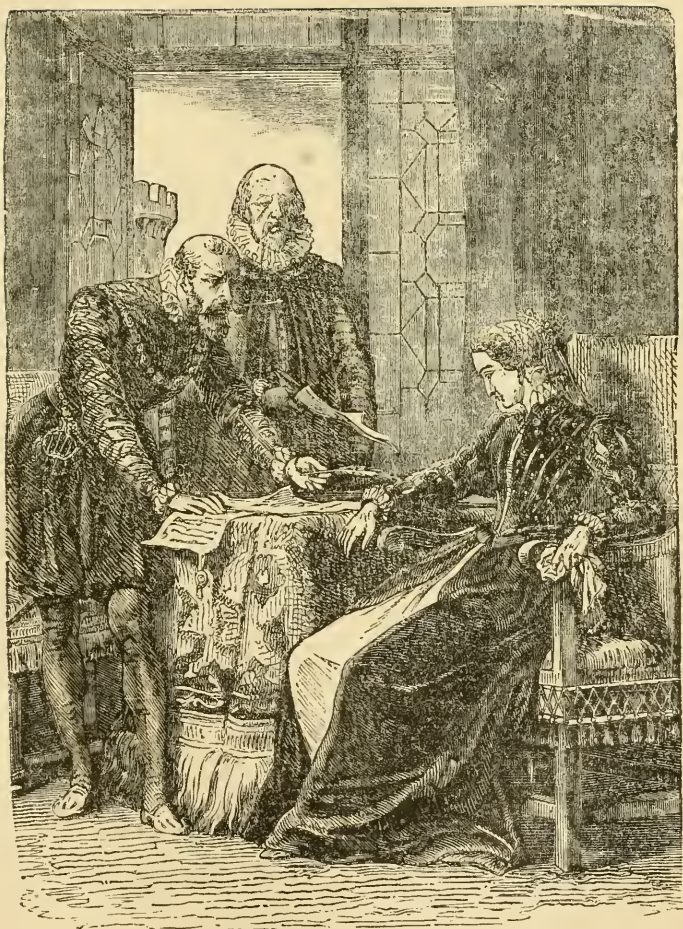
Meanwhile Bothwell remained unmolested at Dunbar, within twenty miles of the metropolis, where he held a council to consider means for the deliverance of the royal prisoner, which was attended by twelve earls, eighteen lords, and a number of nominal bishops and abbots. No effectual means could be adopted, however, for the universal disgust which his conduct had created prevented her loyal friends from co-operating with him. These formed themselves into a separate party for the queen, independently of any connection with Bothwell; but, thus divided, they were not strong enough to do anything but negotiate and protest, and await the meeting of a free Parliament.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was now sent to Scotland as ambassador from the English sovereign, under the pretext of comforting Mary, and trying to effect her release; but his real object was to deprive her of the chance of ever contesting the crown of England with Elizabeth, into whose hands he was to endeavor to get the infant prince, and thus reduce Scotland into an English province.

The conspirators now resorted to a bold step, that of persuading or forcing the queen to abdicate in favor of her infant son. Everything was done to terrify her; she was made to believe that her life was threatened; she was menaced with being removed to the top of the tower in Lochleven Castle, and left there in utter solitude to starve to death; but the favorite threat was that there was a plot for stifling her between two mattresses, and then suspending her from one of the bedposts as if she had committed suicide.

A special convention of the nobles and gentlemen of the rebel party was held to prepare the grand stroke against the captive queen, and Lord Lindsay was charged to go with Sir Robert Melville to Lochleven, to inform her that, in consequence of the charges against her, she was required to consent, under her hand and seal, that her son might be crowned their king and sovereign, and that then they would endeavor to save both her life and honor, which otherwise stood in great danger.

The conspirators had provided three deeds which the queen was to be forced into signing. The first contained a declaration, as if written by herself, that being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had made up her mind voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son James, Prince of Scotland. In the second, her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince, her son, during the minority of the royal infant. The third appointed a council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other lords of the secret council, to carry on the government until Moray's return. Knowing that it would not be easy to induce the queen to sign such documents, Melville, whom she had trusted implicitly ever since her return from France, was employed to endeavor to coax her into



MARY ABOUT TO SIGN HER RESIGNATION AT LOCHLEVEN.

it. Having obtained a private interview, he deceitfully entreated her to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which he assured her was in imminent danger.

Finding that she was impatient of such advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her that he had stuck it in there, at peril of his life, in order to bring it to her. Of course this was not true, for the letter had been prepared by the very persons from whom Melville pretended to have hidden it, and revealed to her, in the strictest confidence, that it was the sisterly advice of the Queen of England that she should not irritate those who had her in their power by refusing the only concession that would save her life; and observing that nothing done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom. However, Mary resolutely refused to sign the deeds, declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects; she added that she knew it to be only the ambitious few who made such requests of her, and not by any means the majority of her people.

When Lord Lindsay heard of Melville's failure, he took the matter in his own hands, and, like the brutal bully he was, burst rudely into the queen's presence, flung the deeds violently upon the table before her, and told her to sign at once, or worse would befall her. "What!" exclaimed she, "shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to satisfy the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God has given me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?" She was proceeding to explain how unreasonable it was to require such a thing of her, but the ruffian interrupted her

with a scornful laugh ; then scowling ferociously, he swore a horrid oath, and added : “ If you do not sign those instruments, I will do it with your heart’s blood, and cast your body into the lake to feed the fishes.” Well did the poor queen know that Lindsay was capable of what he threatened, for she had seen the part he took in the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. She had pardoned him for that act ; he owed his life and his forfeited lands to her, and thus he requited the grace which she had in an evil hour for herself accorded him. Her heart was too full to allow her to say more. “ I am not yet five-and-twenty,” she pathetically remarked, but she could say no more, for sobs interrupted her, and she wept hysterically. Sir Robert Melville, affecting to be very much concerned, earnestly whispered into her ear, “ Save your life, madam, by signing the paper ; it will not be valid, because it is extorted from you by force.”

Still Mary refused, and her tears continued to flow, until Lindsay, in a fury, swore that, having begun the matter, he would finish it then and there, and forced the pen into her hand, which he held so violently as to leave the imprint of his mail-clad fingers. In pain and terror, the poor queen was thus forced to affix her signature, though she did so without once glancing at the papers.

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, who was present, indignantly remonstrated with the savage Lindsay, and, though hitherto employed as one of Mary’s jailers, became, from that moment, her most devoted friend and champion. A violent fever was the consequence of the captive’s sufferings, which confined her to her bed for several weeks.

Lindsay hastened to Edinburgh with the deeds, which he exultingly presented to his confederates. But they bore no seal, and this was not so easy to obtain, because the

privy seal was in the hands of an honest gentleman of the royal family of Sinclair. Determined to stop at nothing, Lindsay next presented the deeds, to which he had added a forged warrant, signed by her majesty, ordering Thomas Sinclair to affix the seal. Faithful to the trust that had been reposed in him, Sinclair replied: "As long as the queen's majesty is in ward, I will seal no letters that seem so extraordinary." But with the aid of half a dozen armed men, Lindsay dragged the seal from the honest officer, placed it in his hand and compelled him, by brute force, to affix it as he desired. That very day Throckmorton, the English ambassador, was notified of the queen's abdication, and requested to proceed to Stirling, to assist at the inauguration of her son, as Elizabeth's representative. But, perceiving the act was not the wish of the nation, but merely an enterprise of a small section of the nobility, Throckmorton prudently remained away. In his letters to Cecil and Leicester, written the same day, he says: "It is to be feared that this tragedy will end in the queen's person, after this coronation, as it did begin in the person of David Riccio and the queen's husband." As Throckmorton was behind the scenes, he knew that the two assassinations were the work of the same hands, and that their ultimate object was the destruction of Mary Stuart. His letter, it must be remembered, was confidential, and addressed to men who had guilty knowledge of every plot in this connection.

CHAPTER XIII.

[A.D. 1567.] As the majority of the nobles, as well as the people, were loyal to their queen, the lords of the secret council found it necessary to make believe that what they were doing was in accordance with the royal will, before they could obtain even passive consent to the coronation of the prince. Therefore Lindsay and Ruthven, the ruffians who had resorted to personal intimidation, stood forth in Stirling church, and unblushingly swore, in the presence of God and the Congregation, that the queen, their sovereign, resigned willingly and without compulsion her royal estate and dignity to the prince, her son, and the government of her realm to the several persons named in her commission of regency.

Then the coronation ceremony began, the Earl of Morton acting as sponsor for the little prince, and the Earl of Athol placing the crown upon his head, while an armed force guarded every approach to the castle. Knox preached the sermon, a handful of nobles paid their homage, the titles were proclaimed of the high and mighty prince, James VI., and the Earl of Mar carried him back to his nursery. After partaking of the banquet in honor of the occasion, the king-makers deputed Lord Lindsay to resume his ungracious office as jailer to their deposed sovereign, at Lochleven, with instructions to guard her more strictly than before.

Queen Mary's party was by no means extinct; this was proved by a convention of nobles at Hamilton to devise

means for obtaining her liberty and restoration to her throne. The self-appointed council of regency sent Sir James Melville to inform them that the queen had abdicated in favor of her son. The younger nobles cried out: "We know the queen too well to believe that she would voluntarily resign her crown. If she have really done so, she must have been put in fear of her life, for never would she have given it up of her own free will." Archbishop Hamilton tried to make a diplomatic reply to Melville's announcement, but the younger men interrupted. "Tell the lords of secret council," they exclaimed, "to let us see our queen in their presence, that we may learn from her own lips whether it be really her pleasure to resign her crown to her son, for if she avow it to be so, and that the commissions of regency are her own act and deed, then will we promise to acknowledge the prince as our king, and the persons named in those documents as regents." But this was not permitted, and Mary's loyal friends were afraid to make further demonstrations in her behalf, because they were told that if they attempted to take up arms for her deliverance, her head should be sent to them in reply.

Ten days after the coronation of the infant king, Moray arrived at Berwick. A split had already taken place among the secret council, who were divided into two parties, one headed by Morton, the other by Athol, and nothing but the danger they had incurred by their treatment of the queen prevented open hostilities between them. By common consent, they united in deputing Sir James Melville to meet Moray, and inform him of his appointment as sole regent. At the same time, the deputy was charged with confidential messages prescribing the course of conduct to be adopted towards his royal sister.

Moray entered Edinburgh on the 11th of August in triumph, riding between the ambassador from France and the resident English ambassador, both having paid him the compliment of going along the road to meet him, as though he were a reigning sovereign. Three days later, after considerable debate as to whether he should visit the queen or no, the secret council decided in favor of it, providing they might accompany him. However, he managed to rid himself of some of them, and proceeded that same afternoon to Lochleven with Athol and Morton. Mary received them with a passionate burst of weeping, and, drawing Moray aside, spoke long and earnestly with him. No one could hear what was said, but Moray was so reserved that his sister could not make out whether or no he intended to act a friendly part. When supper was over, she expressed a desire to speak with him entirely alone; every one retired, and the two remained in private conference until after midnight.

Six months had Mary languished in prison before the regent ventured to convene a Parliament in the name of her son. He had a larger military force than any sovereign had ever presumed to introduce into Edinburgh as a standing army; he had provided himself with plenty of money; he had made himself master of the most important places in the realm; and, by bribes and promises, he had so strengthened his party that he was able to carry any point he chose. Thus, when some of the peers of Parliament demanded that the queen be brought before them in person, that she might speak freely in her own behalf, and that a proper inquiry might be made into the crimes of which she was accused, Moray, with the aid of his supporters, had no difficulty in preventing such a proceeding.

Mary had hoped for redress from Parliament; it was



JAMES I.

when she despaired of this that she wrote the following touching appeal to her royal mother-in-law of France :—

“MADAME, — I write to you at the same time as to the king, your son, and by the same bearer, to beseech you both to have pity upon me. I am now fully convinced that it is by force alone I can be delivered. If you send never so few troops to countenance the matter, I am certain great numbers of my subjects will rise to join them; but without that, they are overawed by the force of the rebels, and dare attempt nothing of themselves. The miseries I endure are more than I once believed it was in the power of a human being to sustain and live. Give credit to this messenger, who can tell you all. I have no opportunity to write, but while my jailers are at dinner. Have compassion, I conjure you, on my wretched condition, and may God pour on you all the blessings you can desire. Your ever dutiful, though most wretched and afflicted daughter,
M. R.”

It was Mary's faithful servant, John Beton, who hovered near Lochleven in disguise, and conveyed this and other letters to and from the court of France.

Bothwell's servants, who had been caught and brought back to Edinburgh, were all tried and executed on the same day, and each protested, in the presence of all the people who witnessed his punishment, that the queen was entirely innocent of any knowledge whatsoever of Darnley's murder, and that Moray and Morton were the sole contrivers, movers, and counsellors of Bothwell in the commission of the deed.

A poet, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of “Tom Truth,” commemorated the circumstance in the following rhymes, which were deemed of sufficient importance at

the time to be suppressed as being too much in favor of the queen : —

For they, to seem more innocent of this most heinous deed,
 Did forthwith catch four murderers, and put to death with speed ;
 As Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powry, too — John Hay made up the mess —
 Which four, when they were put to death, the treason did confess,
 And said that Moray — Morton, too — with others of that rout,
 Were guilty of that murder vile, though now they look so stout.
 Yet some perchance may think that I speak for affection here ;
 Though I would so, three thousand can herein true witness bear,
 Who present were as well as I at the execution time,
 And heard how these, in conscience prickt, confessed who did the
 crime.

[A. D. 1568.] The regent's brother, George Douglas, commonly called Prettie Geordie, who was employed as one of the queen's jailers, became deeply interested in her behalf, and opened communication between her and an association of loyal gentlemen who had pledged themselves to break her chains. A variety of schemes were formed, but had to be abandoned as impracticable ; doubtless as each was secretly laid before Mary, she and the faithful companions who shared her captivity during that long dismal winter were amused and cheered. But all their hopes were soon dashed to the ground, for George Douglas' projects were betrayed, and he was expelled from the castle in disgrace, and forbidden ever to set foot on the island again.

On being informed of what was going on, Moray hastened to Lochleven to devise means for keeping the prisoner in greater security. His meeting with her was stormy ; she knew that her life was in his hands, yet she dared to overwhelm him with reproaches. For once he answered honestly, by saying that he and the other lords could do no less than put her into captivity for their own safety. These words explain everything. By forging let-

ters in her name, and cruelly misrepresenting her every action and motive, they had gone so far that they dared not draw back, and to avert their own ruin they were compelled to use every means to complete hers.

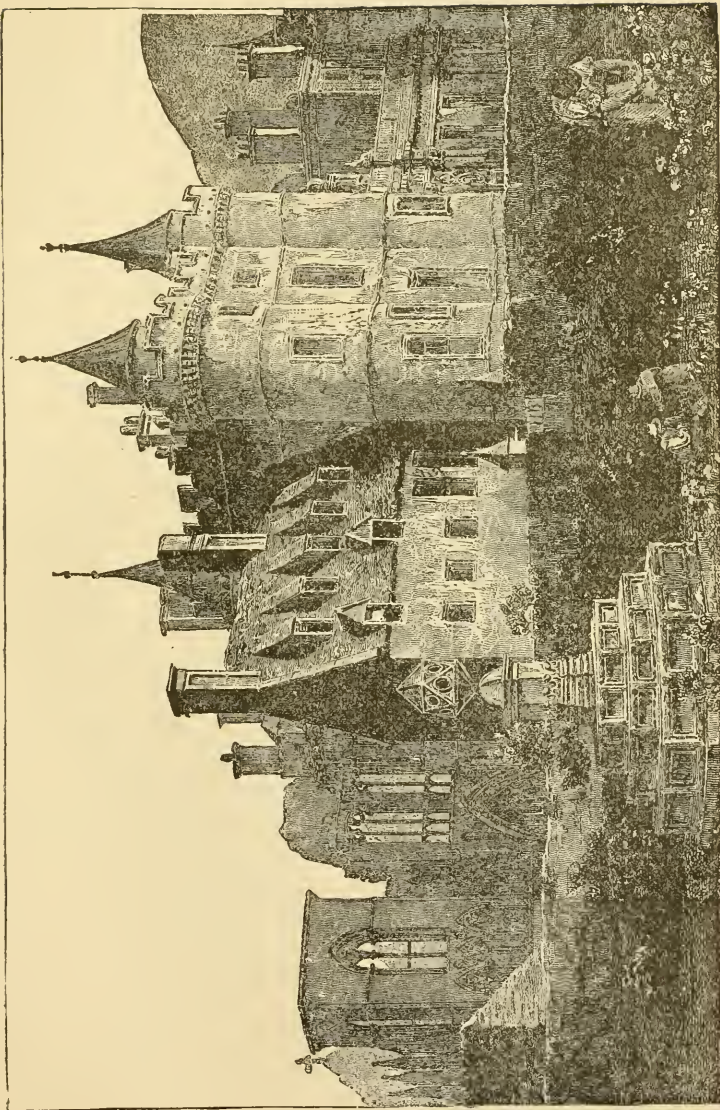
In Sir William Drury's report to Cecil of this interview, furnished by Moray, occurs the following passage: "From other matters she began to speak about marriage, praying that she might have a husband, and naming George Douglas as the one she would prefer; on which the earl replied that he was an over-mean marriage for her grace, and that he, with the rest of her nobility, would take advice thereon." The absurdity of such a tale is apparent, for even had George Douglas won the affections of the queen, Moray was certainly the last person she would have selected for her confidant; nor is it likely that she passed so quickly from indignant reproaches of his treason and perfidy as to beseech him to give her a husband, and, of all others, one who had just incurred his wrath.

Notwithstanding the redoubled restraints to which Mary was now subjected, she nearly succeeded in making her escape a day or two after Moray's visit. The Lady of Lochleven employed a laundress, who came across the water from the adjacent village of Kinross, to fetch and carry the linen belonging to her majesty and her ladies. This laundress, being a true-hearted Scotch woman, and a kind, courageous one, consented to aid the queen in fleeing from prison, the arrangements being made with George Douglas, who, though expelled from the castle, remained concealed in the house of a friend at Kinross. Until the plans were perfected Mary pretended to be ill, and passed her mornings in bed, apparently indifferent to everything in life.

At last, on the 25th of March, the laundress came as usual and went to the queen's room to deliver the clothes

she had washed, and to tie up and carry away another bundle. Then Mary slipped out of bed, and, disguising herself in the faithful creature's humble garments, drew a muffler over her face, and, taking the soiled clothes in her arms, passed out of the castle unsuspected, and, stepping into the boat, took her seat. But Mary Stuart was not born to support the character of a washerwoman with success; and when midway between the fortress and the shore one of the rowers, struck by the incongruity of her bearing with her coarse array, said jokingly to his assistant, "Come, let us see what manner of dame this is," and attempted to snatch off her muffler. Impulsively Mary put up her hands to defend herself from his rudeness; their whiteness and delicacy betrayed the fact that she was no workwoman. Assuming the tone and gesture of command, the poor queen ordered the men to row her to shore, and threatened to punish them if they refused. They recognized her at once, and might have consented to save her had they been entrusted with the secret, or had she condescended to appeal to their sympathies, instead of making a threat which she had no power to put in force; but, as it was, they were not willing to risk their lives for her, and so tacked about and landed her again on the island, promising, however, as a great favor, not to betray her to the lord of the castle.

Five days after this failure, the queen wrote to her mother-in-law, in France, to acknowledge certain letters of comfort she had received, and added: "It is with extreme difficulty that I have been able to send a faithful servant to explain to you the extent of my misery, and to beseech you to have compassion on me, inasmuch as Lord Moray has caused me to be told, underhand, that the king, your son, is going to make peace with his subjects, and one of the conditions of the treaty is that he shall not



HOLYROOD.

give me any help. This information is said to come from your servants who are in correspondence with Prince de Condé and the admiral, and have been informed that they would not come to an agreement on any other terms. This I cannot believe, for, next to God, I place my whole reliance on the king and you, as the bearer of this can tell you. I dare not write more, save to entreat God to have you in his holy care."

Mary's information was correct; for, although the king, who loved her very much, would have been delighted to assist her, he was but a cipher in the hands of his mother, Catherine de Medicis; she ruled his court and cabinet. She had no affection for Mary; and she had set her heart on raising her favorite son, Henry, to the throne of England, by marrying him to Queen Elizabeth.

Poor Mary was so despondent, when she found that there was no hope of help from France, that once, when looking through the bars of her window at the lake, it suddenly occurred to her that by one plunge into its placid waters she might terminate her captivity, and end all her woes. This weakness lasted but for a moment; the next she was on her knees asking God to pardon the sinful thought, and to grant her strength to endure her trials.

Human aid was nearer at hand than the forlorn captive imagined; and it came through a lad of sixteen, named Willie Douglas, who acted in the capacity of page to the Lady of Lochleven. As he had been found, when an infant, at the castle gate, he was called "the lad Willie," "Orphan Willie," "Little Willie," or "Foundling Willie." His heart had often been touched at the distress of the imprisoned queen; and one day, seeing her more than usually sad, he took the liberty of whispering to her: "Madam, if your majesty will venture to attempt your escape, I can tell you of the means of doing it. We have

below a postern gate, by which we sometimes go out in one of the boats on the lake. I will bring you the key when I can get the boat ready, and I will liberate you, and go with you from the fury of my father." In astonishment, the queen replied: "My little friend, this is very good of you; but see you tell no one, or we shall be ruined. And if you succeed in rendering me this service, I will make you great and happy for the rest of your life." Then, with a piece of charcoal, she wrote a few words in cipher on her handkerchief, which she told Willie to carry to Lord Seton. This was her first trial of his sagacity and faith. The handkerchief was quickly conveyed to Kinross, and placed in the hands of George Douglas, who lost no time in carrying it to Lord Seton at his Castle of West Niddry, on the other side of the Forth. Seton interpreted the cipher correctly, and transported a company of sixty armed horsemen across the water, and concealed them in a glen of the western Lomonds, to await Mary's movements. Several days elapsed before Willie was able to perfect his arrangements.

At last, on Sunday, the 2d of May, a signal passed from Willie and John Beton to George Douglas that the queen's escape would be effected that evening. Douglas, in his turn, notified Lord Seton, who, besides the sixty horsemen in the mountain valley, had concealed forty more behind a hill a little in the rear, while ten, in the costume of wayfarers, were waiting at Kinross with fleet horses, bridled and saddled. One of these advanced to the very margin of the lake, where, crouching himself down at full length, he kept his eyes fixed on the castle, to watch for the boat which was to contain the queen.

At half after seven the guards, who kept watch at the gates night and day, were in the habit of quitting their post for half an hour to sup with the family in the great

hall, the gates being carefully locked, and the keys placed beside the castellan, Sir William Douglas, on the table where he and his mother sat in state. While waiting on them, Willie contrived to drop a napkin over the five large keys, attached to an iron chain, and, adroitly enveloping them in the folds of the cloth, to prevent their jingling, he carried them off, hastened to the queen's tower, and hastily unlocked the doors leading to her apartments. As Mary had received notice of the projected enterprise, she was ready to start the moment Willie appeared. She was attired in Mary Seton's clothes; and that maid of honor, in the queen's robes, remained to personate her royal mistress, and to bear the first brunt of Lady Douglas' anger. Queen Mary took with her the youngest companion of her captivity, a little girl ten years of age, whom she tenderly led by the hand. Willie, having carefully locked the gates behind him to prevent immediate pursuit, hurriedly jumped into the boat with the queen and her little companion, and pushed off for the opposite shore, rowing with all his might. Jane Kennedy, who was to have gone with the queen, not being quick enough to reach the castle gate before it was locked, jumped from the window into the water, and, striking out boldly, swam after the boat, into which she was received in her dripping garments.

Midway between the island and the shore, Queen Mary stood up, and waved her veil, which was white, with a red and gold border and red tassels. The recumbent watcher saw the signal, and repeated it to his companions in the village; these instantly communicated it to those on the hillside, who galloped down to the lake shore in time to witness the landing of her majesty. The greeting was joyous, as she sprang from the boat, and received the homage of the true-hearted Scots who were endangering their lives for her deliverance.

After nearly fourteen months of the most frightful constraint and misery, Mary Stuart was free once more. She was quickly in the saddle, riding a race for life and liberty, and, passing by the hostile neighborhood of Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, gained the coast in safety. As it was deemed imprudent to perform more of the perilous journey by land, the party embarked in open fisher-boats, five miles from Lochleven, in a secluded haven among the rocks. They landed just above the small town of South Queensferry. The queen was met and welcomed by Lord Claud Hamilton, son of the Duc de Châtelherault, first prince of the blood of Scotland, at the head of fifty armed cavaliers and a party of gentlemen of the neighborhood, eager to renew their homage. Attended by this gathering, Mary was conducted by Lord Seton to West Niddry, where she halted for the night.

The next day she was conducted to Hamilton Castle, where, in the presence of a large party of nobles and gentlemen, she solemnly revoked her abdication, declaring that her signature had been forced from her at Lochleven Castle, to which George Douglas and Sir Robert Melville bore testimony. Her next thought was for France, and to that court she despatched John Beton with news of her escape, and to ask their majesties for a thousand soldiers for immediate use, observing, at the same time, that, for the recovery of Edinburgh and the other strongholds in possession of the rebels, more would be required.

The majority of the peers of Scotland rallied around the queen, and formed themselves into a Parliament, declaring that, her abdication having been extorted from her by fear, of which her majesty's oath was sufficient proof, was null and void, and that all acts passed by the pretended Parliament, that had been convened without her authority, were invalid. The next day Mary sent a

copy of her revocation to Moray and his confederates, and required them to restore her peacefully to her royal dignity and estate, promising, if they complied, to forgive all they had done against her person and honor. Moray affected to enter into an amicable negotiation, but took care to defend the power he had acquired. He had in his possession all the revenues of the crown, the queen's plate and jewels, as well as the royal arsenals at Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dunbar, and the pulpits were at his command besides.

The English authorities sorely lamented Mary's escape from Lochleven, and Throckmorton wrote to Moray: "I can assure you that the queen's escape has much grieved your friends, who are no less astonished that there was neglect in a matter of such importance."

Mary had brought with her from France a rare and costly pearl necklace, which the regent sent secretly to England to be sold only a few days before she left prison. As these were considered the most magnificent pearls in Europe, they were first offered to Queen Elizabeth, who, to her shame be it said, purchased them at half their value.

An unarmed, undisciplined muster thronged by thousands to the royal standard, but Mary had no money to equip them. The Earl of Argyll fiercely claimed command of the army, although he had been allied with Moray against her, and a violent rain storm prevented the loyal chivalry of the northern counties from coming up in time to decide the contest in her favor. The odds were against her, and, as usual, she was betrayed.

A spy who had joined her troops at Hamilton informed Moray of her plan to surround the rebel army, and he consolidated his whole force for one bold stroke. Argyll showed neither courage nor military skill, and it was gen-

erally believed that he had a secret understanding with his brother-in-law, Moray. Certain it is that he gave no orders, and the queen's army fell into such confusion that a total defeat was the result.

Mary watched the battle from an eminence, while an equerry held her horse close by, ready for her to mount if the fortunes of the day went against her. And when the moment came for her to escape, and she expressed her determination to go to Dumbarton, distinctly visible in the distance, the gentlemen around her said that, in consequence of the position occupied by the rebel force, it would be impossible for her to get there. Holding up her crucifix, she exclaimed, "By the cross in this hand, I will be at Dumbarton to-night in spite of yon traitors!" Alas for her! The broad waters of the Clyde rolled between her and that last stronghold of Scottish loyalty, which she was never destined to reach. Being well acquainted with the ground, she made an effort to cross the stream higher up; but as the narrow lane through which she might have made a short cut to the river side ran through the Earl of Lennox's estate, that was hostile land. Two men who were mowing in the field came out and threatened her and Lord Herries, who rode by her, with their scythes. Terrified at the sight of such weapons, the queen turned her horse's head, and fled in an opposite direction with her party. Lord Herries guided her into the wild district of Galloway, where the people still clung to the church of Rome, and would be ready to protect her. The party dashed at full speed through mountain defiles, and crossed wild moors, dangerous bogs, and rushing streams, to avoid the rebel parties who were out in every direction to recapture the queen. It was also necessary to take a circuitous route, in order to avoid the various castles of the enemy, and at last, after two days

and nights of travel, with only occasional short intervals of rest, Terregles, near Dumfries, was reached, on the 15th of May. Here Mary adopted her fatal resolution to seek refuge in England, and throw herself on the protection of her royal kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth. Lord Herries endeavored to dissuade her, but in vain.

On hearing of the arrival of Archbishop Hamilton and other fugitives of her party at Dundrennan Abbey, the queen hastened thither to inquire into the fate of her other friends. There she was told that fifty-seven gentlemen of the name of Hamilton, besides many of her bravest adherents, were slain, and the rest had dispersed; that her faithful and devoted servant, Lord Seton, who had never failed her in time of need, was dangerously wounded and a prisoner, and that many others had shared the same fate. She was overwhelmed with grief and despondency.

Queen Mary sat for the last time in council within the walls of Dundrennan Abbey, with the faithful friends who had escorted her from the battle-field. These, with many other loyal gentlemen, met to deliberate on what plan she ought to pursue in the melancholy circumstances. Opinions of course varied. Lord Herries advised her majesty to remain where she was, engaging to defend her for at least forty days from any hostile attempts of the rebel party. Others suggested that it would be better for her to remove to one of the strong fortresses in the neighborhood, which would offer better means of holding out till the loyal portion of her subjects could rally for her deliverance; while the rest urged her to retire to France.

Mary refused to adopt any of these counsels. She said: "It is impossible for me to remain safely in any part of my realm, for I do not know whom to trust." Considering the dangers that all present were incurring by

their adherence to her cause, this remark was ungrateful and unreasonable; but the agonizing excitement of the past fortnight, the overthrow of all her hopes, her excessive sorrow and fatigue, had so worn upon the poor queen's mind as to unfit her for seeing things in their proper light. She could not listen to reason, and she went on to say: "As for retiring into France, I will never go as a fugitive, without a retinue, to a country where I once wore the crown matrimonial with so much *éclat*." In short, she had formed her resolution before she asked advice, and it was not easy to shake her. She could see the English mountains across the bay, and a strange, irresistible infatuation came over her, impelling her to throw herself upon the friendship of Queen Elizabeth. She wanted to explain, by word of mouth, the ill treatment to which she, a crowned and anointed sovereign, descended from the same royal stock as herself, had been subjected by an insolent party; and to demonstrate the expediency of making common cause with her for the punishment of her rebellious subjects.

Mary Stuart's reasoning faculties must have been strangely blunted, or she would have known that she could not commit a greater folly than by confiding herself to the honor of a sovereign who had aided in fomenting all the plots and insurrections that had distracted her realm. And she ought to have been warned by the fate of certain of her ancestors, especially James I., who, on venturing into England in time of peace, had been treacherously captured, and kept in prison for many years.

Lords Herries and Fleming, finding that no argument could induce their unfortunate sovereign to abandon her rash purpose, determined to share her peril. She was also accompanied by Lord and Lady Livingstone, Lord Boyd, George Douglas, Willie Douglas, and other devoted

followers, amounting, in all, to sixteen. Not one of the party had made the slightest preparation for the voyage, and the only vessel that could be obtained for their use was a common fishing-boat. The navigation of the Scottish coast is so difficult and dangerous that the most experienced mariners will not attempt it unless both wind and tide be favorable; it often happens that a sudden squall overtakes a boat, and tosses it about until it is driven out of its course, and unable to make a port for several days. Mary knew this perfectly well, but she was rash and obstinate, and, having made up her mind to go to England, no amount of argument could dissuade her.

The tide served on this bright May morning, and the queen, with her little party of sixteen, embarked on the beautiful rivulet which flows past Abbey Burn-foot to Solway Firth. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, with several other churchmen and gentlemen, followed his sovereign to this spot, with earnest entreaties for her to remain where she might either be defended, or concealed until her friends had time to rally; and when he saw her actually step into the frail bark in which she was about to undertake a perilous voyage, to encounter still greater dangers if she succeeded in reaching the English shore, he rushed into the water, up to his waist, and, grasping the boat with both hands, conjured her not to trust to the pretended friendship of the Queen of England.

Unfortunately Mary had had so much cause to distrust this prelate, that she could not rely on his sincerity now, even when he seemed ready to risk his life for her sake. Besides, in the bitterness of her heart, she was anxious to withdraw from a country where she had been insulted, calumniated, and betrayed. Of course, she ought to have set aside her feelings as a woman, and remembered that as a sovereign it would be better policy for her to remain;

but she flattered herself that, once out of the realm, her value would be perceived, and she would be implored by all parties to return, as the only means of settling quarrels between the contending parties, and restoring public tranquillity. Her heart misgave her when she was fairly out to sea, and she said she would go to France. The boatmen made an attempt to change their course, but wind and tide were contrary, and carried the little vessel rapidly across Solway Firth into the harbor of Workington, a small seafaring town on the coast of Cumberland. The voyage had been performed in four hours. It was Sunday evening, and an unusual number of people, who were enjoying the holiday, assembled to see the Scotch boat come in, a lively curiosity being aroused as to who the passengers might be. The moment Mary Stuart stepped ashore, she was recognized from her resemblance to her pictures and her coins, as well as by her majestic stature and lofty bearing. She was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers and demonstrations of affection and respect.

Sir Henry Curwen received the queen and her party, and conducted them to his own home, Workington Hall, where his wife and mother supplied the ladies with a change of linen, and such other articles of clothing as could be rendered available. During her brief sojourn at this place, Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth, explaining at length the treatment she had received from the conspirators, who had reduced her to the dire necessity of throwing herself on her royal kinswoman's protection. The letter concludes with the following touching appeal:—

“I entreat you to send for me as soon as possible for I am in a pitiable condition not only for a queen, but even for a gentlewoman, having nothing in the world but the

clothes in which I escaped, riding sixty miles the first day, and not daring to travel afterwards except by night, as I hope to be able to show you, if it please you to have compassion on my great misfortunes, and permit me to come and bewail them with you. Not to weary you, I will now pray God to give you health and a long and happy life, and to myself, patience and that consolation I await from you to whom I present my humble commendations. Your very affectionate and faithful good sister and cousin and escaped prisoner,

MARIE R."

CHAPTER XIV.

[A.D. 1568.] THE news of Queen Mary's arrival at Workington spread rapidly, and the Earl of Northumberland, who claimed pre-eminence in that district, in order to make a show of respect, sent a band of gentlemen to wait on her majesty as a guard of honor, with strict orders to prevent her leaving the country until Queen Elizabeth's pleasure concerning her should be ascertained. At the same time he informed the council at York, who sent a warrant to the Cumberland authorities to use the Scottish Queen and her company honorably, but to see that not one of them escaped.

It was now impossible for her to proceed to France, as she might have done, with Sir Henry Curwen's friendly assistance, and on the morning of May 17, she made a journey of six miles on horseback to Cockermouth, every man, woman, and child in the place coming out to welcome her. She was lodged, with her train, at the mansion of a wealthy merchant, named Henry Fletcher, because the Earl of Northumberland was at that time absent from his castle.

The next morning Mary held a little court for the reception of all the ladies of the district, many of whom afterwards attended her on her way to Carlisle. She had every reason to feel cheered and delighted with her first reception in a country which she hoped, some day, to call her own, for not only was she affectionately and respectfully welcomed by the English ladies of the northern

counties, but all sorts of people flocked to see the woman who had excited their sympathy and their admiration, and to follow in the procession to Carlisle. The queen was lodged at the castle, and Lowther, who guarded the building with a band of soldiers, at once informed Cecil that he had her in custody, according to the instructions he had received.

Mary had the comfort of being joined by many of her faithful Scotch servants, both ladies and gentlemen, who hastened to her as soon as they heard of her safe arrival at Carlisle, and the English gentry daily went to pay their court to her.

With every outward demonstration of friendly feeling, Queen Elizabeth had ordered that Mary should be honorably entertained; but her first care was to prevent her from seeking an asylum at the court of France, her next to deter that court from sending troops to Scotland to strengthen the loyal party. Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, both members of Elizabeth's privy council, were sent to wait on the queen at Carlisle, with instructions to treat her with great respect; but they were secretly enjoined to keep a strict watch over her, to prevent her escape, and to report minutely everything she said and did. During her first interview with these gentlemen, she expressed a hope that their sovereign would soon grant her an interview, and consent to assist in subduing her rebellious subjects, or allow her a passage through England to France to seek aid from other princes. They replied that the queen, their mistress, was sorry she could not do her the honor of admitting her to her presence, by reason of the serious charge of murder, whereof she was not yet cleared; but they were sure her highness' affection towards her was very great; and if she would depend upon her favor, without seeking to bring strangers into

Scotland, which could not be suffered, then undoubtedly her highness would use all convenient means for her relief and comfort.

Mary bore this insult as calmly as she could, and when the gentlemen presented the clothing which, in answer to her request, Elizabeth had sent, she merely turned away in silence. The articles had been selected from among the poorest and shabbiest of the royal wardrobe, and many of them were not fit to wear. Indeed, the bearers of them were so ashamed that they declared such things must have been sent by mistake, and were, no doubt, intended for one of the queen's maids. Improbable though the excuse was, Mary received it graciously and without comment.

The next day she despatched Lord Herries with a letter to Queen Elizabeth, telling her of her ill treatment, and of her earnest desire for a personal interview, in order that she might have an opportunity to clear herself from the shameful charges that had been made against her by the traitors of her own realm. She asks for assistance, and says: "If, however, you cannot grant me this, I would, at least, be permitted, as freely as I came hither, to throw myself into your arms as my best friend, and seek succor from other princes, my friends and allies, as may be most convenient, without interrupting the old friendship which has been sworn between us two." She then points out the importance of immediate action, and begs for a speedy reply. In a postscript she adds: "Since writing the above, I have received information how the gentlemen calling themselves regents and governors have made proclamations for demolishing the houses, spoiling the goods, and seizing the persons of my loyal people, whereby you may judge how injurious is the loss of time to me. Therefore, I entreat you, if you have any regard for my

weal and for my poor realm, to send with all speed to command these gentlemen to desist from persecuting my friends.”

Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys comprehended the queen's chagrin in being deprived of the proper clothing, and used their efforts to obtain a supply from Moray, who sent, at last, five small cart-loads, and four horses laden with apparel. To be sure, these consisted of the poorest part of her wardrobe, and the materials for the dresses were all mourning; but Mary had resumed her widow's weeds, which she wore to the end of her life. Had it not been for Elizabeth's intervention, she would not have obtained even what she did, for the regent had disposed of the richest articles, and all the costly jewels and plate. When Sir Nicholas Elphinstone arrived at Carlisle with letters and messages from the Earl of Moray to Scroope and Knollys, Queen Mary and her loyal followers were excessively indignant. She demanded that he should be arrested, as her grievous enemy, and the seller of her jewels, little suspecting that her pretended friend, Queen Elizabeth, was rejoicing in the bargains she had got in the purchase of the stolen goods. Of course no notice was taken of what she said about Elphinstone, for he was under powerful protection.

Mary was guilty of an act of imprudence in showing Scroope and Knollys some letters she had received from the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and Cassilis, professing their devotion to her service; for correspondence with her friends in Scotland was at once forbidden, and she was required to curtail the number of her Scotch followers in Carlisle. She replied indignantly, “Unless you have commission to treat me as a prisoner, I shall not submit to so unreasonable a requisition; for if I dismiss the friends who have followed me to Carlisle, or cease to cor-

respond with those who continue to support my authority in Scotland, then will my cause be deserted, and my loyal subjects endangered by the Queen of England appearing to take part with my rebels."

Queen Elizabeth sent Middlemore to Carlisle with letters and messages to her spies; and, hoping that he had brought some encouraging words for her, Mary gave him an audience as early as eight o'clock in the morning. The only answer she could glean from him to her eager inquiries was the same set speech always: that the foul fact of murdering her husband was alleged against her; and till some proper trial of her innocence were made, Queen Elizabeth could not receive her. "Is Lord Herries a prisoner, then; and have you brought me no letters from him?" anxiously inquired Mary. Middlemore replied that Lord Herries was not a prisoner, and that he had sent off all he had written on the previous Saturday. As a whole week had elapsed, Mary had reason to suspect that the letters had been suppressed, particularly as they had to pass through the hands of Randolph, who had played a treacherous part in every conspiracy against her. She was excessively indignant at the ambassador's offensive freedom of speech and manner; and when he demanded, in his sovereign's name, that she should prohibit her friends at Dumbarton from receiving succor from France, in case any should be sent to them, she answered, with more spirit than prudence, "In case your sovereign will not assure me of her assistance for the suppression of my evil and unruly subjects, I will go to the great Turk himself for help against them, and I neither can nor will forsake my faithful friends; but if her majesty will resolve to give me aid, I will promise not to seek it from other princes." Then, after a passionate burst of weeping, she added, "But my hope is always that the queen, your mis-

gress, can do no less, not being willing to help my misery herself, than to suffer me to pass to other princes where I may find remedy." Middlemore told her that, since she had put herself into his sovereign's hands, and had made her the judge of her cause, her majesty had commanded him to assure her that she would take both her and her cause into her protection; yea, and if, after trial made, the justice of her cause would bear it, she would compel her adversaries to do her right, and help to restore her to her honor, dignity, and government. He then showed her a copy of his instructions, in Queen Elizabeth's name, requiring the Earl of Moray not to molest Queen Mary's adherents any more, and added, "It is my sovereign's intention to remove your majesty from this place nearer to herself, where your majesty will have better accommodations, purer air, more pleasure, and greater liberty." "Is it your sovereign's intention to send me thither as a prisoner, or may I be allowed the choice of remaining where I am?" asked Mary. Middlemore, though well aware of what was intended, answered evasively; and Mary told him, in an impatient tone, that it was her desire to go to her majesty at once, and that if she were not allowed to do so, she would rather tarry where she was than be carried farther into the realm, which would be only to remove her farther from her friends, and make them forsake her; for now she heard from them, and could comfort and encourage them, but then she would be where they neither could come nor send to her, nor she to them. Mary did not hesitate to blame Queen Elizabeth for her troubles, saying, "All those who now bear arms against me were called home from banishment at her instigation; therefore, her majesty should now be moved to give me aid against them." This argument she had urged in more than one of the fruitless letters she had written Queen Eliza-

beth. She now wrote it again, and, besides, gave free expression to the indignation she felt at her ill treatment. She again asserted her innocence, and described her distress on account of the suspicion Elizabeth persisted in entertaining of her, and, in conclusion, begged that Lord Herries might be sent back to her with an answer to her requests.

In spite of Lord Scroope's precautions, Mary's friends intercepted an important package of letters from John Wood, Regent Moray's private secretary, and carried them to her. These letters revealed to her clearly the treachery of the English cabinet, and their hostility towards herself. She very unwisely wrote to Queen Elizabeth on the subject, as follows:—

“Your ministers have assured the Earl of Moray that I shall be securely guarded, never to return to Scotland. Madam, if this be honorable treatment of her who came to throw herself into your arms for succor, I leave other princes to judge. I have shown all the letters from which I have my information to the bearer of this, and, if you will permit, I will send copies of them to the Kings of France and Spain and to the emperor, and will direct Lord Herries to show them to you, that you may judge whether it would be right to have your council for judges, who have taken part against me. I neither can nor will believe that it is you who are acting thus treacherously by me, but that John Wood lies, as all lawyers do. But it is unjust that your presence should be denied to me, while my mother-in-law (the Countess of Lennox), and others whom I consider my enemies, should be admitted to prejudice and accuse me to you. I beseech you not to allow me to be betrayed here; give me leave to withdraw, that I may make the said princes my judges, and obtain assistance of their councils, as my enemies have done of yours. God

grant that they lessen not your authority; for they have promised Moray to lead you as they will, to let the friendship of some sovereigns go, and to gain those who loudly proclaim that you are unworthy to reign. If I could speak with you, you would repent having so long delayed, to my injury in the first place, and to your prejudice in the second."

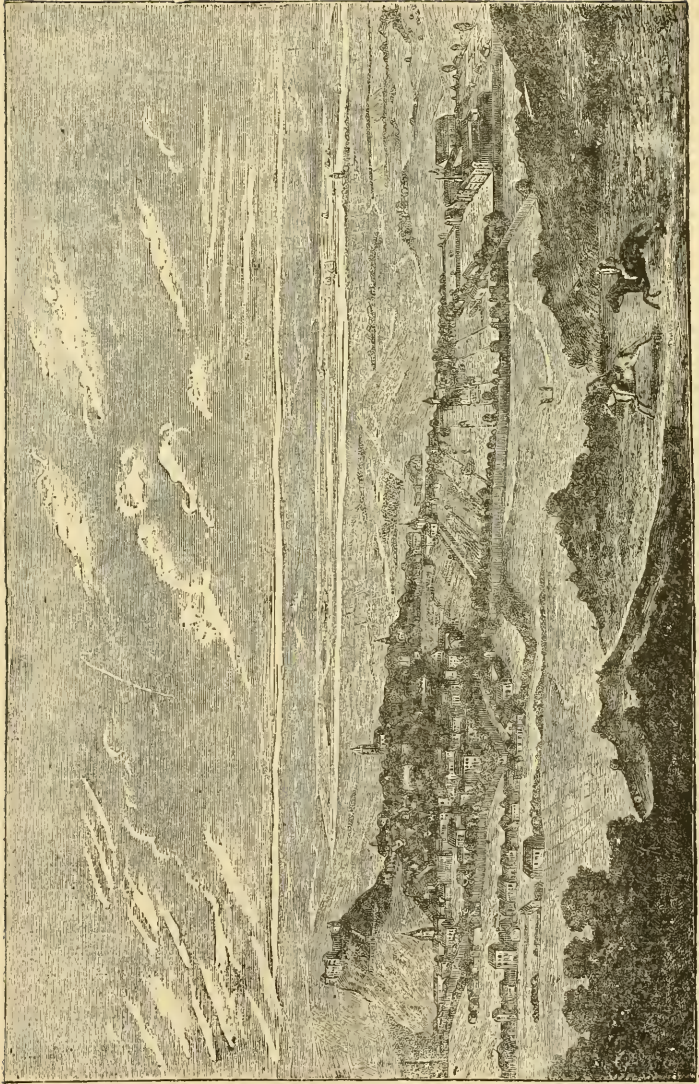
Indignant though Mary had cause to be, she was aware of only the more trivial portion of the plans concocted between her usurping brother and Queen Elizabeth's ministers, for John Wood's real errand was to submit a lot of forged letters to the consideration of Cecil and his colleagues before their queen should give her final decision. These letters the confederate lords had prepared as having been written by Mary to Bothwell, and proved beyond a doubt that she was guilty of the horrible crime with which she was charged. Never was a more outrageous attempt made, even by the most dishonest men in the world, to secure a decision in their own favor, and it offers the best proof that their cause was infamous.

Queen Mary now found herself treated absolutely as a prisoner. None of her gentlemen-in-waiting or servants were permitted to sleep in the castle, and only three of her ladies remained with her at night, the three rooms leading to her bedchamber being filled with armed men, while the one that opened into it was occupied by Lord Scroope himself. The solitary window which lighted her gloomy sleeping-room was latticed with iron bars to prevent her escape, and the castle gates were never opened until ten o'clock in the morning, excepting to admit some messenger from Elizabeth or her premier. After the departure of her confessor, Mary asked for an English priest to perform the daily religious services to which she had been accustomed, but Scroope said "There are no priests

in England," and she had to go to the cathedral on foot, always guarded by a hundred soldiers.

After waiting more than a month for an audience with Queen Elizabeth, Lords Herries and Fleming, the latter being charged with messages from Mary to the court of France, were admitted to her presence. Herries opened the conference by telling Elizabeth that he had just heard that the queen, his mistress, was to be sent to Tutbury Castle, and that she thought it very strange she was to be removed so far from her own country and the high roads leading to it. He added, "Your majesty does not keep the promises so often made to my queen, on the faith of which she came to England; could she have imagined that she would be treated thus, she would have preferred encountering the hardest fortune that could have befallen her in her own country." Elizabeth replied that she intended to take the cause of the queen, her sister, in hand, and was deliberating on the means of restoring her to her own country and regal authority, either by effecting a reconciliation with her subjects, or by force. "For this purpose," she continued, "I have desired the Earl of Moray to send hither my Lord of Glencairn, or any other that may seem good to him, as his deputy, the queen, your mistress, doing the same on her part, whereby I shall be able to understand the cause of their dispute, and to judge between them."

"I do not see," bluntly returned Lord Herries, "how your majesty can take upon yourself to be a judge between the queen, my mistress, and her subjects, seeing that she is as much a sovereign as yourself, and inferior to you in nothing but those misfortunes which have rendered her your suppliant. The Earl of Moray is neither a king nor a prince, that he should send ambassadors. He and the Earl of Morton are the two principal offenders



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against their queen ; and if your majesty desires information from them, let them take the trouble to come hither themselves." "That will be best," rejoined she ; "I will write to them to-morrow to come." On the subject of Darnley's murder, Herries said, "The authors of that crime are the very men who now attempt to charge their sovereign with it. Consider, madam, the uncertainty of human affairs, and have pity on the calamities of your unfortunate suppliant. After the assassination of the king, her husband, the murder of her servants, the cruel attempts on her sacred person, after the prisons and chains she has endured, shall subjects be heard against their sovereign, traitors against their liege lady, the guilty against the innocent, criminals against their judge? I have not words to describe their wickedness, but I am prepared to come to deeds, and to verify the innocence of my queen by irreproachable testimony, by papers written and signed by her accusers."

After considerable more parleying on this subject, during which Elizabeth brought forward as excuse for not seeing Mary the oft-repeated suspicion of her guilt, Herries said : "The queen, my mistress, has thrown herself into your arms as the princess of all the world in whom she placed her principal reliance ; and if your majesty will freely and honestly take her cause in hand, in such a way as shall be consistent with her exalted rank, her honor and security, she will use your counsel and conform herself to your will ; but she can recognize no other judge than God, she and her predecessors having for many years worn an imperial crown." Elizabeth made a plausible reply, and repeated her desire to assist the unfortunate Mary ; but Herries was not satisfied, and requested permission for the Queen of Scots to go to France, and pointed out the danger of further delay.

Elizabeth again declared that she would do everything that could be expected for her dear sister, but that the horrible reports against her must be sifted for the honor of them both. "Not that I pretend to assume the character of judge," she added, "but merely of the most affectionate of friends, to find out why these things have been said, and by what authority her majesty's crown and fortresses have been seized. I hope to make an agreement between her and her subjects in the best way I can, and for this reason I wish the queen, your mistress, to come fifty or sixty miles nearer here. As for her passing into France, I will not so lower myself in the estimation of other sovereigns as to permit it, seeing that when she was there her husband took it upon himself to give her my style and title, and the royal arms pertaining to my realm and crown, during my life. I will not again risk the chance of being subjected to such an annoyance. I will with all diligence hasten forward the expedient I have resolved upon, and after that I will do as I have told you." "And what day, for certain, may the queen, my mistress, be allowed to learn your majesty's resolution?" asked Lord Herries. "As soon as possible," was the reply, which closed the interview.

When Lord Fleming solicited a passport to proceed with Mary's letters to France, he was flatly denied, and subterfuge was resorted to in order that both he and Herries might be detained as long as possible, thus to enable Cecil to win them over to Moray's side. Neither one of these true-hearted Scottish nobles ever swerved in the slightest degree from his duty to Mary Stuart, but each hazarded his life and all his possessions for her sake.

The King of France sent De Montmorin to plead Mary's cause with Elizabeth, and to solicit permission to go to Carlisle with letters and consoling messages. Consent

was reluctantly granted, and the ambassador saw very plainly how unfriendly the English sovereign was towards the captive, though she pretended otherwise. His visit was so encouraging to poor Mary, who was always more frank than politic, that she ventured to write again to Elizabeth, complaining of the perfidy of her cabinet ministers, of which she had received further evidence through another batch of intercepted letters. Nothing could have been more fatal to her cause, and Elizabeth now became resentful and bitter. However, she sent for John Wood, and confronted him with Lord Herries, who presented the intercepted letters. Wood was ordered to say by what authority he had written as he had done about Queen Elizabeth's ministers, whereupon he coolly confessed that he had no warrant for any statement he had made, but that he had invented them for the purpose of strengthening his master's cause. Strange as it may seem, this creature was not punished in any way; on the contrary, he was taken more closely into Cecil's confidence than before.

On the 20th of June, the English Privy Council debated what course to adopt with regard to the Queen of Scots, and passed resolutions that were entirely hostile to her. Then Elizabeth determined to remove her to Bolton Castle, and sent Scroope and Knollys an order to this effect. Knowing that Mary would object to leaving Carlisle, these gentlemen told her that the queen, their mistress, had sent her own litter and horses for her use on the journey. But there was delay in the arrival of the litter, and at the end of ten days Mary was still at Carlisle.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth detained Lord Herries, fearing that his high spirit and courageous loyalty would prompt him to make a bold stroke for the deliverance of his captive sovereign by urging on the Scotch nobles of the

neighborhood. She sent Sir George Bowes with a hundred armed horsemen to assist in removing Mary; but the captive absolutely refused to stir, and her keepers were too gentlemanly to use force, as the traitors in Scotland had done; so the journey was postponed again.

Mary employed the interval in writing to the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, and others, urging them to oppose Moray's regency by holding out hopes of her speedy return. She also sent her commission to the Duc de Châtelherault, appointing him lieutenant of the realm in her absence. She continued to declare that she would not leave Carlisle, although active preparations were making for her to do so. However, when Sir George Bowes came a second time, at the head of forty armed horsemen for her escort, she had no choice but to submit to stern necessity.

"Surely, if I should declare the difficulty we have had to get her to remove," writes Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil, "instead of a letter, I should have to write a story, and that somewhat tragical. But this I must say for her, that after she did see that neither her threats nor her exclamations nor her lamentations could dissuade us from our preparations and our determination to remove her, then, like a wise woman, she sought to understand whether, if she consented to go, she might send some of her noblemen into Scotland to confer with her party there."

Queen Mary's farewell to the devoted adherents who had followed her to Carlisle was most touching. These true men of Scotland pressed around her lovely form to kneel and kiss her hand for the last time, and she wept bitterly as she dismissed them with thanks and blessings for their generous devotion to her service. They had testified their faith in her by leaving country, friends, and fortune, to share her doubtful fate in the ever-hostile

realm of England, and would have given their last drop of blood to procure her freedom.

Surrounded by two strong companies of English guards, under the command of Sir George Bowes and Captain Read, accompanied by her keepers, Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, and attended by her six faithful ladies, and as many of the voluntary followers of her adverse fortunes as could obtain permission to go with her in the capacity of servants, Queen Mary left Carlisle. Twenty carriage horses and twenty-three saddle horses for the ladies and gentlemen, besides four little carts, were hired for the journey.

Lowther Castle, one of Lord Scroope's feudal mansions, was the first stopping-place; there Mary slept on the night of July 13, and on the following morning she set out again, and, after making two more stoppages, at places of little importance, reached Bolton Castle on the 16th. This prison, situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was one of the strongest in England, and was built in the thirteenth century, under the reign of Richard II. It consisted of a small tower in the centre, with four large square ones at the corners, connected by suites of apartments, a story lower.

The queen was received by Lady Scroope, the same noble matron who had met her at Cockermouth with the English ladies of the Border, and attended her to Carlisle. A few days later, she was cheered by the return of her faithful servant, Lord Herries, after his long detention at the court of London. He brought flattering hopes of her speedy restoration to her throne; not that Elizabeth and her ministers ever intended to bestow the assistance they had promised, but they had so entirely hoodwinked Lord Herries that he had faith in them. Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth at once, thanking her in the most affectionate

terms for the encouraging messages the envoy had brought. She adds: "According to the request which Lord Herries has conveyed to me from your grace, I have directed my faithful subjects, now assembling in great force to prevent Moray from holding his threatened Parliament for attainting them, to disperse and remain quiet, because you, my good sister, have guaranteed that Moray shall not attempt anything of a hostile nature. And I have written to countermand the promised forces from France and Spain for the succor of my adherents, being willing to owe everything to the friendship promised by your majesty."

Never did she commit a greater error; for George Douglas had raised a thousand volunteers in France in her service. Huntley and Argyll were in the field with ten thousand men, and all the lords of her party, including two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland, were ready to act in concert for her restoration. They would certainly have succeeded had it not been for her fatal orders, which grieved and disappointed them, put a stop to their plans, and ruined their cause. Unfortunately, the promises made to Lord Herries were verbal, and, of course, they were violated; but while Mary confided in the honor of the English sovereign, she regained her excellent spirits, and passed the time as pleasantly as possible.

Mary's absence from Scotland was regarded by the best class of men as a national calamity, and Moray was so unpopular that there were repeated plots against his life, not projected by the queen's friends, but by his own political tools and confederates. A petition was drawn up, and duly signed by a large majority of the peers, to Elizabeth, humbly beseeching her to restore their queen to the crown. The only reply she deigned to offer was a summons to Moray to appear at York, with his co-adju-

tors, to answer to the charges preferred against them by their queen. Mary wrote at once, requesting John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, to repair to her, as she wished him to undertake the management of her cause at the approaching conference, the other commissioners appointed by her being Lords Herries, Livingstone, and Boyd, Gavin Hamilton, Sir John Gordon, and Sir James Cockburn.

Lesley found the queen in a state of sanguine expectation as to the result of the conference at York, but he had gathered sufficient information from his spies in the English council to be able to undeceive her, by pointing out the treachery of those who were pretending friendship.

The conference opened duly on the 4th of October, with imposing solemnity, and the preliminary points occupied four days. It is not the purpose of this biography to enter into the details of the proceedings; suffice it to say that as Queen Elizabeth's line of conduct was to utterly disgrace and crush the captive whom she had in her power, she broke up the conference as soon as she saw matters progressing in Mary's favor. When Sir Francis Knollys told his prisoner that the conference had been suspended until two of the commissioners on either side should go to Queen Elizabeth to explain matters, Mary was surprised, and said: "I supposed that my good sister would be present to hear all the discussions herself; but since my cause will now be decided at the court, the rest of my commissioners may as well be sent back to Scotland." Knollys said he thought the suspension of the conference was but temporary, after which all would proceed as before. "Well, does the queen, your mistress, mean to effect a reconciliation between me and my subjects?" asked Mary. "I know not what my sovereign's intentions are," replied Knollys; "but I am

sure she will deal honorably with your grace." Even then his sovereign was offering every inducement to Moray's deputies to charge Mary with murder, assuring them, at the same time, that if they could show sufficient proof of her guilt, they should be subject to no indignation, for her majesty would never permit her to be restored to the throne of Scotland.

Under the friendly wardship of Lord and Lady Scroope, Mary might have made her escape from Bolton Castle with far greater ease than from either Borthwick or Lochleven, but honor prevented her from making the attempt. An investigation, which she herself had proposed, was pending, and, as she knew how possible it was to prove her innocence if only she were granted the opportunity, she would not give room for her foes to taunt her with evading it by flight. Her sense of justice led her to believe that she would be confronted with her adversaries in the presence of Queen Elizabeth and her nobles, and allowed to speak for herself, and to cross-question her accusers. She awaited the arrival of this moment with impatience, rehearsing over and over in her mind the arguments she would bring forward to annihilate Moray and his confederates. This flattering dream was dispelled by the arrival at Bolton of the laird of Riccarton with letters from her commissioners, communicating the startling news that the Regent Moray, who, unknown to her, had obtained leave to go with his deputies to Hampton Court, had been admitted to private audiences with the queen; also that Elizabeth appeared so set against her that she was preparing to remove her from her agreeable abode to a stronger and more remote prison, to prevent her escape.

Mary was so indignant that she wrote to her commissioners: "Since, contrary to all that has been promised,

the Earl of Moray, being the principal of my rebels, has been admitted, with his confederates, to the presence of the queen, to calumniate me, while I, his sovereign, am excluded, and denied the liberty of being heard in my own defence, — wherein manifest partiality has been used, — I desire to break up the conference, the more so as I know the whole nobility of the realm are about to assemble, when the matter might be publicly discussed. Therefore, I desire you before our sister, her nobility, and all the ambassadors of strange countries, to request in our name that we may be licensed to come in person *before them all*, to answer to all that may be brought forward and alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels." If this request were not granted, she enjoined them to decline further proceedings, take their leave, and quit the place without delay.

Before the commissioners could receive these instructions, however, the conference had been renewed, and they had taken their oaths to act again. They therefore sought an audience of her majesty, and formally demanded that their sovereign should be heard in her own defence. Elizabeth answered: "I would not take upon myself to be judge, nor yet to prejudice your sovereign's honor in any sort, nor to proceed judicially: but as to your sovereign's presence, I cannot properly admit the same until her cause be tried and ended."

The Queen of England not only changed the place of the conference to Westminster, but she completely altered the arrangements of it, her object being to establish her supremacy over Scotland, by converting the English commission into a criminal court, in which Moray and his co-adjutors, in the name of the infant prince, were to be encouraged to charge their captive sovereign with the crime of husband-murder. Then, if she could be induced

to defend herself, she was to be brought to a mock trial, and sentence of death to be passed upon her.

The second conference opened on the 26th of November. It was an absurd farce, consisting of nothing but assertions on the part of the rebel lords, who produced no evidence, entered into no details, and cited no witnesses. The Earl of Lennox was brought forward to demand justice for the death of his son ; but the only correspondence he could produce against his daughter-in-law was forged ; for all the letters Darnley had ever written while he was her husband were full of tender affection and praises of her virtues.

Lord Herries replied to the accusation against Mary, in the name of his fellow-commissioners, in a plain, manly address, beginning with the regret and disgust he and his loyal friends felt at hearing their unworthy countrymen malign their liege lady. He showed plainly who were the murderers of Darnley, and the innocence of his sovereign of any knowledge or suspicion of the plot ; and he explained that the true cause of the conspiracy against the government and life of Queen Mary was to create a fresh minority, by seeking a pretext for deposing her and crowning her infant son. Their reason, he said, was to prevent her from fulfilling her intention of availing herself of the right she would have, on the completion of her twenty-fifth year, to recall the grants of the crown lands, which she had lavished so generously on the ungrateful traitors and their supporters. When Herries concluded, the Bishop of Ross demanded that Mary should have a personal interview with the Queen of England, for the purpose of answering the infamous charge against her. But the same convenient excuse was repeated by her majesty, that it would be best for the honor of both that the trial should proceed, adding : “ For I never could be-



QUEEN MARY.

lieve, nor yet will, that Mary consented to the deed. There can be no occasion, though, to trouble our good sister to come into our presence until it shall appear what her accusers can prove. I will send for them, and inquire about it; for I think it very reasonable that she should be heard in her own cause, which is so weighty; but to determine before whom, when, and where, I am not yet prepared." Mary's commissioners replied that disobedient subjects ought not to be heard further until their sovereign were present to speak for herself, adding, "Our own business is now at an end; and we will make no answer to anything others may say." They concluded by requiring a positive answer about Mary's coming; but Elizabeth quietly replied that it required consideration, and so dismissed them.

In December, Mary received private intelligence from her friends in the English Privy Council that a secret treaty had been concluded between her false brother Moray and Queen Elizabeth, for surrendering both Stirling Castle and the prince into the hands of the latter, and she wrote to the Earl of Mar as follows: "The natural love I bear my child, and my care for the preservation of that which it has pleased God to commit to my charge, impels me to write this letter to you, to inform you of things which, I doubt not, are concealed from you, or at least disguised by those in whom you confide the most. My son is about to be taken out of your hands and sent to this country, and the care of Stirling Castle committed to a garrison of foreigners. You know I confided both the one and the other to you from the trust I had in you and those belonging to you. However you may, through the persuasions of others, have departed from your first glow of loyalty, yet if there be still remaining in you some lingering feeling and remembrance of what I have shown I

bear to you, though you may not acknowledge it in my behalf, let it at least be testified in that of my son, of whom I pray you have the care to which your honor and the affection you owe your country oblige you. Take heed that you be not robbed of my son, either by force or fraud, for what I tell you is certain; the only question is how it is to be executed."

As it suited Mar's selfish interests to keep possession of the little king, in whose name the faction that had dethroned Mary governed Scotland, the pledge he had given her served as his pretext for opposing his nephew's secret treaty with Elizabeth, and he positively refused to give him up.

Having set her mind on getting the infant into her own hands, Elizabeth instructed Sir Francis Knollys to so intimidate the captive queen as to induce her to ratify her abdication, to continue to live in England as a private individual, consent that her son should retain his title of king, and that the Earl of Moray should continue to govern Scotland in his name. On these conditions the charges of the conspirators were to be silenced forever. Mary listened at first very patiently to the propositions Knollys made, particularly as he pretended that he thought it would be to her advantage to yield, and was assisted by Lord Scroope, who advised her by all means to do so, both for her own safety and that of her son. At last, however, she became indignant when she remembered her wrongs, and exclaimed, "Shall I resign for those rebels who have so shamefully belied me?" "No; your grace may do it out of respect for her majesty's advice," said Scroope, and then continued with many plausible reasons why she should. "Well," replied she, "I will make no answer for two days," and so departed to bed.

Soon after, Mary's courier, Borthwick, arrived at Bolton, bringing letters of importance from the Bishop of Ross. She remained in her own chamber the whole of that day, perusing the letters and conferring with the courier, Lord Boyd (one of her commissioners who had obtained permission to visit her), and Raulet, her faithful French secretary. In the evening she appeared cheerful, and repeated with lively satisfaction various friendly observations and favorable promises which she said the queen, her good sister, had made to the Bishop of Ross. One of these was: "I will have Mary a queen still, though her son should be associated in the regal title with her, and the Earl of Moray carry on the government with her in their joint names." "This is a great deal better than anything you have persuaded me to do," observed Mary to Knollys and Scroope. Upon this, Knollys actually took the liberty of lecturing his royal mistress for having allowed her sympathies to get the better of her.

[A.D. 1569.] Mary had written her commissioners to make a formal demand for copies of the letters which Moray and his colleagues had said were written by her. But Elizabeth said she must have time to consider the matter, and repeated the propositions that had already been made through Knollys. At first the commissioners refused to write them to Queen Mary, but on being pressed they consented, and the reply they received was as follows: "Trouble me no more about renouncing my crown, for I am resolutely determined rather to die, and that the last word I shall speak in life will be that of a Queen of Scotland."

This royal declaration of her captive cousin convinced Elizabeth that she could not yet annex Scotland to her dominion, nor entirely extinguish the political importance of her rival. She would not allow Mary to have copies of

the letters Moray and his party had forged, because she knew that they would not bear the test of calm investigation; she therefore directed Cecil to break up the conference, which he did on the 10th of January with the following announcement: "Inasmuch as there has been nothing as yet deduced against the confederate lords that might impair their honor and allegiance, so, on the other hand, there has been nothing sufficient produced by them against their sovereign whereby the Queen of England may conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen, her good sister, for anything she has yet heard."

This declaration was of the utmost importance as proving that, without even hearing Mary in her own defence, Elizabeth, Cecil, and the English commissioners were convinced that the evidence was false, and that the letters were forged. All the literary and diplomatic talent of Scotland and England combined had been arrayed against Mary Stuart, yet her adversaries had not succeeded in establishing the accusations they had brought against her.

It irritated Elizabeth to find how many of her noblemen were convinced of Mary's innocence, particularly when they said frankly that as a matter of justice, and for the honor of England, the Queen of Scots, having confided her cause to the arbitration of their sovereign, ought to be placed on her throne by her majesty's appointment. She was particularly annoyed with the Duke of Norfolk, the most important and popular nobleman in England, who was loud in Mary's defence. She took him to task for it, and he replied that he had no intention of offending her, his natural sovereign, but was minded to serve and honor her according to his duty, for the term of her natural life, but after her, the Queen of Scots, as most lawful in his opinion, and for the prevention of civil wars and great bloodshed that might otherwise fall out."

Elizabeth was very angry at this, but she dared not touch the influential nobleman just then; she vented her jealous fears on poor Mary, who was entirely in her power, and forthwith sent a peremptory order for her immediate removal from Bolton Castle to the gloomy fortress of Tutbury, in Staffordshire. Mary protested against this unwelcome change, declaring that she was a free princess, and would not be removed further from her own realm. But her objections were unavailing, and she was told that if she offered any resistance, she and her female attendant would be carried in their beds to a litter and locked in securely until they reached the new prison to which the English sovereign had assigned them. The captive queen wrote to her ambassador at the court of England, begging him to remonstrate with the cruel Elizabeth, though she must have felt that there was little mercy to be expected from that quarter.

CHAPTER XV.

[A.D. 1569.] FAR different from her treatment of Mary Stuart was that which Elizabeth bestowed on Moray and his confederates. They had been honored with no end of private audiences, and, after a grand farewell reception, they were dismissed with public tokens of regard. Elizabeth had, besides, graciously promised to maintain the usurper in the regency, and had rewarded him with a present of five thousand pounds. Nevertheless, he and his company dared not begin their homeward journey, even with the armed escort furnished by their royal patroness, for their conduct had aroused the indignation of Mary's partisans in the counties through which their route lay, and they received news that they were to be intercepted and slain. But Moray found a way to sneak out of danger. He addressed himself to the Duke of Norfolk, through their mutual friend, Throckmorton, with professions of penitence and regret for the course to which he said he had been reluctantly driven by the arts and subtle dealings of his associates in treason, declared himself weary of the position he occupied, and anxious for a reconciliation with his royal sister and sovereign, and desirous to join with her party for the purpose of restoring her to her throne. Norfolk caught at this bait, and consented to confer with the traitor.

A private meeting took place between them in the park at Hampton Court, where Moray repeated what he had said before, and declared that his sister Mary was the creature he loved best on earth and most desired to honor.

He also added: "On my return to Scotland, I shall propose a general convention of nobles for the purpose of sending deputies to the Queen of England, requesting her to make a perfect agreement between them and their queen, and to restore her to them. This, on my faith and honor, I engage to do, providing that I and all who have offended her majesty may be assured of her forgiveness. But there is danger of her choosing for her husband some great prince of France, Spain, or Austria, who would avenge the injuries she has received, and persuade her to alter the established religion; now, to avoid this, I desire to propose that you should marry her. I do this because I esteem you above any of the English nobles, because of the friendship that once existed between us, and the many benefits you were the means of procuring for me from the Queen of England when I was in exile. Moreover, you and I are of the same religion, which I trust you may induce Mary to embrace, and her subjects will receive the Duke of Norfolk in preference to any one of their nation."

As Norfolk had long been deeply enamored of Queen Mary, he was easily flattered by the consummate villain into the hope of marrying her, and so entered into an agreement with him, and wrote at once to the imprisoned queen, advising her to accept Moray's overtures for pardon and reconciliation.

Even while making his deceitful professions of penitence, Moray was doing his utmost to exasperate Queen Elizabeth by sending her more forged letters in Mary's name filled with complaints of her perfidious conduct during the conference. These were neither dated nor signed, but Elizabeth was only too ready to credit anything detrimental to her hated rival that would afford excuse for harsh treatment. Her ministers had taken special pains

to persuade her that Mary's real business in England was to contest the crown with her, and such a thought naturally angered her excessively. She now repeated her order for the captive's removal to Tutbury, and notwithstanding all her objections, Mary was forced to leave Bolton Castle on the 26th of January.

Her majesty and her devoted friend, Lady Livingstone, were both so ill that they were placed in litters, while the little train of French and Scotch attendants followed on horseback. A more dissatisfied band never traversed a wilder or more desolate country on a cold, bleak midwinter day. The person most to be pitied, after Mary, was Sir Francis Knollys, who had just buried his beloved and loving wife, and was in no frame of mind to bear the complaints of the indignant ladies, or to put unkind constraint on the will of the loveliest and most unfortunate queen in Christendom.

On arriving at Ripon, he informed Mary of the last letters that Elizabeth had received, as he had been instructed by that sovereign to do, though he knew that they were forged. Mary wrote at once to exonerate herself from ever having put anything in black and white that could possibly offend her majesty; and at the same time she begged that no harm might be done to her commissioners, but that they might be allowed to return in safety to Scotland.

Before leaving Ripon, Mary was surprised by a visit from Sir Robert Melville, who was charged with professions of penitence, affection, and offers of service from the Earl of Moray, as well as with his promise that if she would forgive and restore him to her favor, he would replace her on her throne, and make himself the instrument for accomplishing her marriage with his friend, the Duke of Norfolk.

Mary replied that she was sorry the Earl of Moray and his adherents had so far forgotten their duty towards her, who not only was their native princess, but had been a friend to him above all others; but yet she felt so lovingly towards her realm and her subjects that she would always use herself towards them as a mother to her children, so that they would frankly acknowledge their offence, and declare their intention to serve and obey her in the future; and if he would fulfil his promise by laboring for her restoration to her crown and realm, then she would use his advice in all her affairs, especially touching her marriage either with the Duke of Norfolk or any other honorable prince who might be thought most fit by her nobility for her honor and the weal of her realm. She added, "But I must decline to speak further on the subject of my marriage until I am restored to liberty and my throne." So far, so well; but she knew that Moray was a doomed man, and, much as he had injured, deceived, and belied her, she was willing to protect him. An escort of two thousand armed men could not have saved his life; but a few lines traced by her hand, captive though she was, averted every danger, and opened a way for him. Thus he was allowed to pass through the northern counties unmolested, though he saw armed forces sufficiently large to convince him that he could not possibly have escaped if they had persevered in their designs against his life.

After resting one day and two nights at Ripon, Mary was compelled to proceed on her journey. Lady Livingstone's illness was so seriously aggravated by the fatigue of travelling, and by exposure to cold, that she was left behind at Rotherham, and her royal mistress was reluctantly obliged to proceed without her.

On the 3d of February, eight days after her departure from Bolton Castle, Queen Mary arrived at Tutbury. She

was received as a prisoner of state by the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, her new keepers, to whom the custody of her person was formally consigned by Sir Francis Knollys.

George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was one of the richest and most avaricious members of the ancient nobility of England. He was naturally of a kind, courteous disposition; but he was excessively timid and cautious, a constitutional invalid, and completely under the control of his unamiable and jealous wife, to whom, in the decline of life, he had rashly ventured to become the fourth husband. By his first wife he had a large family, who were in the line of the royal succession, and related both to Queen Elizabeth and to Mary Stuart.

Lady Shrewsbury had been in the service of Queen Elizabeth, and her characteristics were thoroughly well known to that sovereign. Her third husband had left her a large fortune, which no doubt induced the Earl of Shrewsbury to seek her hand. She has been described as a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, selfish, jealous, and unfeeling. She was a house-builder, a dealer in real estate, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant in lead, coal, and timber. In consigning Mary to the jailership of the earl, Elizabeth calculated that, though he might yield to feelings of compassion, and be tempted to lighten the chains of his illustrious charge, he would be circumvented by his conjugal spy and tyrant.

Tutbury Castle being almost destitute of furniture and comforts, the following articles were sent from the royal wardrobe in the Tower of London for the use of the Queen of Scots: "Six pieces of tapestry hangings representing the Passion (lined with canvas), six pieces of tapestry hangings representing the history of Curtius, seven pieces of the same on which were depicted the story of Hercules,



DON CARLOS.

four large Turkey carpets, four beds and bolsters filled with feathers, four counterpanes lined with canvas, three crimson cloth-of-gold chairs, eight cloth-of-gold cushions, two stools embroidered with gold on satin, three footstools covered with tissue, twelve Turkish rugs, eight pairs of sheets of coarse holland, hooks to hang the curtains, and cords for the beds." Though Mary's arrival had been long expected, these articles did not reach Tutbury until considerably later, and the apartments she was doomed to occupy were damp and delapidated. The next day the queen was confined to her bed with neuralgia in her head and neck, accompanied by fever; and this was the beginning of many such attacks, consequent upon the unhealthy atmosphere of the prison.

After an unreasonable delay, Queen Mary's commissioners obtained license from Elizabeth to leave London, and repair to their royal mistress, to explain to her what had taken place at the conferences. They arrived at Tutbury Castle on the 7th of February. Though still suffering severely from her indisposition, Mary roused herself to examine the register in which their daily proceedings were recorded, and she was pleased to sign a testimonial expressing her approval of all that had been said and done in her behalf, though the success had not been what she had hoped.

When Sir Francis Knollys took leave of Mary, she asked him to inform the Earl of Shrewsbury that, previous to her removal from Bolton, a promise had been made to her that the same number of attendants were to be retained in her service, with liberty for her to send special messengers with letters to her friends in Scotland, and to Queen Elizabeth. Knollys denied having made such a promise, and Shrewsbury assured her that it was against his orders for her to hold any communication whatsoever

with her realm, adding: "And your majesty's commissioners cannot be allowed to remain here now that they have performed the business on which they came, but must depart immediately."

Mary wrote to Elizabeth, remonstrating against so many restrictions, which she thought must be the result of some misunderstanding. She repeated her readiness to prove her innocence, whenever she might be allowed to speak in her own defence, and, in a postscript, she added: "I have just learned that my cousin, the Duc de Châtelherault, notwithstanding your majesty's passport, has been arrested at York, and begs that he may be liberated, and permitted to proceed on his journey to his own country, whence he has been too long absent." He was, nevertheless, detained until after Moray's return to Scotland.

Mary now decided to send Lord Herries to Scotland with letters and instructions to her adherents there, to retain Lord Boyd to assist Lord Livingstone as her principal officers of state, and personal advisers, and to employ Lesley, Bishop of Ross, as her envoy to the court of England and elsewhere, as occasion and necessity might require. No sooner, however, had Lord Herries departed, than a sudden order arrived for Lord Boyd and the Bishop of Ross to withdraw to Burton-on-Trent, under pretence that they were suspected of desiring to effect the queen's escape, but, in reality, the object was to deprive her of the comfort of their society, and the benefit of their advice.

Mary instructed Lord Herries to see that her loyal adherents in Scotland attended the convention of nobles which the Earl of Moray was about to assemble, because it was to be the prelude to her restoration to liberty and her crown. Never was she more completely deceived; Moray did, indeed, summon the convention, but his pur-

pose was to entrap those peers whom he could not bribe from their allegiance to their captive sovereign. The majority of them distrusted him to such an extent that they paid no attention whatever to the summons; but the Duc de Châtelherault and Lord Herries, knowing that Mary and Norfolk had entered into a secret treaty with the regent, and being impressed with a firm belief in the sincerity of his intentions, boldly presented themselves at the convention. They had the mortification of discovering that their royal mistress had been the dupe of his perfidy, and of finding their names paraded as deserters from her cause, and members of his party. Herries wrote at once to explain the real state of the case to Mary, and sent her a copy of the proclamation put forth by Moray asserting that at the conference held in England she had been found guilty, and Queen Elizabeth had pronounced sentence against her.

Mary instantly addressed letters to Cecil and Elizabeth, complaining of this falsehood, which she sent by her faithful messenger, Borthwick. To the former she wrote as follows:—

“Having received a copy of a proclamation made by my rebels, and since, a letter from my Lord Herries, informing me of things to which I could not give faith, being so opposed to my expectations, from the promises that had been made to me to the contrary, I could not refrain from writing frankly to the queen, my good sister, for they are matters in honor and conscience touching me so sensibly that I could no longer suppress my complaints. I have charged this bearer to communicate these to you, praying you to hear him favorably, and to give credit to what he will tell you from me; and if to my misfortune the queen should regard my letters as importunate or disagreeable, as it has happened before, remind her that the

cause which moves me is the justice of my right, rather than the rudeness and freedom of my pen, doing this good office for me for no other reason than equity, that I may have a positive answer from the queen from whom I desire and hope to receive comfort, or at least determination. As for the false reports they have made of me, both in regard to things particular and general, I hope that Time, the father of truth, and my innocence will bring remedy. I will not therefore enter further into the subject, save to beg you, as I told your servant at Bolton, to reserve one ear for my use without partiality, and I hope my innocence and the sincerity of my conduct may merit better if they are closely considered by you and the other good servants of the queen, my sister."

To Elizabeth, she addressed herself in the style of an equal: "I send Borthwick, the bearer of this, to you, with the copy of some points contained in a proclamation made by my rebels, where they make mention of a sentence given by you on the cause in dispute, by them falsely represented in your presence and that of your council. I entreat you to read and consider it, and let me know your mind by this bearer. The case is too important to brook longer delay without understanding your intentions, both in respect to that, and for redress of the unjust proceedings of your ministers on the Borders. Those at Carlisle capture my servants, seize and open their letters, and send them to the court; far from what was promised and written to me, that it was not intended for me to have less liberty than before. Very different is the treatment of my rebels, with whom I do not think I am on an equality, for they have been well received by you, with liberty to come and go, and continually sent supplies of money, and, as they say, — which you will be pleased to see by this accompanying letter, — assured of

the support of men at their need. And thus are they maintained who have falsely accused and endeavored to brand me with infamy, while I, who came to throw myself into your arms, am refused the countenance which is given to these offenders. I shall be constrained, to my regret, to seek it elsewhere, if I am not, according to my hope and desire, promptly assisted by you. I am removed farther from my country, and detained, while your presence, so requisite to my justification, is denied; and at last all means are cut off and denied of hearing from my people, and making them understand my pleasure. I do not think I have deserved such treatment. I confided in you, and you have been pleased to support my rebels in all their enterprises against me, although I have done as you counselled, and refrained, in compliance with your request, from seeking any other aid than yours, not only desiring to please you, but to obey you, as a daughter would her mother. I might have had my adversaries so well saluted on the Border as to leave them small opportunity for levying soldiers for the ruin of my poor people." Then, with more sincerity than prudence, she concluded by again warning Elizabeth that, in the event of her continuing inexorable, she would seek succor elsewhere.

At the same time, Mary sent a letter by Borthwick to La Mothe Fénelon, the French ambassador, with whom she contrived, by the aid of friends, to keep up a secret correspondence, and on whom she always relied for correct information of passing events in France, England, and Scotland, much that was false being communicated to her from other quarters on purpose to deceive her. "When I hear of anything that is going on at a distance," she wrote to him, "I am always in doubt until I receive letters from you; for, though I do not believe all the reports and alarms they give me, I cannot help being

uneasy in the meantime. I am strictly guarded, as the bearer of this will tell you ; and they stop and search all messengers whom they suspect of having letters for or from me. If you and I had a cipher, I should not involve others in so much peril by writing to you."

At the end of a fortnight, Mary received Elizabeth's answer to her letter. She wrote : "Madam, — Having learned your grievances, and understanding that you are greatly annoyed about some words contained in the proclamations made by your subjects, signifying that I had given sentence against you, I am much astonished that you should have had so much trouble in fancying them to be true ; for if so be they have written them, how could it enter into your thoughts that I should have had so little value for my honor, or so much have forgotten my natural affection for you, as to condemn you before I heard your reply, and so little regard to order as to have concluded before I had begun." Then, entirely ignoring Mary's solemn denial of the denunciation of the accusing party, she observes : "I have awaited your declaration on the subject, and, in the meantime, have hushed up the case, and made Lord Moray and the others oblige themselves before myself and my council not to annoy the other party."

Mary was now removed to Wingfield Manor House, a strong, stately castle on the brow of a Derbyshire hill, in a wild out-of-the-way district, but commanding an extensive view of the picturesque valley of Ashover. Shortly after her removal, Mary wrote to La Mothe Fénelon, the French ambassador, telling him of the disastrous blow her cause had received in Scotland, on account of the success of the regent's treacherous plot for entrapping Lord Herries and the Duc de Châtelherault, whose conduct, she suspected, had been entirely misrepresented to her by Queen Eliza-

beth. She begs the ambassador to represent their case to the court of France, entreats his good offices to obtain succor for her royal friends at Dumbarton, and, by way of postscript, adds: "I have just received the advice herewith enclosed from the Earl of Huntley. I believe he will do as he says; for, besides the obligation he owes me for his life and property, he has a deadly feud with the Earl of Moray, who has done to death his father and his brother, and would do the like by him if he could, and exterminate his house. Huntley holds still in my name all the northern counties, and, with a little aid, would be able to possess himself of several other places of importance. If a junction could be made with him, from the side of Dumbarton, the whole of the west country would rise in my favor."

The letter which Mary enclosed to Fénelon shows what a brave, manly soldier Huntley was. He says: "I have before this written to your majesty of the trick the Duc de Châtelherault and his party have played, in agreeing with the Earl of Moray, of which I knew nothing, until they summoned me, one day, to Edinburgh; I entreat your majesty to make him explain his intentions; for being so far away, I cannot feel sure of any one. Therefore if I can avoid my total ruin, I will not do anything until I have your majesty's instructions. I entreat you not to take in evil part anything I may be forced to do, for be assured that, as long as I live, you will find me faithful to your service; for I would rather meet my death by the traitors than do aught to displease your majesty. However matters may have turned out, the Duc de Châtelherault has not acted honorably, either in your majesty's cause, or to me, which makes me humbly entreat that you will hasten the aid of France and Spain, and I will take everything on myself. Two thousand or even five hun-

dred men would suffice, with proper munitions. I entreat your majesty to be assured that my life and all I have are at your command."

All Mary had power to do was to exhort the true-hearted Huntley to continue firm in her cause, and she wrote to the same effect to the Earl of Argyll. Châtelherault informed her of his imprisonment, and begged her to intercede with Queen Elizabeth for his release. She promised to exert herself to the utmost in his behalf, and added: "Do not fear, be constant and faithful, and relief will come to you in one way or another."

As the Bishop of Ross had succeeded in exonerating himself from the charge of planning Mary's escape, he was sent as ambassador to the English court. He represented the outrage committed by Moray in arresting the loyal servants of his sovereign, and entreated Elizabeth to insist on their release; but, as usual, no notice was taken of his request, nor of the letter on the same subject from Mary.

Meanwhile, the Regent Moray followed up his daring and successful stroke of treachery by sweeping through Scotland with an enormous military force, robbing and destroying the goods and chattels of those who showed their good will towards their sovereign, and imposing on them such enormous taxes as it was out of the question for them to meet. Everything was in his hands, — all the queen's private property, the resources of her realm, and even her only child, whom he used as an excuse for his usurpation. At last, matters came to such a pass that Argyll and even Huntley despaired of ever being able to accomplish their sovereign's liberation, and, terrified by the treatment of Châtelherault, Lord Herries, and other noble loyalists, considered it best to yield to the force of circumstances. They therefore signed a treaty on the

10th of May, consenting to acknowledge Moray's authority.

Strange to say, on that same day, the queen was attacked with a severe fit of vomiting and convulsions, which prostrated her so dreadfully that it was feared she would die. After twenty-four hours she appeared better, but on the day following she had a relapse, and her death was reported in London. Queen Elizabeth manifested great concern, and even sent her own physician to examine into the case ; but by the time he arrived, the invalid was better. Then her majesty wrote a letter of congratulation to Mary, in which she said : " I praise God that I heard nothing of your danger until the worst was past, for such news would have given me little content ; but if any such bad accident as your death had befallen you in this country, I verily believe I should have deemed my days too long. I rely much on the goodness of God, that I may not be permitted to fall into such a trouble, and that he will preserve me in the good opinion of the world to the end of my career."

Well did she know that if her captive's sudden and mysterious illness had proved fatal, all the world would have said that poison had been administered by her order, and it would not have been easy to exonerate herself from such an imputation.

When Mary recovered, she had so little money that she was unable to pay the two extra physicians whom the Earl of Shrewsbury had summoned, when alarmed at her symptoms. She despatched Borthwick to London to inform Lesley, Bishop of Ross, of her destitute condition. Having no means to spare, Lesley informed the Duke of Norfolk of the captive sovereign's distress. " Neither the Queen of Scots, nor any of her faithful followers, shall lack," was the reply of the generous peer, who

handed two hundred pounds to the messenger, for her use. To this he shortly added three hundred pounds more, forty of which Borthwick claimed for his own services.

Mary also sent her secretary, Raulet, to France to borrow money, but he only wasted his time in fruitless endeavors. Then Lesley, Bishop of Ross, obtained from the Spanish ambassador a bill of exchange for ten thousand Italian crowns, drawn on Roberto Rodolphi, a near relation of the house of Medicis, and the secret minister of the pope in England. With this money the queen discharged her debt to Norfolk, and sent relief to many of her impoverished adherents in Scotland; but it was dearly paid for, by entangling her and her followers in the intrigues of the Roman Catholics for breaking her engagement with Norfolk and marrying her to Don John of Austria. The object of this plot was to place Mary at the head of the papal revolt that was on the eve of breaking out in the northern counties.

But Mary had no intention of disturbing the government of Elizabeth, with whom she now entered into a treaty, through her representative, Lesley, for her restoration to liberty and her crown. The conditions were that she was to consent to associate her infant with herself in the sovereignty of Scotland, and permit her brother to assist in the government; to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, and submit to various other demands, to which she had previously objected. A great part of the month of May was spent by the English council in deliberating on the terms which their sovereign had dictated, and several clauses were added for the satisfaction of Moray and his party. Mary guaranteed pardon to all who had offended her, promised that no alteration should be made in the established religion, consented to render Bothwell's banishment perpetual, and to procure a divorce from him.



DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

At last everything was considered settled by the English council and the Bishop of Ross, even John Wood professing himself satisfied; but Elizabeth put in a protest, declaring that she had some doubts about Mary's having ceded her claims on the crown of England to the Duc d'Anjou. It will be remembered that Henry II. of France, taking an unfair advantage of Mary's youth and inexperience, had obtained her signature, previous to her marriage with his son, the Dauphin Francis, bequeathing her rights in Scotland and Ireland to him and his successors, in the event of her dying without lawful issue. It was to this document that Elizabeth referred.

At Mary's request, a paper was drawn up and sent over by the Duc d'Anjou, fully exonerating his well beloved sister, the Queen of Scotland, from ever having made any transfer of her rights to him. And Mary addressed letters to Cecil and the privy council of England, containing a formal denial of having done so. Her party amongst the English aristocracy was now daily on the increase, both in strength and importance, and this was the best proof that no credit was attached to the monstrous charges brought against her at the conferences. Elizabeth's ungenerous treatment of her offended people of the reformed faith, as well as of her own. Here was a lovely, intellectual, liberal-minded princess held a prisoner, in defiance of the laws of nations, by a sister sovereign, with whom she was not at war, and on whose protection she had voluntarily thrown herself, when compelled to seek refuge from the insatiate malice of the ungrateful traitors whom she had pardoned, recalled from exile, and restored to their estates. Her brother had been supported in his usurpation and shameful treatment of her loyal subjects, while she was insulted and dragged from one prison to another, prevented from receiving letters from her friends,

browbeaten and frightened by her keepers, and plied with deceitful professions of friendship and assistance from Elizabeth, for the sole purpose of inducing her to consent to a forced abdication, and to resign her title to the English succession. Never had an unfortunate princess been subjected to such shameful treatment before, and right-minded people regarded it as a national disgrace. A century later such proceedings on the part of a sovereign and her premier would have been seriously investigated by Parliament; but as that body was subservient to the will of the crown in the sixteenth century, a confederacy of the great nobles took the law in their own hands. They agreed to settle the succession of the realm on Mary Stuart if she would pledge herself to the following articles:—

“To give ample surety to the Queen of England and her heirs for the crown of England.

“That a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, be made between them and their heirs.

“That the reformed religion be established in Scotland.

“That her subjects in Scotland be reconciled to her and accepted in as great favor as ever they were.

“That she procure the renunciation of the Duc d’Anjou to the crown of England.

“And lastly, because it was feared that the Queen of Scotland would marry with some foreign prince, that she should consent to accept some nobleman of England, especially the Duke of Norfolk, who is of the first of the nobility of that realm, and of all others the most fit, and no doubt the most agreeable to the Queen of England.”

When these articles were presented to Lesley by the associate English nobles, he said that as some of them were very important, he could not agree to them without consulting the queen, his mistress; he therefore requested

that they be sent for her consideration by a messenger of their own, adding: "In the meantime, I will inform her thereof, and I doubt not she will return a reasonable answer."

Letters from Leicester and other great noblemen, besides some handsome gifts, accompanied these articles, and were carried to Queen Mary by Mr. Cavendish. Her answer was sent to London by Lord Boyd, and delivered by him and Lesley to the lords who had taken her cause in hand. She wrote that in respect to the proposals made to her by the council, she agreed to give security for the Queen of England's title. As to the league with England, she would inform the King of France, and would do her best to have it so arranged as to include him therein; for otherwise her nobility of Scotland would hardly be persuaded to agree to it; and she had procured the renunciation by the Duc d'Anjou of the alleged title. As for the establishment of the religion, she had already satisfied her subjects in Scotland, by acts and statutes made in Parliament for that purpose, and if anything further were required, she would do it on her return. With regard to her marriage, she said that she had been so sorely vexed by her marriages in times past that she was loath to think of such matters, being rather of mind to live a solitary life for the rest of her days; yet, nevertheless, all other things being agreed and concluded to her reasonable satisfaction, she was content to comply with the advice of the nobility of England, in favor of her marriage with the Duke of Norfolk, whom she liked the better because he was well reported of, and beloved by the nobility of his own country; and she desired them to learn the Queen of England's pleasure on the subject; for unless her majesty were well disposed to it, she feared the Duke of Norfolk might fare the worse for such expressions of good will and

favor as she might give utterance to, particularly as she remembered the sad experience of her marriage with Lord Darnley.

The nobles assured her that there was no difficulty in this instance, as Elizabeth's great fear was lest she should enter into either a French, Spanish, or Austrian marriage, and that, through Leicester's influence with his royal mistress, everything might in time be accomplished. Mary then gave this promise, that as soon as her marriage with Bothwell could be lawfully dissolved, she would become the consort of the Duke of Norfolk.

She lost no time in applying to the pope to release her from the abhorrent wedlock into which she had been forced, and at the same time she despatched a messenger to Denmark, who succeeded in inducing Bothwell to draw up and sign a document consenting to a dissolution of their marriage. The king and all the royal family of France expressed their approval of Mary's intended union with the Duke of Norfolk, and even the King of Spain pretended to favor it, although he continued to recommend his brother, Don John of Austria. A contract of marriage was executed by the duke and sent to Mary for her signature, together with a costly diamond. She signed the contract and accepted the jewel, which she wore suspended about her neck until the night before her execution. The contract was consigned to the care of the French ambassador and after that, letters and tokens were frequently exchanged between the newly plighted couple.

CHAPTER XVI.

[A. D. 1569.] THE contract between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk was executed without the knowledge of the English lords who had proposed the marriage, and this was rash and unwise. One of the principal agents employed in carrying letters and presents back and forth was Mr. Cavendish, or, as he was commonly called, Candish, a relative of Lady Shrewsbury's third husband. Not wishing to incur any risk for himself, the Earl of Shrewsbury thought proper to put a stop to his frequent visits to Wingfield Manor unless he was provided with a letter or warrant from Queen Elizabeth or her council. He therefore wrote on the subject to her majesty, who replied: "I approve of your preciseness in regard to Candish, but I am content that he should be used as before," thus intimating that he was employed in her service and playing a double game. She had previously expressed surprise and displeasure on learning that visitors had been admitted to the Queen of Scots, whose presence-chamber had become the resort of the aristocracy and gentry of all the neighboring districts. Among these was a relation of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a Roman Catholic named Leonard Dacre, generally called "Dacre with the crooked back," because he was deformed.

One day, when the captive queen was taking her walk on the leads of Wingfield Manor House, Leonard Dacre joined her, and, speaking in an undertone, assured her of his devotion to her service, and offered to assist her in

making her escape, not only from her prison, but from England, if she would confide herself to his direction. He explained his plan, which had been arranged with the Earl of Northumberland and others, and said that, in consequence of his intimacy with the Earl of Shrewsbury's family, he had been able to win over certain of the servants, so that he could get her out of the house, with one of her ladies, without difficulty, and that horses were already provided. The Earl of Northumberland had promised, also, that twenty of his household band, with a relay of twenty spare horses, swift and sure, should be privately sent to a secret place of rendezvous, where they would meet her if she had sufficient courage to undertake the venture. She was to escape in the dress of one of her ladies, who was to remain in her place, and personate her in order to delay pursuit.

The time was most favorable, for the Earl of Shrewsbury had become paralyzed after an attack of inflammation of the brain, and his countess, after waiting more than a month for permission from Elizabeth to remove him to the baths of Buxton, at last became reckless of everything but the distressing state of his health, and carried him off before the arrival of a deputy jailer to take his place. Had Mary displayed the same amount of pluck now as she did at Lochleven, success would have been certain; but she hesitated on account of a romantic notion of the duty and obedience to which she considered her affianced husband entitled. Therefore she would not give a decided answer until she had consulted him. Norfolk, suspecting that Dacre was deceiving the queen, replied that he could by no means approve of her escape, as he believed Leonard Dacre's purpose was to carry her out of the realm in order to deliver her to the Duke of Alva in Flanders, or to the King of Spain, in which case

her marriage with Don John of Austria would follow as a matter of course. Mary suffered herself to be influenced by his decision, and so declined Dacre's tempting offer. She knew that the extreme Roman Catholic party, whose instrument Dacre was, secretly opposed her marriage with Norfolk, and that, if she permitted herself to fall into their hands, she would have to resign him, and adopt the extreme measures which the re-establishment of their religion would prescribe.

At this time Captain Philip Stirley, a chosen spy in the service of Queen Elizabeth, arrived at Wingfield, and so wormed himself into the confidence of Mary's friends in the neighborhood, that he found out all about the enterprise for her deliverance, and the assistance the Earl of Westmoreland was ready to offer.

Mary's party continued to increase in England, where she had become an object of general sympathy and popular interest. An overpowering majority in the privy council compelled Elizabeth not only to allow Mary's deputy, Lord Boyd, to proceed to Scotland, but to make him the bearer of letters from herself to the Regent Moray and his council, containing the following propositions : —

“First, that they should restore Queen Mary to her royal estate, or associate her in the sovereignty with her son, the administration to remain with the Earl of Moray till the prince completed his seventeenth year; or that Mary might return to Scotland to live as a private person, with honorable treatment and a suitable allowance.” There was too perfect an understanding between Elizabeth and the regent for her not to feel sure that every one of these conditions would be rejected by the party to whom she pretended to dictate them.

Lord Boyd was accompanied back to Scotland by John

Wood, who affected great friendship for Mary. With his usual duplicity, the regent advocated the propriety of agreeing to the treaty brought by Boyd for the queen's restoration, but he secretly exerted his influence to have it negatived by his confederates in the convention. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the nobles of Scotland were on Mary's side, and a section of the other party was ready to join them. Many of the great nobles of England had sent letters to Moray by his secretary, Wood, assuring him of their affection for his sister, and urging him to render himself the instrument of her restoration to the throne of Scotland if he would escape the ruin that threatened her enemies.

Elizabeth, fancying that she had cause to suspect Moray of favoring the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk, made Cecil write to her ambassador, Drury, to express her surprise and displeasure. The traitor's real intentions were soon explained, and he hastened to assure the angry sovereign that his professions of friendship for the duke were insincere. She sent for Norfolk and upbraided him with seeking to marry the Queen of Scots without her leave. With the lack of moral courage which usually marked his conduct, he denied the charge, protested that he had no affection for the Queen of Scots, nor any desire of making her his wife. He also spoke with contempt of the poverty of her realm, and boasted of his own wealth and possessions, observing: "My own estates in England are worth little less than the whole of Scotland; marry, when I am in mine own bowling-alley at Norwich, I feel myself no whit inferior to a prince." It would have been wiser if he had made an honest statement of the facts, particularly as Leicester, who had undertaken to do so, delayed under one pretence or another until the matter appeared mysterious. Elizabeth had, therefore, cause for

displeasure ; for the present she affected to believe Norfolk's denial.

When Leicester discovered that the Regent Moray had betrayed the secret of the engagement to Elizabeth, he feigned illness, and earnestly requested the honor of a private visit from his royal mistress, as he had something of great importance to communicate to her. She went to him, and as she sat by his bedside, he told her, with sighs and tears, that his illness proceeded from anxiety of mind, being conscious of having violated his duty to her by consenting to an intrigue for a marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots, without her knowledge, for which he was deeply penitent, and implored her forgiveness. But he did not let her know that he had been requested by Norfolk and the associate nobles to communicate the matter to her majesty. The Spanish ambassador happened at this time to mention his master's suit, whereupon Elizabeth angrily exclaimed : "I would advise the Queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she may chance to find some of her friends shorter by a head." On this ominous hint, Norfolk and others of the great nobles who had espoused Mary's cause thought it prudent to retire from the court.

Before his departure, however, Norfolk sent secretly to Mary's ambassador, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, to come and confer with him after supper at his house. Lesley was met by a gentleman in the duke's service, who conducted him by a private entrance into a gallery, where the duke met him and said that his servant, Robertson, had brought him a ring from the Queen of Scots without any letter or message, and he was greatly perplexed thereby. Moreover, she had sent him, two or three days before, a cushion embroidered by herself, with the royal arms of Scotland, beneath which there was a hand holding a knife, and

pruning a vine; there was also a Latin motto. Lesley deciphered it as applying to the queen's case, signifying that the vine was improved by the discipline to which it was subjected, as, in the language of Scripture, "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Her meaning in sending the ring, it was impossible for him to understand at the time. Soon after Lesley's return to his own lodgings, one of Mary's confidential servants arrived with a private message for the duke, to whose house Lesley took him immediately. The message was that when she might have been carried away by Leonard Dacre and his friends, it was not permitted, and now she was to be put into the hands of her enemies, the Earl of Huntingdon, who pretended a title to the crown of England, and Viscount Hereford, who had said one night at supper, at Wingfield, that the Duke of Norfolk would ere long be cut shorter, and frustrated of his enterprise, which was, as he had been informed, to carry the Queen of Scots away with the aid of ten thousand men.

The next day, September 21, Mary was removed under a strong military guard back to Tutbury, where the Earl of Huntingdon had already arrived with a warrant to supersede the Earl of Shrewsbury as her jailer. In obedience to a positive order from Queen Elizabeth, these two earls entered Mary's apartments, and ransacked all her desks, drawers, and boxes, in search of letters from Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel, Pembroke, and other English nobles; but they failed to find any.

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were so displeased at the constraint Huntingdon's presence imposed on them, that they began to take sides with Mary, and certainly helped her to send and receive letters. Thus she was able to communicate with the French ambassador, which she did in cipher, as follows: "I know not whether

you are aware how uncivilly I have been treated, my desks and coffers ransacked, my servants menaced and driven away, and myself forbidden to write or receive letters. I am here at Tutbury in charge of Lord Huntingdon, from whom I have great fears for my life; I pray you, therefore, to consult with those whom you know to be my friends, and tell the Queen of England that if any harm befalls me, being in the hands of those who are suspected of wishing me ill, that she will be reputed by the king, my brother-in-law, and all other princes, the cause of my death. Use your own discretion in advertising the Duke of Norfolk, and warn him to take care of himself, for he is threatened with the Tower.

“Communicate with the Bishop of Ross, for I do not know whether he is aware of it. I have sent four of my servants to him, but fear they have not succeeded, for Borthwick was stopped and searched, but he had hidden his letters by the way, and I have found means of having them withdrawn. I have written to the King and Queen-Mother of France, and have sent the packet for you to deliver. I beseech you also to move the ambassador of the King of Spain to plead in my behalf, for my life is in danger here. I pray you to encourage and advise my friends to hold themselves prepared, and to do for me now or never. Keep this letter secret, that no one know of it, or I shall be more strictly guarded. If I remain longer here, I shall lose not only my kingdom but my life, but, worst of all, the means of helping my faithful subjects. Since I began this, Huntingdon has returned with absolute charge of me given to him by Queen Elizabeth. I pray you to represent the injustice and violation of the laws of the country in putting me into the hands of one who makes the same pretensions to the crown that I do. You are aware also of the difference in our faith.”

Most of Mary's correspondence was carried on by means of the two or three ships which Shrewsbury and his money-making countess had plying between the different ports of England to dispose of the rich mineral products of their estates.

Mary made another appeal to Elizabeth, but it was of no avail; and the Duke of Norfolk had neither the courage nor the decision to insure success. He wrote an apology to the queen for not attending her at Windsor, as she had commanded; thereupon, she sent an order for him to do so at once. He pleaded illness as an excuse, and sent to ask Cecil whether he would incur any risk by obeying. Cecil assured him that he would not, and advised him not to delay. Thus encouraged, he began his journey, though faithful friends tried to detain him, and on reaching Burnham he was arrested. He now reaped the bitter fruit of his own vacillating conduct, and of suffering himself to be lured into a series of intrigues by Moray, who took every pains to cast suspicion upon his actions. Elizabeth's council expressed it as their opinion that he had not done anything for which the law could inflict a severe penalty. "Away!" exclaimed her majesty, "what the law cannot do, my authority shall effect." And her excitement was so great that she fainted, and restoratives had to be applied in the council-chamber.

Several other noblemen were arrested, and closely questioned; but all agreed in exonerating Mary from any desire to stir up sedition against the Queen of England. When the Bishop of Ross was interrogated by Cecil and others, he boldly replied, "Ye know well that the project of this marriage originated neither with the Queen of Scots, my sovereign, nor with me, but was presented both to her majesty and to me by the principal lords of the council and of the realm of England."

When Mary heard of Norfolk's arrest, she was dreadfully distressed, and managed to convey a letter to him expressing her sorrow, the more so, she said, because it was in her cause. She added that she was in hopes of effecting her escape, and that if he could get out of the Tower she would risk it; otherwise, not, for she would not leave him in danger, even to save her own life. He replied, dissuading her from making the attempt, and warning her that the friends on whom she relied might, in spite of their fair promises, leave her in the lurch when the time of peril came.

Several of Mary's letters were smuggled into the Tower in ale bottles, the corks of those that contained them being marked with a minute cross; and the answers were returned in the same way. They were all in cipher; and the correspondence was carried on through the agency of Cuthbert, secretary to the Bishop of Ross, a tall countryman, a servant of Sir Henry Neville, the jailer's maid, and one or two other female servants in the Tower.

The dangerous situation in which Mary was at this period is apparent by the reply of the Spanish ambassador, when the Earl of Northumberland confided to him his intention to take her out of prison by force. "I cannot advise such a thing," he said, "for it would surely cause her instantly to be put to death." The only hope, therefore, was in a stratagem; and the Countess of Northumberland thought out one or two, but they were found to be impracticable.

Soon after Norfolk's arrest, a meeting of Mary's friends took place near the estate of the Earl of Northumberland to consider what course to adopt. Norfolk had sent them word on no account to rise in his defence, or he would lose his head. It would have been well had the prisoner

been obeyed; but the Countess of Westmoreland, Norfolk's sister, begged that the rising might not be abandoned, and in an agony of grief exclaimed, "We and our country be shamed forever!" This passionate reproach induced her lord and others to persevere in their fatal course. Their aim was to get possession of the person of Mary; but she did her utmost to dissuade them from such an undertaking, for she feared that the life of Norfolk would be endangered thereby, and her own condition aggravated.

On the 14th of November, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland raised their standard of insurrection, and, supported by a wild muster of the Catholic population, advanced towards Tutbury. Shrewsbury at once informed Cecil of this; but before his messenger could have reached London, he and Huntingdon received a warrant to remove the Scottish Queen to Coventry, under a strong guard, and lodge her in the castle there.

No time was allowed for preparation of any sort. The journey was begun on the 24th, the very day the order was received. But on their arrival at Coventry, the castle was found to be in such a ruinous condition, and so totally destitute of furniture that it was impossible to lodge their illustrious prisoner there; and the two earls took her to the Black Bull Inn, where she was safely guarded until further instructions could be obtained. In reply to their letters, Elizabeth wrote angrily, and, after taking them severely to task for placing Mary in so public a place, directed them to remove her to the Grayfriars, or some other convenient house, but not, on any account, to take her nearer to London. The Countess of Shrewsbury, who had accompanied her lord to Coventry, wrote on the 9th of December to Cecil to certify that the removal of the Queen of Scots from Black Bull Inn to a house in Coven-

try had been accomplished, and all possible measures taken for her safe and sure keeping.

Mary's new prison was an antique mansion, adjoining St. Mary's Hall. Her bed-chamber connected with those of her ladies; and a small private staircase led to the hall where the prisoner took her walks, the only exercise allowed to her. She was always attended by her keepers, and all communication with strangers was strictly prohibited. She had twenty-five of her Scotch and French servants in attendance, besides her cook, butlers, and other officers of the kitchen. In spite of the vigilance of her jailers, however, Mary contrived to continue her correspondence with Norfolk in the Tower of London, and with the friendly French ambassador.

At Coventry she spent her twenty-seventh birthday and a most melancholy Christmas. Meanwhile, the ill judged northern rebellion was risked, which ended in the exile or execution of some of Mary's warmest friends in England, discouraged others, and placed her own life in jeopardy. Indeed, a warrant for putting her to death was actually prepared by Elizabeth's ministers, and sanctioned by her majesty's Great Seal; but, in order to spare herself the odium of shedding the blood of an anointed sovereign, a more convenient method was resorted to.

The Regent Moray had proposed that Mary be sent back to Scotland; and Elizabeth now informed him that, if he would come himself to Hull to receive her, she would be brought there, and delivered into his hands. This, however, he dared not do; for the populace would have torn him limb from limb if he had brought their beloved queen back in the manner proposed. He therefore stipulated for her to be consigned to his tender mercies by an English army, whose support he needed badly.

[A.D. 1570.] The arrival of a packet of letters for the Queen of Scots, some of which her keepers wrote Cecil they could not read, being in cipher, was the signal for her immediate removal back to her old prison at Tutbury. She reached this place on the 2d of January, without any attempt at rescue having been made on the road. Before the close of the month, Moray was assassinated at Linlithgow.

Mary shed tears when she received the news of her brother's tragic fate, and, forgetting for the moment his treachery and ingratitude, expressed her sorrow at his untimely end, and said, "I wish he might have been spared for repentance and acknowledgment of his faults." Now, nothing but her detention in an English prison prevented her restoration to her throne. Elizabeth knew this perfectly well, and, when the King of France sent his ambassador to comfort Mary, and to proceed to Scotland, for the purpose of making an amicable treaty with the rebel lords for her restoration, he was not permitted to see her.

As soon as Moray's death transpired, the Duc de Châtelherault, with the Earls of Huntley and Argyll, marched under their queen's banner to Edinburgh, where Kirkaldy of Grange, the governor of the castle, eager to atone for his former treason, received them as friends. Others crossed the border in hostile array, but did not proceed far enough to join Leonard Dacre, who had begun a fresh insurrection at the head of three thousand men. Had they done so, he might have succeeded; but as it was, he barely escaped with his life to Scotland.

Meanwhile, several attempts were made to rescue the queen; and two gentlemen of Lancashire long kept a ship at Liverpool ready to carry her to France or Flanders, if only she could be got out of prison. But she

invariably consulted Norfolk, who, fearing for his own head, selfishly represented the great risk she would incur, and his extreme doubt of her being able to quit England alive, always adding that, if she would be quiet and content where she was for a year or two, he doubted not God would put it into his sovereign's head to deal with her in such manner as would content her and her friends. One reason for opposing Mary's chances of rescue was his jealous fear lest she should be carried off by the Roman Catholic party, and married to Don John of Austria, or to one of the French princes.

A convention of nobles was held at Dalkeith, when Argyll and Boyd proposed that their queen should be brought back to reign in Scotland; and this would certainly have been carried into effect had not Elizabeth sent Sussex, at the head of seven thousand choice troops, to the loyal districts of Scotland, to compel Mary's adherents to submit to the authority of the traitors in power. This invading force mercilessly laid more than five hundred villages in ashes, besides the castles of the nobles, and brought in the Earl of Lennox, whom it was the pleasure of Queen Elizabeth to appoint as regent. The French ambassador, Fénelon, took the liberty of representing to her, in his sovereign's name, the wrong she had committed in attacking Queen Mary's friends in Scotland, whereupon she disclaimed having given any such instructions, and wrote to Sussex, lamenting that he had gone so far. The English army was now recalled, and the Bishop of Ross was again admitted to Elizabeth's presence; but in reply to his petition, in the name of the Scottish nobles, for the return of their queen, Randolph was instructed to say that the queen, his mistress, was about to open negotiations for a general reconciliation.

The Earl of Huntingdon was discharged from his office

of jailer, and the sole charge of Mary was once more entrusted to the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, who obtained permission to remove her to their stately castle of Chatsworth. Two plans were now formed, one by English gentlemen, the other by Italians, for effecting Mary's escape; but, as usual, she would not budge without the approval of her lover. Meanwhile, he had been removed from the Tower to his own house in Norfolk, there to remain a state prisoner, in charge of Sir Henry Neville. He had purchased this favor by signing a bond, solemnly promising neither to marry the Queen of Scots, nor to concern himself in her affairs in the future, without the knowledge and consent of Elizabeth. This pledge he violated as soon as he had an opportunity to correspond with his lady love.

In the month of July, Mary sent some beautiful specimens of her needlework to the English sovereign, which were graciously accepted, and very much admired. It was with this occupation that she spent many a weary hour of her prison life; and her embroidery was both skilful and tasteful.

Mary's cause was still so popular in Scotland that the majority of the nobles refused to obey Lennox, and summoned a Parliament to meet, in her name, at Linlithgow. Then Cecil and Sir Walter Mildmay were sent to Chatsworth by Elizabeth to negotiate personally with the captive queen, who now met for the first time the premier she had so often denounced as the planner of her ruin. After presenting their credentials, they began to reproach Mary with ingratitude to their royal mistress. She burst into tears, and complained bitterly of the treatment she had endured, and the condition to which she was reduced. They blamed Norfolk; but she defended his conduct and her own, and inveighed against the treacherous arts that

had been practised by the Earl of Moray. As for the proposed treaty for her restoration to her throne, she said, "Everything depends on the Queen of England, whose power in Scotland is even greater than in her own realm." On being informed that she could not be liberated unless she would consent that Edinburgh and Dumbarton castles should be given up to an English garrison, she indignantly replied, "The Queen of England must then work her will on me ; for it shall never be said that I have brought that realm into bondage of which I am the native sovereign."

The ministers had brought ten conditions for Mary to sign, the most important of which was that her son should be brought to England, there to remain as hostage for his royal mother. She replied that although the prince, her son, was the dearest thing she had on earth, yet, in consideration of the tender love borne to him by the Queen of England, she would consent, if he were allowed to be under the government of two or three lords or gentlemen of Scotland, one of them to be named by herself, and the others according to the advice of the Earl of Lennox and the Earl of Mar. The bereaved mother then added the following request: "The Queen's Majesty of Scotland desires most earnestly that she may see her son, whom she hath not seen this long time, before her departure from this realm."

Matters progressed so favorably with regard to the treaty that Mary wrote affectionately to Elizabeth, expressed her hope that her imprisonment might soon end, and repeated her request for a personal interview. But Elizabeth was not a whit more kindly disposed towards her than she had been on her arrival in England, and she had no thought of treating her either as a relation or a guest. She showed this very plainly in her answer to the French

ambassador, who, in the name of his sovereign, urged Mary's restoration to her throne. "I am astonished," she replied, angrily, "that the King of France can take the cause of the Queen of Scots so much to heart without considering the great offences she has committed against me, first by claiming a right to my realm, then by stirring up my own subjects against me." She knew that the last charge was false, because all her prisoners had sworn, even on the scaffold, that the Queen of Scots had done all in her power to prevent the late insurrection.

In the midst of the anxious negotiations which worried her, in the month of October, Mary had the misfortune to lose her faithful servant, John Beton, the master of her household, and one of the most active and useful of the true-hearted Scottish cavaliers who had forsaken their country to share her adversity and wait upon her, without pay, in her English prisons. She nursed and tended him in his last illness, and was one of the saddest mourners at his death-bed.

Cecil and Mildmay remained nearly three weeks at Chatsworth, conferring almost daily with the royal prisoner; but nothing was settled, and it became clear, from a letter which the premier wrote to Shrewsbury, after his return to London, that there was not the slightest intention on his part of restoring Mary to liberty.

The gentlemen of Derbyshire formed a confederacy for the liberation of the fair captive; but their plan was imprudently confided by Mr. Rolleston to his son, one of Queen Elizabeth's band of pensioners, who denounced it. In consequence, although Mary was suffering from a dreadful attack of neuralgia, she was removed to Sheffield, and lodged in the manor house, situated nearly in the centre of a well wooded park, with long avenues of oak and walnut trees leading up to it.



MARY IN PRISON.

The sharp, bleak air of this new prison was very unfavorable to Mary's malady, and she grew so much worse that she desired to prepare herself for death, and the Bishop of Ross was summoned to her bedside. He took with him from London two eminent physicians, whose skilful treatment effected her recovery.

Of course Mary's sufferings were aggravated by the anxiety and care she had endured for many months, and this last attack seemed to have been caused by the intelligence she had received that Buchanan had been appointed her son's tutor. She writes thus on the subject to Fénelon: "Master George Buchanan, who troubled himself to write against me for the sake of pleasing the late Earl of Moray and other rebels, and who continues, by all possible means, to demonstrate his ill will towards me, has been placed with my son as his preceptor, which I cannot wish to be permitted, nor that my son should learn anything from *his* school. I pray you request the Queen of England to have another put in his place. The said Buchanan is old, and has more need of repose than to torment himself with a child." Her petition was unavailing, for Buchanan had purchased his appointment by his ability in defaming her character.

Elizabeth's great object in pretending to arrange a treaty between Mary and her rebel lords was to get possession of the little prince. Mary said: "He is in the hands of my rebels; it is useless to require him of me." And when Morton was pressed to give him up as a hostage for his royal mother's restoration to her realm, he declared that the matter would have to be submitted to Parliament, as he had no power to take so important a step, and he requested permission to return to Scotland for that purpose. But Mary objected seriously to this move, for she would not recognize the acts of a Parlia-

ment convened by any other authority than her own, and she wrote a spirited letter to Elizabeth on the subject.

While the discussion was pending, Mary's cause received a fatal blow. The fortress of Dumbarton was surprised, and the brave gentlemen who had held it in her name for nearly four years were captured, excepting Lord Fleming, who scrambled down the rock, and escaped. Mary's secret correspondence with Lord Claud Hamilton and her other friends, informing them of aid promised by the Duc d'Alva, now fell into the hands of Lennox, and, being sent to Cecil, furnished the first clew to the intrigues into which the captive queen had entered with the Spanish government when she despaired of aid from other quarters. There were letters of hers besides, in which she expressed her indignation at the hard treatment she had received in England. At the same time, the project for her escape from Sheffield, which was to have been attempted the ensuing Easter, was discovered, and the Earl of Shrewsbury removed her at once, in spite of her remonstrance, from the lodge in the park to the castle.

Mary's distress was great, but it would have been still greater had she known of what had happened to the Bishop of Ross. His secretary, Bailly, who had been on a mission to Flanders, was arrested at Dover on his return, and as he was the bearer of letters in cipher from the Duc d'Alva to Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Spanish ambassador, he was carried to the Marshalsea for examination. Lord Burleigh, as Cecil must henceforth be styled (having been elevated to the peerage), could get no confession from Bailly, in spite of threats and promises; but when the unfortunate man was taken to the Tower and put to the torture of the rack, he made

such disclosures as led to the arrest of the Bishop of Ross.

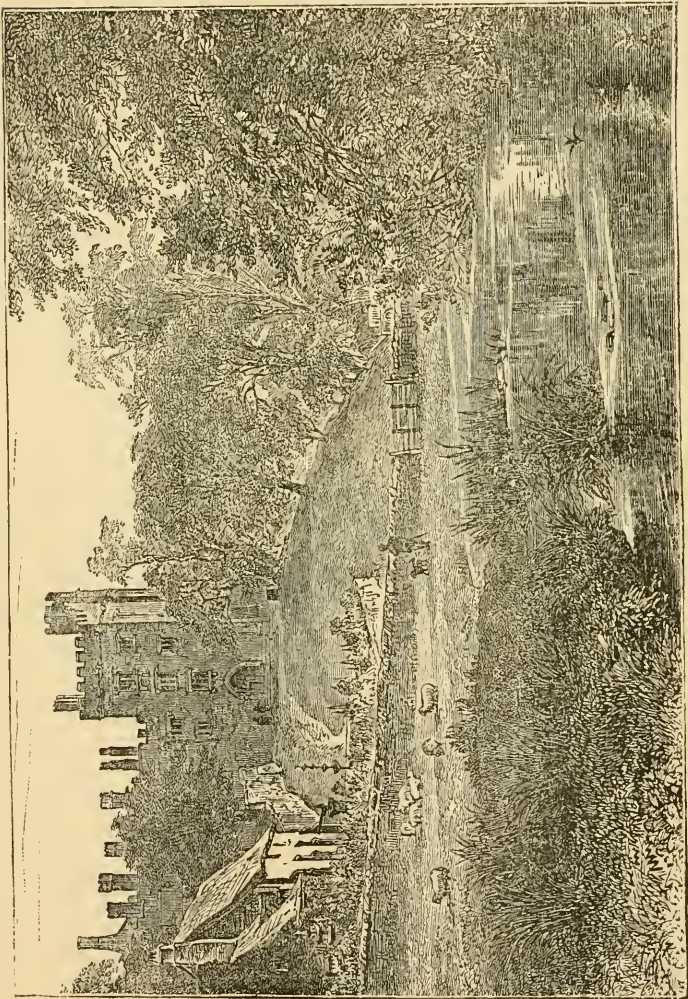
[A.D. 1571.] Mary did not hear of the fate of her minister for a long time; but when the Earl of Shrewsbury imparted the news to her, she became indignant, and said that such a proceeding was a violation of international law, the persons of ambassadors being always regarded as sacred. She wrote to Fénélon on this subject, and begged him to intercede for the bishop with Queen Elizabeth; and she sent a letter to Burleigh, asking him to inform her how he had offended her majesty to deserve imprisonment, for she could not understand the cause of it. On hearing that three hundred English soldiers had gone to Scotland to strengthen the rebel party, she sent another letter to the French ambassador, in which she said: "I am resolved to prefer the preservation of my kingdom to my life; and I shall esteem my life well employed if I preserve the crown from falling out of the line of descent. But I cannot continue much longer in my present state. I have been very ill for some days past, not so much from the weariness of my captivity and ill treatment as to see the gradual decay and destruction of my realm."

In September the Earl of Lennox was killed, and the Earl of Mar, being in possession of Stirling Castle and the little prince, became regent. Thus, as Mary was locked up in an English prison, she lost another chance of resuming her crown.

Queen Elizabeth next ordered Shrewsbury to discharge all of his prisoner's servants excepting sixteen, and as Mary loved them so much that she could not name those with whom she would be willing to part, her jailer took it upon himself to make the selection. This was a sad trial to the captive queen, who wrote thus to Fénélon: "I

could not select those that were to go, therefore Lord Shrewsbury did it; but he has not retained the proper persons for the various offices necessary for my table, and wants them to perform duties which they do not understand, telling them that he will force them to serve. None of them will he permit to stir outside the gates of this castle. Behold the great cruelty with which I and my people are treated! Every means of communicating with my realm are taken away, and it appears as if this stroke is to complete my ruin. I pray you to represent my case to your king, my good brother, for I have no means of writing to him, and can only do so to you with the greatest difficulty, to prepare you to look out for the poor people who are driven from me in a most destitute condition. If you could see the tears of my unfortunate servants who are being sent where they do not wish to go, you would pity them and me. I cannot feel more sorrow than I do. Certain Scots among them are forced to go to Scotland, where they dare not appear, particularly William Douglas and Archibald Beton, and two or three others, who would rather be slain here than hanged there. I implore you to see what you can do for them, and to try that I may have more than sixteen persons, which would leave me, not the retinue of a queen, but a prisoner. Remind them in what honor I was held in France, and that now, as neither my people nor myself are permitted to go out, a few more of the usual number might be allowed to remain. If you could obtain so much grace for the poor captive and her poor banished ones, it would be some solace."

Mary suspected that the removal of her servants, some of whom were among the most tried and courageous of her household, was the prelude to her murder; and with the idea that there was but a step between her and death,



AN ENGLISH HALL.

she addressed the following touching letter to the homeless destitute wanderers in a hostile land: "My faithful and good servants, seeing that it has been the will of God to visit me with much adversity, and now with this rigorous imprisonment and banishment of you from me, I render thanks to the same God who has given me strength and patience to endure it, and pray that he may give you the like grace, and that you will be consoled, since your banishment is for the good service you have performed for me, your sovereign and mistress, for at least you will be greatly honored for having given such proof of your fidelity at such a time of need; and when it shall please the good God to restore me to liberty, I shall never be wanting to any of you, but will recompense you all according to my ability. For the present, I have written to my ambassador for your sustenance, not having it in my power to do better for you. And now, at your departing, I charge you all, in the name of God, and for my blessing, that ye do not murmur against him for any affliction that may befall you, for thus he visits his own. I recommend you to the faith in which you all have been baptized in my presence; and as you made no profession of service to any other princess than me alone, so I beseech you make confession with me of one God, one faith, one Catholic Church, as the greater number of you have already done. And especially you who have been newly recalled from your errors, seek to be more perfectly instructed and grounded in the faith, and pray God to give you constancy in the same. And for you, Master John Gordon and William Douglas, I implore God by his Holy Spirit to inspire your hearts with that in which I could not more prevail. Live in friendship and holy charity with one another; and now, being separated from me, assist one another from the means and graces God has given you,

and, above all, pray to God for me. Make my affectionate commendations to the French ambassador in London, and describe to him the state I am in. In France, present my humble remembrances to all my uncles and friends, particularly to madame, my grandmother, whom I hope some of you will go to see for my sake. Entreat my uncles to make very urgent suit to the king, the queen, and monsieur, to aid my poor subjects in Scotland; and, if I die here, to take my son and my friends into the same protection as myself, according to the ancient league of France and Scotland. Make my commendations to my Lords of Fleming and Glasgow, to George Douglas, and to all my good subjects. Tell them they are to be of good courage, and not to be paralyzed by my adversity; and that each one must do the best he can to solicit of all the princes aid for our party, without regarding me, for I am content to bear all sorts of afflictions and sufferings, even unto death, for the liberty of my country. If I die, I shall only regret not having the means to recompense their services and the troubles they have endured in my quarrel; but I hope, if it should be so, that God will not leave them unrewarded, and will make my son and the Catholic princes, my friends and allies, take them under their protection.

“If I have not been so good a mistress to you as your necessities required, the good will has never been wanting in me, but the means; and if I have seemed sharp in my reproofs to any of you, God knows it has been with the intention of doing you good, not from any want of affection. And you, Willam Douglas, be assured that the life you hazarded for mine will never be neglected while I have a friend living.

“Do not part company till you are at the court of France, but go all together to seek my ambassador there,

and declare to him all you have seen and heard of me and mine.

“I pray God, from the depths of my afflicted heart, to be, according to his infinite mercy, the protector of my country, and of my faithful subjects, and that he will pardon those who have committed so many outrages against me, and move their hearts to a prompt penitence, and that he will give you all his grace, and to me also, that we may conform ourselves to his pleasure.

“Your good and favorable mistress, MARIE R.”

CHAPTER XVII.

[A.D. 1571.] AFTER the departure of her servants, Mary waited several weeks before writing to Elizabeth, but she repeated the mistake she had so often made before of asking for favors while she made reproaches. This irritated Elizabeth's self-love, and increased her animosity to such a degree that the captive's position was far from improved. Indeed, she wrote to Fénelon in November: "My people are not allowed to approach the castle gates, and the Earl of Shrewsbury's servants are forbidden to speak to mine. I am shut up within my chamber, of which they even intend to block up the windows, and to make a door to give them power to enter when I am asleep, not allowing any of my people to come near me but footmen; and I am deprived of the rest of my servants. This queen has made known to me that this usage will only end with my life, after having made me languish so cruelly. The Earl of Shrewsbury, as a great favor, took me on the leads of this house to get the air, and while I was there, he told me, in course of conversation, that I was going to be sent back, and put into the hands of my rebels. I have no means of making my determination known to the Earls of Mar and Morton, but I tell you frankly that I am resolved to die Queen of Scotland."

This, besides many of Mary's letters, was intercepted and carried to Burleigh, who, after having them deciphered, showed them to Elizabeth. Thus it was discovered that, in spite of her being so carefully guarded, the prisoner

was in close correspondence with her minister and others. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, was lodged in the Tower, and subjected by the privy council to a close examination on the subject of her correspondence with Norfolk and the Duc d'Alva. At first he assumed a lofty tone, and spoke of his duties as an ambassador, but on being threatened with the rack, he made some disclosures that told against both the duke and the imprisoned sovereign.

It was an era of horror. A committee of the privy council attended day and night in the Tower for more than two weeks, to superintend the torturing of Norfolk's unfortunate household. At last Sir Thomas Smith wrote to ask Burleigh to release him from the diabolical office of tormentor, and added: "I suppose we have got as much out of the prisoners as we can; yet, to-morrow we intend to bring a couple more of them to the rack, not because we expect to get any news worthy of the pain, but because her majesty so earnestly commands it of us." At this time the Earl of Leicester told the French ambassador that it was not his sovereign's intention ever to restore the Queen of Scots to liberty, because she feared that by doing so she might endanger her own position.

Poor Mary did not hear of this, but even if she had, she was too ill just then to pay much attention to such a cruel statement. Her physician was not permitted to see her until a warrant could be obtained from Burleigh, and even then there were no medicines in the castle, and none could be obtained nearer than London. He wrote to the premier for a supply, but no answer was returned, and his letter to the French ambassador was intercepted, and never delivered. So the illustrious patient continued to suffer until she became so alarmingly ill that her physician was forced to send a still more urgent appeal to Burleigh for remedies. But both the premier and the queen so

earnestly desired the captive's death that they took no notice of the doctor's letter, and did nothing to ameliorate the invalid's condition. However, her capacity for enduring suffering was so great that she lived through the dreadful attack and recovered.

[A.D. 1572.] On the 28th of December, Sir Ralph Sadler arrived at Sheffield Castle, to keep guard in the absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was summoned to London to preside as lord high steward at the Duke of Norfolk's trial. This nobleman was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to death. The news was forwarded to Sadler, who requested the Countess of Shrewsbury to inform the queen. But it had already spread through the castle, and when the countess entered Mary's chamber, she found her weeping bitterly. "What ails your majesty?" she asked bluntly. "I know your ladyship cannot be ignorant of the cause," sorrowfully replied Mary, "and how deeply I must be grieved at the misfortunes of my friends who fare the worse for my sake. But the Duke of Norfolk is unjustly condemned, for, as far as I can testify, he is a true subject of the queen, my sister." "If his offences had not been great," returned the countess, "and plainly proved against him, those noblemen who sat on his trial would not, for all the good on earth, have condemned him." Mary was too miserable to reply.

It was very imprudent in the Queen of Scots to persist in keeping up her correspondence with her friends and allies, because so many of the letters fell into the hands of her enemies. Thus she injured her cause with her French kindred, to whom her correspondence with Alva and Philip II. was very offensive, and, knowing that such would be the case, the English ambassadors at Paris took good care that the letters should reach them.

Norfolk was beheaded on the 2d of June, and a fortnight later, some English commissioners were sent to Sheffield to charge Mary with the following offences: "Assuming the arms and title of the Queen of England; treating for a marriage with Norfolk without informing Queen Elizabeth; raising a rebellion in the north; relieving notorious rebels in Scotland and Flanders; seeking aid from the pope, the Spaniards, and others, in order to invade England; and conspiring with English subjects to free her from prison, and declare her Queen of England." Mary answered these formidable articles calmly. "In regard to the assumption of the arms and title, I acknowledge that such claim was made for me by the French King, my father-in-law, during the life of my late husband, the King of France, but I was a minor at that time, and I have since always been ready and willing to renounce all claim to the crown of England during the life of Queen Elizabeth. My intended marriage with the Duke of Norfolk would have been no injury to the Queen of England, and as for moving him to escape, seeing his danger, for the good will I bore him, I desired him to be at liberty. I knew nothing of the rebellion in the north, but what my servants gave me to understand from common report, and I had nothing whatever to do with it. Moreover, I offered before that rebellion, in my letters to the Queen of England, to communicate all I knew of any matters that might touch her majesty, if I might be permitted to come into her presence; certainly, then, I ought not to bear the blame for the harm that was done. I confess that I have written to the Kings of Spain, of France, the pope, and others, for aid in restoring me to liberty and my country, as I have often warned your queen that I would do. I also acknowledge having listened to various projects for the recovery of my liberty, but I deny having originated

any of the plans for that purpose. All I ask now is that I may be heard in my own defence by the Parliament of England, and in the presence of the queen, my good sister."

Notes were taken in writing of these replies, but they were delivered verbally, and very much elaborated.

Mary was still plunged in deep grief on account of the death of Norfolk, when news reached her that the Earl of Northumberland had been beheaded for high treason, without a trial. But her greatest misfortune was the part her kinsmen of the House of Guise played in the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred in Paris on the 24th of August, two days after the execution of Northumberland. Of course, Mary, locked up in prison, could have had nothing to do with the terrible deeds of that day, but she was doomed to suffer the consequences in the loss of public favor, and Protestants who had sided with her now became alarmed at the prospect of a Catholic succeeding to the English throne. Their loyalty for Elizabeth strengthened in proportion with their antagonism to her Roman Catholic rival. Burleigh took occasion to exhort his sovereign to provide for her own safety and that of her realm, by removing the Scottish Queen, — in other words, by cutting off her head.

The opportunity was favorable, but Elizabeth shrank from shedding the blood of a royal relation on the scaffold. She preferred to hand her over to the Regent Mar and the rebel party of Scotland, to be dealt with as they thought proper. She therefore entered into a secret treaty for that purpose, and, after considerable discussion, Mar consented to become the executioner of Mary providing she were sent back to Scotland; otherwise, he feared to take the risk. Some of his friends thought that she could not safely be put to death without the sanction of



THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Parliament, but Elizabeth's envoy would not hear of such a thing as giving the victim a chance of rescue at the hands of her loyal nobles; he preferred a method more secret and more certain. There was a conference at Stirling Castle, at which Mary Stuart's doom was sealed, but, after dining with Morton, the Earl of Mar was attacked with a sudden and mysterious disease, of which he expired two days later.

Mary was thus rescued from a peril of which she knew nothing, and Morton became Regent of Scotland, with promises of support from Elizabeth. An attempt was made to renew negotiations with him for the murder of Queen Mary; but he knew too well her standing with the populace to consent. Though thrice ten thousand English spears were to cross the frontier to deliver her up to himself and his traitor band, the gallant Scottish Border clans would rush to her rescue, or perish with her. Besides, Morton's share in Darnley's murder was too notorious for him to dare to provoke public inquiry by acting against the queen on that charge. It was far too dangerous an experiment; and he preferred to let the Queen of England deal with her hated kinswoman.

[A.D. 1573.] The surrender of Edinburgh Castle to the English forces was a terrible blow to Queen Mary's hopes; for she had spent all the money she could raise for the support of the defenders of this royal fortress, which contained many of her most devoted friends. The regalia of Scotland and all Queen Mary's jewels, excepting those which Moray had sold to Queen Elizabeth or presented to his wife, were in the castle at the time of its surrender. Morton took possession of these in the name of the little king, but prudently sent several parcels to the English captor, Sir William Drury.

Elizabeth commanded Drury to deliver his prisoners to

the regent. Lethington ended his days by poison; and Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, with his brother James, was hanged. When the Earl of Shrewsbury told Mary of the fall of her last stronghold in Scotland, and the tragic fate of its defenders, she was cut to the heart, and said in a bitter tone: "Ah, you are always a messenger of evil tidings, and you never bring me anything good. Alas! I will never hear nor speak of Scotland more."

At last, she became so ill with inflammation of the liver, and rheumatism in her right arm, that she petitioned for leave to go to Buxton Well for treatment. Elizabeth gave a reluctant consent, because the French ambassador added his entreaties to those of the captive queen, and Burleigh was ordered to write Shrewsbury to that effect. The journey was delayed until late in August, when the season for taking the baths had closed; but both Mary and her companions needed the change too much to hesitate on that account. Escorted by Shrewsbury and a strong guard of soldiers, and accompanied by the countess and her daughter, Mary was taken to Buxton, and lodged in a pleasant mansion owned by her keeper. She was not allowed to stay long enough to derive much benefit from the waters, for she was at Chatsworth on the 27th of September; but she felt better for a time. In November, she was again imprisoned in the gloomy Sheffield Castle.

[A.D. 1576.] It was a source of comfort to Mary when the French ambassador succeeded in obtaining a passport for Lusgerie, her old doctor, to visit her. Lusgerie had been attached to her service from her infancy; he had attended her when she was Dauphiness and Queen of France, and he had accompanied her to Scotland, where he had witnessed her splendor, her misery, and her domestic troubles. He was shocked when he saw the situation of his royal mistress and her faithful household band,

and declared that they were worse off than the state prisoners of the Bastille. As for Nau, the new secretary, he was so dissatisfied with his gloomy abode that he thought seriously of making his escape, and wrote to the Bishop of Glasgow: "Were it not for the grateful regard I cherish for the memory of the late Cardinal de Lorraine, my good master, obliging me to devote my life to the service of those belonging to him, I should much desire to regain my liberty. As it was by your persuasion and advice I engaged myself here, I will leave it to you to extricate me, without vexing myself more about it."

The French ambassador prevailed upon Elizabeth to allow Mary to visit Buxton Wells again, and she was conducted there early in June by the Earl of Shrewsbury and a strong guard of armed horsemen. She was accompanied by her faithful ladies and her physician, Lusgerie, who thought so highly of the waters that he had no doubt of being able to cure his patient if she used them in conjunction with his medicines. But scarcely was she quietly settled, and beginning to derive benefit from the change, than a peremptory order arrived from Queen Elizabeth to Shrewsbury to remove the Scottish Queen immediately to Tutbury Castle. Shrewsbury, being no more anxious than his prisoner to leave the delightful watering-place for gloomy Tutbury, returned such a list of objections that he received the following reply from the English minister:—

"I have this day received your lordship's letter, and imparted to her majesty such reasons as you allege to show how unfit a place Tutbury is, as well for the safe custody of your charge as for the necessary provisions; and she is now resolved that you conduct that queen back again from Buxton to your house in Sheffield."

The command for Mary's removal was caused by Leicester's having announced that his physician had ordered

him to Buxton for his health. Besides, several ladies of rank were going there ; and Elizabeth was as anxious to keep her prisoner from becoming acquainted with them as she was to prevent her master of the horse from seeing too much of her.

Lusgerie tarried with his royal mistress at Sheffield only until the end of July ; for, being an old man, accustomed to the luxuries and privileges of a court physician, he could not stand the restraints of prison life. He left in his place a young apothecary, who had accompanied him from France, to prepare his prescriptions.

[A.D. 1577.] In return for a pretty little box of sweetmeats and a beautiful head-dress which Mary sent to the Queen of England, she was permitted to repair to Buxton again in the latter part of May. Leicester met her there, his object being to find out whether the report of her secret engagement to Don John of Austria, which created uneasiness in the English Cabinet, was true. Finding it impossible to worm himself into her confidence, he returned in disgust ; and the captive queen was remanded back to Sheffield Castle. Then an Italian physician, an intimate friend of Leicester, and a notorious poisoner, was sent there on a private mission to Shrewsbury ; but whatever the purport of his visit may have been, certain it is that both the earl and his countess were incapable of conniving at any act to deprive Mary of her life.

[A.D. 1578.] Early in the following spring, the very satisfactory news reached the captive queen that Morton had been deposed from the regency, and her little son, then not quite twelve years of age, had become King of Scotland in fact as well as in name. The Earl of Athol had effected this movement, because Morton was despised by the people ; and the majority of the lords were anxiously devising means to bring their queen home.

But her satisfaction did not last long, because, by means of intrigues with the young Earl of Mar, who was hereditary governor of Stirling Castle, the subtle traitor Morton succeeded in getting the fortress and the little king under his control again. Poor Mary could do nothing but weep and pray for her child's deliverance. It is true that she applied by letter to her uncle, Cardinal Guise, to raise funds for a scheme she had for getting her son away to France or Flanders; but the sudden death of the Countess of Lennox at this juncture deprived Mary of her most powerful assistant in her efforts for this object.

A severe illness which attacked Queen Elizabeth seemed likely to terminate in death, and raised Mary's hopes to the probability of her being summoned to the throne of England. At the same time, there was a scheme among the powerful Roman Catholic nobles of France to unite with Don John of Austria, and march with an overpowering army to England, for the purpose of proclaiming Mary queen. But Philip II. upset all the plans by poisoning his brother Don John, because he meditated laying claim himself to the crown of England, as legitimate heir of the House of Lancaster; and he knew that if his brother should succeed in seating Mary Stuart on the throne, he would marry her, and so end his own chances. With Don John's untimely death expired Mary's last hope of restoration to freedom; and Philip II. did her much injury by using her name and her wrongs as the watchword for exciting plots amongst the members of the church of Rome against Elizabeth's person and government.

Mary experienced a fresh affliction this year in the death of her uncle, Cardinal de Guise, and shortly after, the Earl of Athol, who, from being one of her bitterest foes, had become a warm partisan, was poisoned at a

banquet given by Morton. Athol's widowed countess, a lady of the highest rank and purest character, who had been in Queen Mary's train at the Holyrood ball, on the night of Darnley's murder, applied for permission to wait upon her former mistress in her dreary English prison. Queen Elizabeth refused then, and on several subsequent occasions when the petition was reiterated.

Meanwhile, the Duc d'Anjou, one of Queen Elizabeth's suitors, renewed his negotiations for wedlock; and he sent such an agreeable envoy to plead his cause that, in order to please the French court, the sovereign granted sundry favors to her captive cousin. Among these was permission to send her French secretary, Nau, to Scotland. He carried maternal greetings and letters to the little king; also a vest, which Mary had embroidered with her own hands, and a locket, with a device composed by her, and executed by a French jeweller, in black enamel and gold. But, as she had simply addressed her letters, "To my loving son, James, Prince of Scotland," her envoy was not allowed access to the presence of the boy monarch; and he brought back so distressing an account of the restraints to which her son was subjected that Mary made an appeal to Queen Elizabeth, who, as usual, took no notice of it.

An unexpected change took place in the young king's household, on the arrival of Esme Stuart, nephew of the late Earl of Lennox, who had been brought up in France. Having obtained letters of recommendation from various members of Queen Mary's party, this young nobleman succeeded in gaining access to Stirling Castle, where he formed a personal acquaintance with the boy sovereign, and soon won his love and confidence. He organized so strong a party in the palace and council that he was made Earl of Lennox. Under the influence of this cousin,

young James was induced to write a humble apology to his mother for not having been permitted to see her messenger, though he had received her presents, for which he returned thanks.

This letter, the first he had ever written to his mother, contained nothing but expressions of love and duty, from a warm-hearted boy of thirteen to his only surviving parent, yet Elizabeth, into whose hands it unfortunately fell, was cruel enough to keep it from the bereaved mother, who, in her gloomy prison, was vainly sighing for one word of affection from her only child. It is impossible to conceive of a motive that would justify so heartless an action on the part of one woman towards another.

Again did the English sovereign yield to the appeal of the French ambassador, made in the name of his king, for Mary to visit Buxton for the benefit of her health. An alarming accident befell her at the outset of her journey, which she thus described: "As ill luck would have it at Sheffield, those who were assisting me to mount my horse let me fall backwards on the steps of the door, from which I received so violent a blow on my spine that for some days past I have not been able to hold myself upright. I hope, however, with the good remedies I have employed, to be quite well before I leave this place."

Her health did improve rapidly at Buxton, but she was not allowed to stay there long, for at the expiration of three weeks, when she had only gone through half the course of baths and drinking prescribed by the physicians, she was ordered back to Sheffield. This time Elizabeth feared intercourse with the ecclesiastics of the church of Rome, who secretly resorted to that secluded nook among the mountains.

On the 31st of December Morton was denounced, when seated at the council board in the presence of the young

King of Scotland, as Darnley's murderer, and cast into prison. Believing this to be a favorable moment for a grand stroke at her foes, Mary appointed her cousin, the Duc de Guise, Lieutenant-General of Scotland, with power to open a treaty in her name with her son and the nobles of Scotland. This dangerous document was intercepted and carried to Burleigh, the result being a warrant for Mary's forcible removal to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, with a change in her jailers, the Earl of Huntingdon to be substituted for the Earl of Shrewsbury.

But this warrant was never acted upon, for Mary was just then too ill to undertake a long rough journey in the depth of winter; and as it was represented to Elizabeth that her malady was likely to prove fatal, she agreed to take the chance of her dying quietly in her bed. She recovered, however, and a loving letter from her son, which accompanied a pretty present, went far towards cheering her spirits. Her feelings may be imagined when she learned that the young monarch, who had not completed his fifteenth year, had performed the filial duty of an avenger, by ordering the execution of Morton. She now began to consider a project for associating herself with him in the government of Scotland, and wrote to inform Queen Elizabeth that such a proposition had been made to her by the young monarch, through the King of France.

The talent James had manifested in freeing himself from Morton's influence, and bringing that traitor to the block, caused Elizabeth no little uneasiness when she considered the prospect of his competing with her for the throne of England, so she sent Beale to Sheffield under pretext of opening a treaty with Mary for her restoration to liberty, but in reality to get what information he could about her correspondence and influence with her son and

the leading powers of Scotland. Beale was touched by the pitiable condition in which he found the once bright, beautiful, vivacious Mary. She was confined to her bed with a fearful cough, and a pain in her side, unable to put her foot to the ground, and much depressed in spirits. The envoy wrote to advise Burleigh to send a coach to Sheffield for her use, with her majesty's permission for her to drive about the neighborhood under a strong guard. The great object of his mission was to dissuade Mary from resigning her title in favor of her son, and by flattering her with hopes of liberty he succeeded in obtaining from her a conditional promise that she would enter into no treaty for that purpose without the consent of his sovereign. For this concession a few trifling indulgences were granted, and her health improved in consequence.

[A.D. 1583.] Towards the end of the summer, Shrewsbury obtained leave to remove his prisoner to his manor of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, for change of air.

Meanwhile plots and rumors of plots were agitating England, Ireland, and Scotland. The King of Spain engaged to make a descent on England with a large army, at the same time that the Duc de Guise should land in Scotland, to form a junction with the young king, whose loyal nobles had promised him twenty thousand men. They were all to cross the border, and be strengthened by a general uprising of Roman Catholics for the restoration of the captive queen. But this grand enterprise was discovered, and many of the loyal lords were arrested. Among these were the Earl of Northumberland and his son, the Earl of Arundel, Lords William and Henry Howard, and the two Throckmortons. Francis, the older one, was put to the torture, but revealed nothing until he was being bound to the rack the fourth time, when he gave

the names of all the principal Catholics implicated in the intended rising, and the ports at which the landings were to be made.

Suddenly, for some unaccountable reason, the Countess of Shrewsbury became an enemy to the Queen of Scots. Possibly she was anxious for her own little granddaughter to become heiress to the throne of England, and for this reason sought to depreciate Mary in public opinion. This child was Lady Arabella Stuart, the only representative of Darnley's brother, and the third in the line of succession, Mary Stuart and her son having the prior claims. So now this selfish, ambitious, worldly woman set herself out to blacken Mary's character in England. Besides, she quarrelled with her husband, began a lawsuit against him, left his house, and retired to Chatsworth, whence she wrote complaints of him to Queen Elizabeth and her ministers. Shrewsbury demanded permission to go to court for the purpose of justifying himself against the accusations of his malicious wife, but, as Elizabeth had not yet made up her mind with whom to entrust Mary in his stead, he was not allowed to stir from Sheffield.

[A.D. 1584.] In the summer Mary was permitted to revisit Buxton Wells, now more than ever necessary, for she had become a confirmed invalid; and she remained there quietly for nearly three months, before she was ordered back to Sheffield. Then the custody of her person was transferred to Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Mr. Somers, and the Earl of Shrewsbury was relieved of his unthankful office. When the new keepers presented themselves, they merely said to Mary that they had been appointed by Queen Elizabeth to take care of her during the absence of Shrewsbury, who was going up to court. Mary said politely: "I thank the queen, my good sister, that she has made choice of a former chancellor of my

acquaintance to attend me. I am glad to hear of her majesty's good health, and now that the Lord of Shrewsbury goeth up to her majesty, he can inform her of all my doings while I have been under his charge, and I require none other favor than that he say the worst of me he can."

The next day Mary was removed from Sheffield to Wingfield Manor. As she rode along by the side of Somers she was so invigorated by the fresh morning air that she asked him playfully whether he thought she would escape from him if she could. He replied, "Yes, I believe you would, for it is natural for everything to seek liberty that is kept in subjection." "No, by my troth," returned Mary, "ye are deceived in me, for my heart is so great that I had rather die in this seat with honor, than run away with shame. But tell me, if I were granted my liberty, whither think you I would go?" "I think, madam, you would go to your own in Scotland, as is reasonable," replied Somers. "It is true," said she; "I would go thither indeed, but only to see my son and to give him good advice. But unless her majesty would give me some maintenance in England I would go to France and live there among my friends on what little portion I have there, and never trouble myself with government again, nor dispose myself to marry any more, seeing I have a son; nor would I tarry long, nor govern, where I have received so much ill treatment, for my heart could not abide to look on those who did me that evil."

While at Wingfield, two hundred and twenty gentlemen, servants, and soldiers were employed to guard this one helpless woman. Every night a watch of several armed men was set within the house, the gentleman-porter being stationed with four or five soldiers at one ward and another party of soldiers at the other. Eight armed men

perpetually paced outside the house, four of whom watched under the windows of the prisoner's apartments, and others were quartered at all the villages in the neighborhood. Her retinue had increased to the number of forty-eight, and included ten children belonging to married couples.

De Préan, Mary's almoner, the physician, two secretaries, and the master of the household, dined together before the queen, and were allowed a mess of eight dishes, what was left over being for their servants. Sixteen dishes were allowed for the queen's dinner, nine for her ladies, and five for the serving-maids. Ten tuns of wine were consumed by the household in the course of a year. At this time, Mary had a coach and four good horses, besides six others for the gentlemen of her household. Fifteen chambers were occupied by herself and her attendants, but as two were appropriated to her own use, the others must have been quite crowded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

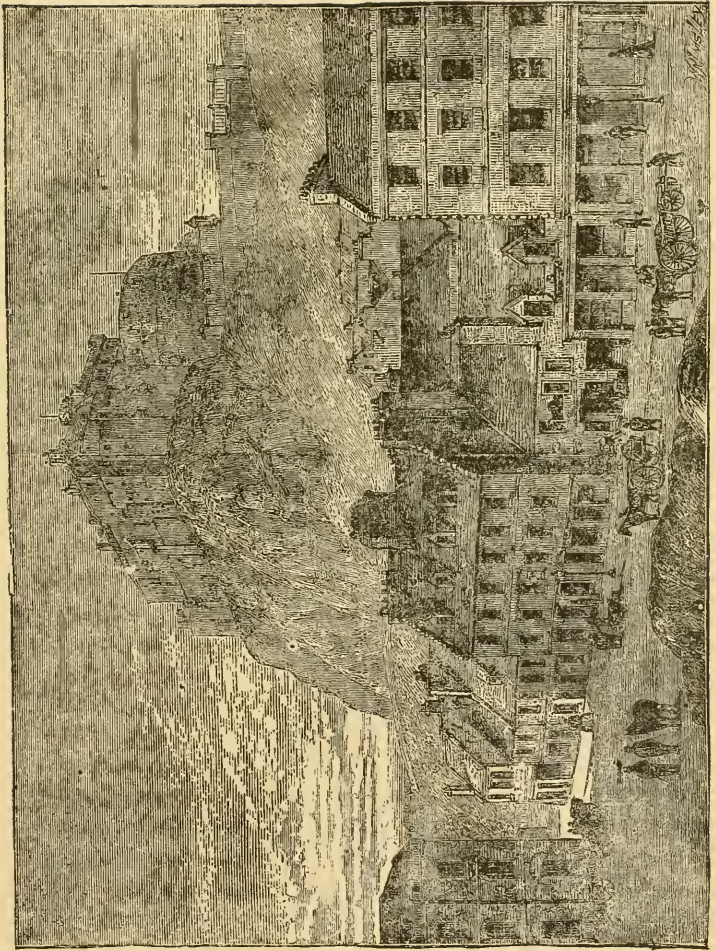
[A.D. 1584.] THE autumn proving an unusually wet, cheerless season this year, old Sir Ralph Sadler became such a sufferer from catarrh and rheumatism that he applied to be relieved of his office, but this did not suit her majesty, who instructed her cabinet to remove Mary and her train to Tutbury Castle. The decree went forth the first week in November, but the captive queen was so ill that Sir Ralph Sadler declared it would be impossible to remove her in such a condition to damp, dilapidated, poorly provided Tutbury. On the 4th of December, however, he received a notice from Walsingham, one of Elizabeth's cabinet ministers, that the prisoner was no longer to be allowed, under color of illness, to tarry, but that if she obeyed willingly, more favors would be extended towards her than before.

Mary was not only incapable of the journey, but she was unwilling to stir until the return of her secretary, Nau, who had gone on a mission to Queen Elizabeth. On the 29th of the month he made his appearance at Wingfield, with so many flattering messages and promises from that sovereign that Mary was encouraged with fresh hope, and, although still suffering great pain, and unable to stand or move without support, expressed her willingness to undertake the journey as soon as it should suit Sir Ralph. But now he, poor man, fell sick from the discomforts he had endured, and begged piteously that he might be allowed to return to London. This was not granted,

because nobody could be found willing to fill his dangerous and difficult post; however, Elizabeth promised that he should be relieved as soon as he got Mary to Tutbury.

[A.D. 1585.] The journey was accomplished at last, but Sadler found the new prison no improvement on the other, for it was cold and dilapidated, with little furniture and no comforts. There were few bed-covers, and only nine pairs of sheets for forty-eight people, including the queen. Sadler had to send to Coventry and other neighboring places for what was needed, but he found it no easy task to please the dissatisfied company. Mary wrote to Burleigh, complaining that the house was injurious to her health, especially at that season, because the boards was so imperfectly joined that it was impossible to keep warm. Little notice was taken of her letter, and a few days after her arrival, she became seriously ill again. Renée Rallay, the oldest lady in Queen Mary's household, died this winter, and her loss was a severe blow to the captive, as she was the last surviving link that associated her with the bright days of her youth. Mlle. Rallay had been with her before her marriage with the dauphin, and had shared her prison privations for more than sixteen years.

The severest blow the Queen of Scots had ever received was dealt by her son, who, yielding to the influence of his ambassador, Gray, consented to form a treaty with Elizabeth, by which his mother was excluded from the sovereignty. At first she refused to believe that her son had acted of his own free will, and she wrote thus to the French ambassador: "I have just received from Somers a letter, said to be from my son, but so different from his former ones, and the duty and obligation he has promised me, that I cannot accept it for his own, but rather that of Gray, who thinks this letter a masterpiece to effect the



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

entire separation of my son and me. Therefore I implore to request the Queen of England that I may speak to the justice-clerk, in order to ascertain from him the real truth of my son's intentions." Twelve days of daily communication on this painful subject with her English keepers, who represented it in their own way, at last convinced the royal mother that her boy had heartlessly abandoned her to life-long captivity, and meanly rendered himself the tool of her enemies.

In her next letter to the ambassador, she enjoins him never, either in speaking or writing, to apply the title of king to her son, and she says: "Without him, I am, and shall be of right, as long as I live, his queen and sovereign; but he, independently of me, can only be Lord Darnley or Earl of Lennox, that being all he can pretend to through his father, whom I elevated from my subject to be my consort, never receiving anything from him. I desire not to govern Scotland, nor ever to set foot there again unless it were to visit him on my way to some other country. I neither want from him aid, pension, support, nor entertainment of any kind whatsoever, not having received a single penny from Scotland since I left it. I beseech you not to let any one convert me from a genuine sovereign queen into a queen-mother, for I do not acknowledge one; failing our association, there is no King of Scotland, nor any queen but me."

After frequent attempts towards obtaining his discharge from the ungracious office he had unwillingly filled, Sir Ralph Sadler succeeded, and he was replaced by Sir Amyas Paulet, a rigid Puritan, and a harsh, rude man. Mary conceived an antipathy for him at first sight, and he entered upon his office determined to render her captivity more intolerable than anything she had yet experienced. A few days after his arrival, he forbade her to perform

the little acts of charity to the neighboring poor, which had been a source of pleasure to her; and when Burleigh wrote of a report that had reached London, of an attempt to effect the queen's escape, he replied: "If I should be violently attacked, rest assured that she shall die before me." Thus cheaply was the life of the hapless princess held by her foes. Towards the end of the year, she was again confined to her bed, with a severe attack of neuralgia accompanied by fever, and for several weeks she was utterly deprived of the use of her right hand and arm.

Mary's illness did not prevent Paulet from announcing to her the dreadful news that the rebel lords who had been cherished in England had re-entered Scotland with a strong military force, surprised Stirling, and compelled the young king to surrender himself and his principal fortresses into their hands. The royal mother was beside herself with grief, the more profound because she was deprived of the means of rendering the slightest aid; but she entreated Châteauneuf, the new French ambassador, to remonstrate with Elizabeth on the encouragement she had given to the rebels. She also wrote bitterly about the dishonorable policy that sovereign had used, and the letter, being intercepted, only added to the rancor experienced towards herself.

Towards Christmas, Queen Mary and her keeper were both so ill that Elizabeth ordered Chartley Castle, a feudal mansion belonging to the Earl of Essex, Leicester's stepson, to be prepared for their reception. Shortly after Mary's removal, a plot was formed for intercepting her letters, and for obtaining the key to the cipher she used, and it proved so successful that not only was she encouraged to write freely, but the English ministers became aware of all her hopes, her reasons for complaint, and her opinion of their queen, which was certainly not flattering.

Thus they found out the facts connected with the Holy League which had been organized for the purpose of excluding the Protestant heir of France, Henry of Navarre, from the royal succession of that realm, placing a Roman Catholic sovereign on the English throne, restoring the authority of the pope in the British Isles, and suppressing Protestantism. The pope, the Duc de Guise, and other leading men of the church of Rome, where members of this confederacy and Mary's wrongs were the watchword that animated them.

The Queen of Scots had positively refused to join the Holy League, yet Elizabeth and her ministers came to the conclusion that her existence endangered the throne of England and the security of the Reformed Church, and her destruction was clamored for. A book was published to prove that it would be lawful to put her to death, and it was openly declared in Parliament that as she was the cause of all the dangerous conspiracies of the pope and others against the queen and her realm, it was expedient that she should be put out of the way.

Shortly after this, came the discovery of the Babington plot, so called on account of the Roman Catholic gentleman, named Anthony Babington, who was at the head of it. The object was to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, and place Mary Stuart on the throne. But some of the men in whom he confided were in the service of the English cabinet ministers, who were kept informed of every movement of the conspirators, and held themselves in readiness to pounce down upon them at a moment's notice. Mary knew nothing of the plot, but the secret-service men wrote letters in cipher, in her name, to make her appear guilty, because as yet no evidence had been found against her which would justify Elizabeth before the world in shedding her blood. So, secluded as they were in Chartley Castle,

neither Mary nor any of her train knew of the Babington plot, and whenever news of its progress or instructions of any kind were brought to Sir Amyas Paulet, he received them in an open field, a little distance off, to avoid listeners.

[A.D. 1586.] On the 8th of August, Paulet invited his prisoner to take an airing with him on horseback. Mary was much pleased, because she was feeling better, and she eagerly accepted the opportunity to enjoy the warm summer weather. Accompanied by her two secretaries and others of her retinue, and under a stronger guard than usual, she rode from Chartley towards the neighboring park of Tixall, as her keeper directed. They had not advanced very far before they were met by a company of horsemen. Before Mary's astonishment found expression in words, the leader, Sir Thomas Gorges, rode forward, and told her that, in consequence of the discovery of her share in a plot against the life of Queen Elizabeth, his orders were to conduct her to Tixall. Mary indignantly denied the accusation, and declared she would not go with him; then, turning to the gentlemen of her suite, she passionately exclaimed, "Will you suffer these traitors to lay hands on your queen, without interposing in her defence?" While she spoke, her secretaries were arrested and hurried away, and she was led to the mansion of Sir Walter Aston at Tixall, about three miles from Chartley. There she was separated from all her servants, and confined to two small rooms, without books, pens, ink, or paper, for seventeen days, in utter solitude. Paulet kept guard over her, while Elizabeth's commissioners proceeded to Chartley, in obedience to their instructions, and seized her papers, ciphers, seals, and jewels. All the caskets belonging to the Queen of Scots were sent to Elizabeth, but they contained only a few rings, chains, and

trinkets of little value, her own miniature on ivory, one of the Countess of Lennox, a little book with portraits of Francis II. and his mother, and another containing miniatures of herself, Darnley, and their son.

Mary's papers were packed in boxes and forwarded to Elizabeth, and, as she eagerly examined the secret correspondence of her hated rival, it must have been annoying to find numerous letters from many of her own peers, filled with professions of esteem and respect, with offers of assistance for her hated rival. She made no public demonstrations of her displeasure, but she required the offending parties to feel the necessity of vindicating their loyalty, by acting as Mary's enemies in the proceedings that were to be taken against her. It is a striking fact, however, that in all the voluminous mass of papers thus suddenly seized, not one was produced in evidence against Mary.

On the 25th of August, Sir Amyas Paulet took the captive queen back to Chartley, without having spoken a word to her throughout her absence. When she was about to enter her coach, and saw Sir Walter Aston and other gentlemen in waiting to escort her, she exclaimed, with tears rolling down her cheeks: "Good gentlemen, I am innocent. God is my witness that I have never practised against the queen, my sister's, life!" The poor, who had been accustomed to share her charity, crowded around her as usual, but she said to them: "Alas! I have nothing for you. All has been taken from me; I am as much a beggar as yourselves."

When, on entering her apartments at Chartley Castle, Mary saw that her coffers and desks had been ransacked, and her papers and jewels taken away, she exclaimed: "There are two things of which I cannot be robbed, my English blood and my Catholic faith, in which, by the

grace of God, I intend to die." As soon as matters were brought to the proper pass for Mary's destruction, it was proposed that she should be removed to the Tower, but, suspecting that she had a strong party in London who would not permit this, Elizabeth appointed Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, for the arraignment and execution of her victim.

On quitting Chartley, Mary was separated from many of her faithful servants, both French and Scotch, who had forsaken country, friends, and living to become the voluntary companions of her privations in exile. Early in the following month, a commission, comprising forty-six peers, councillors, judges, and lawyers, was appointed by Queen Elizabeth, to form a court for the purpose of inquiring into the offences committed by Mary, Queen of Scots. The French ambassador demanded in the name of the king, his master, that she be allowed counsel, and all things necessary for her defence; but, after two days' delay, he was told, in the name of Elizabeth, that the Queen's majesty wanted no advice, and that she did not believe he had received orders from his master to school her, and that the civil law considered persons in the situation of the Scottish Queen unworthy of counsel.

Out of the number appointed, only thirty-four of the commissioners could be induced to act, and these arrived at Fotheringay Castle on the 11th of October accompanied by Edward Barker, the queen's notary, and Sir Amyas Paulet, the harsh jailer, who was now selected to pass judgment on the defenceless captive.

Mary was too ill to rise from her bed, and Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor of the exchequer, and Barker, the notary, were introduced into her room to deliver Queen Elizabeth's letter, which announced the business on which they had come, and required her answer.

After quietly reading the letter, Mary observed: "I am sorry the queen, my sister, is so ill informed of me; I have many enemies about her majesty's person; witness the long captivity in which I have been suffered to languish, till I have nearly lost the use of my limbs. Many other injuries I might mention, such as the secret league entered into with my son, while all my good offers have been neglected and treated with contempt. The act that has lately been passed warns me that I am to be made accountable for whatever attempts have been made against the queen, my sister, whether by foreign princes, her own dissatisfied subjects, or for matters of religion. As to the accusation to which I am now required to answer, her majesty's letter is written after a strange fashion, and, as it seems to me, in manner of command. Does not your mistress know that I am a queen by birth? Or thinks she that I will so far prejudice my rank and state, the blood whereof I am descended, the son who is to succeed me, and the majesty of other princes, as to yield obedience to her commands? My mind is not yet so far dejected, neither will I sink nor faint under this, mine adversity. The laws of England are to me unknown. I am destitute of counsellors, and who shall be my peers, I cannot tell. My papers and notes are taken from me, and no man in this realm dares to pronounce me innocent. I am clear from any act to hurt your queen; and no word or writing of mine could convict me; but I frankly confess that when she rejected every offer I made, I commended my cause to foreign princes."

The next day two deputations of the commissioners waited upon Mary to induce her to appear for trial, and Burleigh even went so far as to threaten, if she refused, to proceed against her in her absence. To this she indignantly replied: "I would rather die a thousand deaths

than acknowledge myself subject to the authority of the Queen of England. Nevertheless, I am willing to answer all things that may be objected against me, before a free Parliament. As for this assembly, it may be, for aught I know, devised against me to give some color of a legal proceeding, though I be prejudged, and condemned to die; yet I adjure you to look to your consciences, for remember the theatre of the world is wider than the realm of England. It is plain to me by the terms of the commission that I am prejudged guilty, therefore it is useless for me to appear. But there is a passage in your sovereign's letter which I do not quite comprehend: she says that I am living in this country under her majesty's protection; I pray you explain that to me." As this was a difficult matter for them to solve, the lord chancellor evaded it thus: "The meaning is plain enough, but it is not for subjects to interpret the letters of their sovereigns; neither have we come for that purpose, but to try the cause." "By what authority do you proceed?" she asked. "By the authority of our commission, and the common law of England," was the reply. "But you make laws at your pleasure," returned Mary, "and there is no reason why I should submit to them; if you proceed by the common law of England, you must produce precedents of like cases, for that law dependeth much on cases and customs." Finding themselves baffled by the sharp rejoinders of the lovely captive, the commissioners asked again whether she meant to appear for trial or no. She declared that she did not, but the next day, when Hatton persuaded her, and artfully declared, "If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear; but by avoiding a trial, you stain your reputation with an eternal blot," she yielded. This was not because she was intimidated by threats or by the harsh letter which had just reached her from Elizabeth, but her desire to clear her

character from the evil imputations of her foes was the motive that prompted her.

Early on the morning of the 14th, Mary signified her intention to appear before the commissioners. The great hall was accordingly prepared for that purpose with a dais, canopy, and chair of state, surmounted with the arms of England, after the manner of a throne, to indicate the place and authority of Queen Elizabeth. Directly opposite, at the foot of the table, a chair, covered with crimson velvet, was set for Queen Mary. The officers of the crown, with their clerks, were seated around the table, while the lord chancellor, Bromley, Lord Burleigh, and the other peers occupied stools and benches. Privy councillors and judges occupied seats according to their degree.

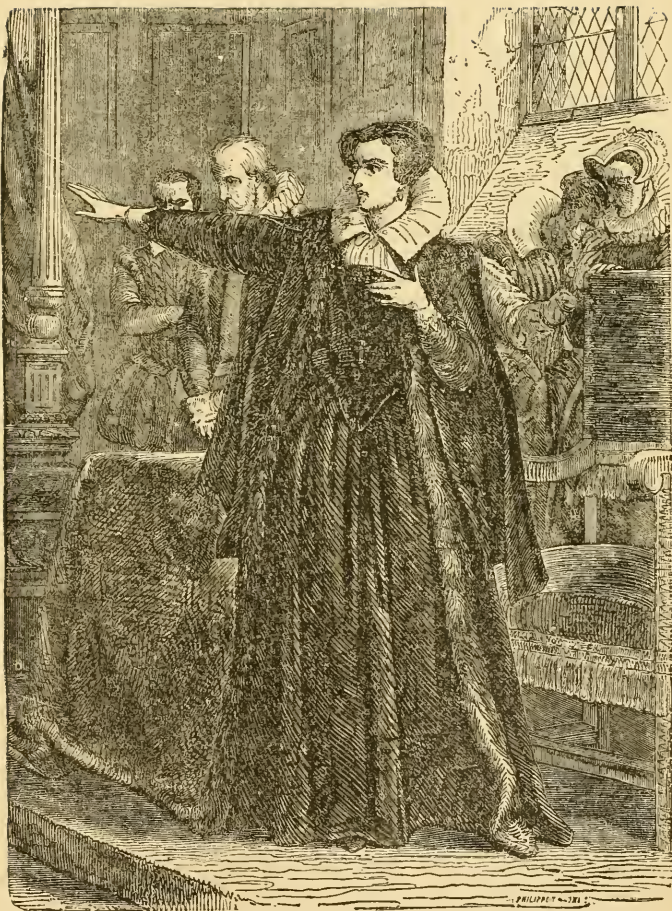
At the early hour of nine in the morning, Mary entered the hall, passing through a double line of armed men, who formed a lane from her chamber door. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, with a long white lawn veil thrown over her pointed widow's cap and descending to the ground. Her train was borne by one of her ladies, and she was followed by three others, one of whom carried a cushion for her feet. She was so weak from her frequent attacks of illness that she walked with difficulty, leaning for support on the arm of her physician, Bourgoigne, and assisted on the other side by Sir Andrew Melville, her faithful master of the household, who conducted her feeble steps and led her to the chair that had been provided for her. But, before accepting it, she paused in surprise, and said proudly: "I am a queen by birth and have been consort of a king of France; my place should be there," pointing to the vacant seat beneath the canopy. No reply was made, and, after bowing with dignity to the hostile assembly, she sank into her place. Her composure and

self-possession astonished the English nobles ; but beneath her queenly bearing was the sense of utter loneliness and lack of sympathy. She turned to Sir Andrew Melville, and said mournfully, "Alas! how many learned counsellors are here, and yet not one for me!"

The lord chancellor opened the proceedings by declaring that the royal prisoner had been brought to trial for conspiring the destruction of Queen Elizabeth, the realm of England, and the reformed religion. Mary arose, and said: "I came to England to crave the aid that had been promised me; and it is well known that, contrary to all law and justice, I have been detained in prison ever since. As to your commission, I protest against it. I am a free sovereign, subject to no one but God, to whom alone I am accountable for my actions. I do not consider any of you here assembled to be either my peers or my judges to interrogate me on any of my doings, as I have told you before. And I now tell you that it is of my own voluntary pleasure I appear in person to answer you by taking God to witness that I am innocent, clear, and pure in conscience from the charges brought against me."

In behalf of the crown, Sergeant Gawdy entered into the details of the plot, to which Mary answered: "I know not Babington; I have never spoken to him, written to him, nor received letters of that kind from him; nor have I ever plotted or entered into plots for the destruction of your queen. How could I do so, strictly guarded and kept in prison as I have been? I do not deny that many persons have written to me, nor that I have received letters from some who are unknown to me; but to prove that I have consented to any wicked designs it will be necessary to produce my own handwriting."

When copies of Babington's letters were read, she said: "It may be that Babington wrote those letters; but let it



QUEEN MARY PROTESTING AGAINST THE COMMISSIONERS.

be proved that I received them. If Babington, or any other, affirm it, I protest in plain words it is false." Extracts from Babington's confession were then read, in which certain letters said to have been written in answer to those she denied having received were quoted. When the passage was repeated which implicated the Earl of Arundel and his brothers, the queen, perceiving that their destruction was intended, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Ah, woe is me, that the noble house of Howard should suffer so much for my sake!" Then, turning to the commissioners, she asked: "Do you think it probable that I would direct any one to apply for assistance to the Earl of Arundel, who was a close prisoner in the Tower, or to the Earl of Northumberland, who is very young and a perfect stranger to me? Besides, if Babington confessed such things, why was he put to death instead of being brought face to face with me as a witness, if so be I were guilty of what is laid to my charge?"

The crown lawyers said that they had her own letters as evidence against her, and produced the copies that had been translated from her ciphers. "Nay, bring me mine own handwriting," she returned; "anything to suit a purpose may be put in what be called copies." The reading of these letters took so long that it was past noon when the court adjourned for dinner.

In the afternoon, more letters were produced. These, it was said, were written by Mary's secretaries; but, as before, they were the translations into English from the French cipher, and all made by the secretary of the English minister. Not one original minute or cipher was, or ever has been, brought forward. Mary demanded that her secretaries might be confronted with her; but, foreseeing this, Elizabeth had pronounced it unnecessary, and Burleigh said, "Their oaths are all-sufficient." "I do not

believe that they have sworn thus," returned Mary; "but if, from fear or hope of reward, they have done so, then are they perjured men, and their testimony is worthless, because in violation of their previous oaths of fidelity to me. What becomes of the majesty of princes, if the oaths of their secretaries are to be taken against their solemn protestations? I am held in chains; I have no council; you have deprived me of my papers, and of all means of preparing my defence, which must, therefore, be confined to a denial of the crime imputed to me, and I protest, on the sacred honor of a queen, that I am innocent of desiring to take your sovereign's life. I do not, indeed, deny that I have longed for liberty, and earnestly labored to procure it. Nature impelled me to do that; but I call God to witness that I have never conspired the death of the Queen of England. I have written to my friends and solicited them to assist me to escape from her miserable prisons, in which she has kept me now nearly nineteen years, until my health and hopes have been cruelly destroyed; but I never wrote the letters you pretend I have, nor would I have done so to purchase a crown. I cannot say that my secretaries have not received and answered such letters; but if so, it was unknown to me, and I claim the privilege of being convicted on the evidence of my own writing alone, or by words proved by lawful witnesses; but I am sure nothing of the kind can be produced against me."

And so this make-believe trial went on until evening, and was renewed again the next day, the royal prisoner being charged with each and all of the plots against Elizabeth's life, though she emphatically denied ever having taken part in any. When she was accused of having sought foreign aid, she declared, "I did not do so until I had been cruelly mocked by deceptive treaties, all

my amicable offers had been slighted, and my health destroyed by imprisonment." "When the last treaty was holden," interrupted Burleigh, "concerning your liberty, Parry was sent privately by Morgan, a dependent of yours, to murder the queen." "My lord, you are my enemy," retorted the queen. "Yes, I am the enemy of all Queen Elizabeth's adversaries," he replied. Mary then demanded an advocate to plead her cause; but it was refused, and Burleigh said he would proceed to proofs. Mary contemptuously refused to listen to anything further. "But we will hear them," said Burleigh. "I also," replied the prisoner, "will hear them in another place, where I can defend myself; for it were extreme folly to stand to the judgment of those whom I perceive to be so evidently and notoriously prejudiced against me." Then, rising from her seat, she demanded to be heard in a full Parliament, in presence of the Queen of England and her council. This courageous appeal disconcerted the assembly, proceedings terminated abruptly, and the court broke up. It was impossible for them to pronounce a verdict of guilty against an undefended woman on the suspicious evidence of what they said were copies of unproduced letters, the oaths of imprisoned witnesses who were not permitted to appear in court, and the confessions of men who had been hanged. Mary never shrank from open investigation of her conduct; but neither in England nor Scotland was she ever confronted with her accusers.

Rumors of the queen's peril reached France; and Henry III. directed Courcelles, his new envoy, then in London, to hasten to Scotland, and urge the young king to make strong demonstration to the Queen of England in behalf of his royal mother. James asked his cousin, Francis, Earl of Bothwell, what course he ought to pursue. "I think, my liege, if you suffer the process to

go on," he bluntly replied, "you ought to be hanged yourself the next day." George Douglas warned his royal master to beware of the lying tales of the pensioned slaves of Elizabeth, who were paid to create bad feeling between him and his mother. "But," asked James, to whom all Mary's complaints to foreign ambassadors had been repeated, "has she not threatened that, unless I conform myself to her wishes, I should have nothing but the lordship of Darnley, which my father had before me? Has she not labored to deprive me of my crown, and set up a regent? Is she not obstinate in maintaining the Popish religion?" "Ay," retorted Douglas, himself a member of the Reformed Church, "she adhereth to the faith in which she hath been brought up, as your majesty doth to yours, and, looking to the conduct of your religious guides, thinketh it more meet that you should come over to her opinions than she to yours." "Truth it is," rejoined the king, with a smile, "I have been brought up amid a knavish crew, whose doctrine I could never approve; but yet I know my religion to be the true one."

CHAPTER XIX.

[A.D. 1586.] THE Star-Chamber process took place on the 25th of October; but several of the commissioners who had seen Mary Stuart at Fotheringay refused to attend, under pretence of illness. Both houses of Parliament confirmed the sentence of the commissioners, and united in petitioning Elizabeth that the prisoner might be executed immediately. In her reply, the English sovereign said that she had been shot at; and the idea that a kinswoman so nearly allied to her in blood as the Queen of Scots should be the author of the crime filled her with such sorrow that she absented herself from Parliament rather than incur the pain of hearing the matter discussed. She added: "I will now tell you a further secret, though it be not usual for me to blab forth what I know. It is not long since these eyes of mine saw and read an oath wherein some bound themselves to kill me within a month." This had the effect she intended, and raised the excitement against Mary to a still higher pitch of fury.

Meanwhile, the prisoner was too ill to leave her bed, and grew more feeble each day. But this did not prevent Elizabeth's kinsman, Lord Buckhurst, from making the announcement to the invalid that the penalty of death had been pronounced against her by the Star Chamber, and confirmed by both houses of Parliament, with a petition for her immediate execution. She received the communication calmly, but again protested her innocence.

The injurious treatment Mary Stuart had experienced, both in Scotland and England, from political foes, who masked their malice under the pretext of zeal for the true religion, made her hate the faith they disgraced. She naturally, therefore, clung more fondly than ever to her own, and expressed a proud satisfaction that she was a martyr to its cause. Under the influence of such feelings, her farewell letters to her friends were written, particularly the one to the pope, professing her love of the Roman Catholic Church, and her desire for its re-establishment in England. She adds: "I desire to call the attention of your holiness to the unhappy state of my poor child, and to beg that prayers and all proper means may be used for his conversion; but, in case he prove obstinate in his errors, I transfer whatever right I possess in the realm of England to the King of Spain."

Such a declaration cannot be excused. Mary had not the right to make the transfer; and such an act of injustice and bigotry leaves an indelible blemish on her memory.

King James deputed Archibald Douglas to intercede with Elizabeth in his mother's behalf. But the appointment was unwise; for, as some one shrewdly observed, "Archibald Douglas was present at the murder of his majesty's father; he is now going to have a hand in the death of his mother."

James observed to Courcelles, "The case of the queen, my mother, is the strangest that was ever heard of since the creation of the world. Have you ever read in history of a sovereign princess being detained so many years in prison by a neighboring monarch whom she sought as a justifier? She defended herself nobly before the commissioners; no orator ever spake more eloquently, or better to the purpose. The Queen of England has protested



MARY STUART SWEARING SHE HAD NEVER SOUGHT ELIZABETH'S LIFE.

that she would never shed the queen my mother's blood, but wished her safe in France; and she has assured Archibald Douglas that nothing shall ever induce her to agree to Queen Mary's death, although her council and Parliament are urgent on the subject from their fears that should the queen, my mother, survive her majesty, she would endeavor to change the established religion in England. I have written a letter to my mother with my own hand; also to four or five of the leading men of the English court in her behalf, as well as to her majesty, Queen Elizabeth."

He had indeed done so; but his language was so strong that it offended Elizabeth, and the king's ambassador was obliged to offer a humble apology, at the same time whispering in her ear, "A dead woman bites not." This settled the matter; and on the 4th of December, heralds announced Mary's death sentence in the streets of London. As the public mind had been kept in a state of excitement by reports of Popish plots and Spanish invasions, the fiat was received with demonstrations of rejoicing. The bells of the city rang out joyously for twenty-four hours, bonfires were kindled, and the streets resounded with shouts and hurrahs.

The next day a formal announcement of the fact was made to the royal captive, and she was treated in every way as a condemned culprit. Her chamber and even her bed were hung in black, to denote that she was to be regarded as a dead woman. She was, besides, quite cut off from all outside intelligence, excepting what it pleased her keeper to communicate, and he made it a point never to tell her anything agreeable. Therefore she was ignorant of the persevering efforts her son was making to save her, as well as of the fact that many of the more chivalric nobles of Scotland were urging him to cross the English

border at the head of an invading army. But James was powerless to take such a rash step, for he had not the means to make war; two-thirds of his subjects were opposed to provoking so powerful a neighbor, and he knew that if he made a hostile advance, his mother would surely be put to death immediately.

It was a long time before Queen Elizabeth could be persuaded to sign Mary's death warrant, but her ministers were determined that it should be done for their own safety. They knew perfectly well that, should the Queen of Scots survive their own sovereign, they would all be sent to the block for the injuries they had done her, and they preferred that she should be sacrificed.

[A. D. 1587.] The fatal instrument was delivered by Burleigh to Beale on the evening of Friday, February 3, with directions for him to assemble two noblemen at Fotheringay Castle and take the necessary measures for seeing it carried into effect. It was addressed to George, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England; Henry, Earl of Kent; George, Earl of Cumberland; Henry, Earl of Derby, and Henry, Earl of Pembroke. Of these, only the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury acted. The latter did so very reluctantly; but the Earl of Kent, and Beale, were stern fanatics, who hated Mary so much that they undertook the mission almost with pleasure. Beale travelled in the same carriage with the executioner, who was clad in a complete suit of black velvet, and they arrived at Fotheringay on Sunday, February 5. They immediately held a private conference with Sir Amyas Paulet for settling the preliminary arrangements.

Poor Mary was meantime hourly expecting her death. In addition to her other trials, she had been deprived of the advice and support of her faithful master of the household, Sir Andrew Melville, who, without any reason

being given, had been removed in the middle of January. Her faithful servants watched the arrival of every stranger with dread, and they well knew what the advent of Beale, with his companion, signified. Mary was perfectly calm; but, feeling the premonitory symptoms of one of her attacks of illness coming on, she begged Bourgoigne to administer remedies at once, saying: "For when the summons for my death comes, I would not willingly be so placed that my incapacity to rise from my bed might be construed into reluctance or fear."

The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, and their attendants, arrived on Tuesday, February 7. In the afternoon they demanded an audience of the Queen of Scots. She replied, "Being indisposed, I am preparing to go to bed, but if the matter be of importance I will receive their lordships presently." They said it was a matter that would brook no delay, and Mary called for her mantle, which she had thrown off, and seating herself in her usual place at the foot of her bed, in an easy-chair, by a small work-table, ordered her door to be opened. Thereupon the two earls, introduced by the keepers, Paulet and Drury, and followed by Beale, entered bareheaded. Mary received them with calm dignity, and returned their salutations in the easy, gracious manner that was natural to her. Shrewsbury briefly explained the business on which they had come, and requested her to hear the warrant. Beale then read it aloud. Mary listened attentively, and at the conclusion bowed her head majestically, crossed herself, and said: "In the name of God, these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise him that the end of all my bitter sufferings is at hand. I did not think the queen, my sister, would ever have consented to my death; but God's will be done. That soul is far unworthy of the joys of heaven

whose body cannot endure for a moment the stroke of the executioner." Her earnestness brought tears to her eyes, but a triumphant smile was on her lips. She asked what time was appointed for her to suffer. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock, madam," replied Shrewsbury. "That is very sudden, and leaves no time for preparation," said Mary. "In consequence of my papers being seized and detained, I have not yet made my will; and it is necessary that I should endeavor to make some arrangements to provide for my faithful servants, who have sacrificed everything for my sake, and who, in losing me, will lose everything." She begged for more time, but Shrewsbury exclaimed abruptly: "No, no, madam; it is not in our power to prolong the time. You must die to-morrow, at the hour we have named."

The Earl of Kent told her she might have either the Bishop or Dean of Peterborough to prepare her for death, and added: "The dean is a very learned theologian, and will be able to show you the errors of the false religion in which you have been brought up; and as you have now so little time to remain in the world, it would be well to embrace the true faith, instead of amusing yourself with Popish follies and childish toys. If your majesty could hear so learned a man as the dean, you might be able to discern the difference." "I have both heard and read much on the subject, particularly since my detention in England," said Mary, "but my mind is fully made up that I will die in the religion in which I was baptized; and I would willingly give ten thousand lives, if I had them, and not only shed my blood, but endure the severest tortures in its cause."

"Madam, your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation," returned Kent. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "I did not flatter myself with the

thought that I was worthy of such a death, and I humbly receive it as an earnest of my acceptance into the number of God's chosen servants." She declined the ministry of either the Bishop or Dean of Peterborough, and begged to be allowed to see her own almoner. This was refused by the earls, who said it was against the laws of the land. "Then," said Mary, "I must trust in the mercy of God to excuse the want of such rites as his holy church deems essential in a preparation for death."

The earls had now risen to depart, but Mary desired to put some questions to them. "Did the Queen of England send any answer to my last letter?" "None," was the reply. "Will she accede to my request to allow my body to be removed by my servants for burial either in the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, by the late king, my husband, or by the late queen, my mother, at Rheims?" They did not know. "Will your queen return my papers and allow my poor servants to receive the trifling payments I have bequeathed them?" Paulet said that as her papers could give no pleasure to the queen's majesty, he had no doubt that they as well as her other belongings would be returned. She asked several more questions, but received similar unsatisfactory answers to them all.

When the earls withdrew, the servants, both male and female, burst into passionate lamentations. Mary tried to pacify them. "Up, Jane Kennedy," she cried in a cheerful tone, to her oldest and dearest friend among them, "leave weeping and be doing, for the time is short. Did I not tell you, my children, that it would come to this?" she added, turning to the others. "Blessed be God that it has come and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not, neither lament, for it will avail nothing; but rejoice rather that you see me so near the end of my long

troubles and afflictions. Now, then, take it patiently, and let us pray to God together."

The men withdrew in tears, and she and her ladies continued for a long time at their devotions, after which she proceeded to business, counting and dividing all the money she had and putting each sum into a separate little purse with a slip of paper on which she wrote the name of the person for whom it was destined. She desired supper to be brought in earlier than usual, and was served at that meal by Doctor Bourgoigne, who waited on her now at table, in the absence of Sir Andrew Melville. She ate sparingly, and in the course of the meal tried to cheer her sorrowful attendant, who, instead of consoling her, did nothing but wipe his eyes and endeavor to repress his bursts of weeping. "Did you not mark the power of truth, Bourgoigne," she asked, "during the discourse I had with the Earl of Kent, who was sent hither, I suppose to convert me? But it would require a doctor of a different fashion to do that. I was, they said, to die for attempting the life of the Queen of England, of which you know I am innocent; but now this earl lets out the fact that it is on account of my religion. Oh, glorious thought, that I should be chosen to die for such a cause."

After she had supped, she caused a glass to be filled with wine, and drank to her attendants, bidding them to pledge her for the last time. They did so on their knees, mingling their fast-flowing tears with their wine. One and all entreated her to forgive them if they had ever offended or injured her, which she readily promised to do, and, in turn, she entreated them to pardon her if she had ever treated any of them with harshness or injustice. Then she entreated them to be constant in their religion, and to love one another.

When she arose from the table, she requested all the

articles of her wardrobe to be brought to her; these she divided among her friends and servants, absent as well as present, forgetting no one, from the Kings of France and Spain down to the lowest damsel in her prison household. The diamond ring with which the Duke of Norfolk plighted his troth to her was for the first time removed from the chain to which it was suspended around her neck, and sent to the Spanish ambassador.

Having given away everything belonging to her excepting the dress she intended to wear the next day, and a handkerchief fringed with gold, which she gave to Jane Kennedy to bandage her eyes with for the block, she wrote to De Préan, her almoner, who, though under the same roof with her, was not permitted to see her. She told him that she had refused the services of a Protestant minister, and begged him to recommend such prayers as he considered best adapted for her and to keep vigil and prayer with and for her that night. She declared she died innocent and requested his absolution. Then she began a farewell letter to the King of France telling him that she was to die at eight o'clock the next morning, that she died innocent of any crime, and recommending her faithful servants to his care.

After she had finished she bathed, and, as it was then nearly two o'clock, Jane Kennedy read from a religious book to her, which was always done before retiring, and then she lay down to rest, but not to sleep, and her ladies stood around her bed, refusing to leave her even for a moment, Her eyes closed, but her lips continued to move in silent prayer. At six o'clock she said: "I have but two hours to live," and bade her ladies prepare her for what she termed "the festival." She wore a widow's dress of black velvet spangled all over with gold, a black satin waist and a petticoat of crimson velvet; a white veil of

the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif and descending to the ground. After begging her ladies to be near her when she fell and to cover her body that there might be no indelicate exposure, she entered her oratory alone and prayed.

The wintry morning dawned before she re-appeared. She returned to her bed-chamber, where, seating herself by the fire, she began to console her weeping ladies by declaring the comfort she felt in her approaching release from her long afflictions; she added: "I desire you all to be present at my death, in order to bear testimony of my deportment and my firm adherence to my religion; and although I know it will be heart-breaking to you to see me go through such a tragedy on the scaffold, yet I pray you to be witnesses of all I say and do, for I am sure that I could have none more faithful. After all is over, I hope you may be allowed to carry my remains to France, and I pray you to remain together until you can do so. I leave you my coach and all my horses for your use to take you to France, and I have left Bourgoigne money enough to pay the expenses of your journey."

Fearing that her strength would be exhausted, the doctor besought her to partake of a glass of wine and a piece of toast which he had prepared for her. She smiled, and thanked him for bringing her last meal. The will, which she had made hurriedly the night before, was then read aloud in her presence, according to her desire, and when this was concluded she said: "Now, my friends, I have finished with the world; let us all kneel and pray together for the last time."

The castle clock struck eight. The high sheriff, Thomas Andrews, knocked loudly on the ante-chamber door to announce that the time had come. He was told



MARY BIDDING FAREWELL TO HER ATTENDANTS.

that her majesty was at prayer with her servants, and withdrew, but fifteen minutes later he knocked again, and the door being opened, he entered with Sir Amyas Paulet, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, Beale, and several others. Mary was still on her knees at the upper end of the chamber, and remained absorbed in her devotions until the sheriff approached, and in a faltering tone said: "Madam, the lords have sent me for you." Turning towards him, she said, fearlessly, "Yes; let us go."

Bourgoigne assisted her to rise from her knees, and asked her if she would take the ivory crucifix from the altar; she thanked him for reminding her of it, and gave it to one of her servants to carry for her. The doctor and Gourion, the surgeon, supported her, for she could not move without help, and she crossed the chamber; but before she reached the door, they paused and said: "Madam, we and all your servants are ready to do for you, to wait upon you to your last sigh, and even, if permitted, to die with you; but there is one thing we cannot and will not do; no power on earth shall induce us to lead you to the scaffold." "You are right," replied Mary, and, addressing herself to the sheriff, who preceded her, said: "My servants will not lead me to death, and, as I cannot walk without support, I must have assistance." Two of Sir Amyas Paulet's servants were accordingly appointed to support her, while her own followed, weeping and lamenting. But when they reached the outer door of the gallery, they were rudely stopped and told they could go no further. A passionate scene ensued, both ladies and gentlemen refusing to be separated from their royal mistress. Bourgoigne appealed to the earls, but they would not yield. Then Mary said: "I conjure you that these poor afflicted servants of mine may be present with me at my death, that their eyes may behold how patiently

their queen and mistress will endure it." "Madam, that which you desire cannot conveniently be granted," said the Earl of Kent, brutally, "for, if it should, it is to be feared that some of them, with speeches and other behavior, would both be grievous to your grace, and troublesome and unpleasing to us and our company, of which we have had some experience; also, that they would not stick to put some superstitious trumpery in practice, if it were but in dipping their handkerchiefs in your grace's blood, whereof it were not meet for us to give permission."

"My lord, I will give my word, although it be but dead, that they will do none of these things," answered Mary. "But alas, poor souls! it would do them good to bid their mistress farewell, and I hope your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard to womanhood, that I shall have some of my own women about me at my death. I know her majesty hath not given you such straight commission, but that you might grant me a far greater courtesy than this, even if I were a woman of far meaner calling; but I am cousin to your queen, descended from the blood-royal of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland."

After a consultation between the earls and her keepers, she was told that she might select two of her women and four of her men servants. She named Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, her oldest and best beloved ladies, who always slept in her room, and had been in her service for more than twenty years. Sir Andrew Melville, master of her household; Bourgoigne, her physician; Gourion, her surgeon; and Gervais, her apothecary. Then she turned, tenderly bade the others farewell, and blessed them. They flung themselves at her feet, kissing her hand and clinging to her garments; and when they were at last

parted from her, and the door locked upon them, both men and women wept aloud and their cries were heard even in the hall.

At the foot of the stairs, which, on account of her lameness, she descended slowly, she was met by Andrew Melville, who was now permitted to join her. He fell on his knees, wringing his hands, and crying, "Woe is me, that ever it should be my hard hap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland as that my good and gracious queen and mistress has been beheaded in England."

"Weep not, Melville, my good, faithful servant," she replied; "thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart. Know, Melville, that this world is but vanity, and full of sorrows. I am Catholic, thou Protestant; but, as there is but one Christ, I charge thee in his name to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him in the realm, nor to disparage his dignity; and that although I could wish he were of my religion, yet if he live in the fear of God according to that in which he hath been nurtured, I doubt not he will do well. Tell him, from my example, never to rely too much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above. If he follow my advice, he will have the blessing of God in heaven, as I now give him mine on earth. May God forgive those who have thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for brooks of water. O God, thou art the author of truth, and the truth itself; thou knowest that I have always wished the union of England and Scotland." The Earl of Kent interrupted her, saying, "Madam, time weareth away apace." "Farewell, good Melville," she added, "farewell; pray for thy queen and mistress." She bowed herself on his neck, and wept.

She who had experienced the ingratitude of Moray, Lethington, and Mar, knew how to appreciate the faithful love of Andrew Melville.

The procession went forward in the following order: first the sheriff and his men; next, Mary's keepers, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, the Earl of Kent, and Beale; then the Earl of Shrewsbury, as earl marshal, bearing his bâton raised, immediately preceding the royal victim. Melville followed, bearing her train, and then her two weeping ladies, clad in mourning garments. The rear was brought up by Bourgoigne, Gourion, and Gervais.

A platform had been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting-hall at Fotheringay, near the fireplace, in which, on account of the coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold was placed the block, the axe, a chair, covered with black cloth, for the queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. About a hundred gentlemen, who had been admitted to behold the mournful spectacle, stood at the lower end of the hall; but the scaffold was strongly guarded by the sheriff's men to prevent the possibility of a rescue.

Everybody was impressed by the melancholy sweetness and beauty of Mary Stuart's countenance, as she walked the length of the hall of death. At the foot of the scaffold she paused, because she could not mount the steps without assistance. Sir Amyas Paulet offered his hand, which she accepted with queenly courtesy, and said, "I thank you, sir; this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

Having calmly seated herself in the chair that had been provided for her, with the two earls on either side, and the executioner in front, holding the axe, she looked about composedly; while Beale sprang upon the scaffold, and in a loud, harsh, unfeeling tone read the death-warrant.



EARL OF ESSEX.



At its conclusion she bowed her head and crossed herself. "Now, madam, you see what you have to do," said the Earl of Shrewsbury. "Do your duty," she replied, as she began to pray fervently in Latin, in French, and finally in English.

Seeing her preparing to lay her head on the block, the two executioners knelt before her, and asked her forgiveness. "I forgive you and all the world with all my heart," she replied; "for I hope this death will put an end to all my troubles." They offered to assist her in removing her mantle; but she drew back, and requested them not to touch her, observing with a smile, "I have not been accustomed to be served by such pages of honor, nor to disrobe before so numerous a company." Then beckoning to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were on their knees in tears below, they came to her on the scaffold; but when they saw for what purpose they were required they began to scream and cry, and were too much agitated to render assistance, and she began to take out the pins herself. "Do not weep," she said, tenderly reproving them; "I am very happy to leave this world. You ought to rejoice to see me die in so good a cause. Are you not ashamed to weep? Nay, if you do not stop these lamentations, I must send you away, for you know I have promised for you."

Then she took off her gold pomander, chain, and rosary, which she had previously asked one of her ladies to carry to the Countess of Arundel, as a last token of her regard. The executioner seized it, and stuck it in his shoe. Jane Kennedy, with the resolute spirit of a brave Scotchwoman, snatched it from him, and a struggle ensued. Mary mildly interposed, "Friend, let her have it; she will give you more than its value in money." He sullenly replied, "It is my perquisite."

Before proceeding further in her preparations, Mary took a last farewell of her weeping ladies, and blessed them. Then her upper garment was removed, and she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and bodice with crimson velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew from her pocket the gold-fringed handkerchief which the queen had given her to bind her eyes, folded it cornerwise, and with trembling fingers prepared to execute this last office, but she burst into tears again and sobbed aloud.

Mary placed her finger on her lips, and said: "Hush, I have promised for you; weep not, but pray for me." When the women had pinned the handkerchief over the eyes of their beloved mistress, they were turned off of the scaffold, and she was left alone. Kneeling on the cushion, she said, in her usual clear, firm voice: "In te, Domine, speravi—In thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to confusion." The executioner guided her to the block, upon which she bowed her head, saying: "In manus tuas—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The Earl of Shrewsbury gave the signal, at the same time turning away and covering his face with his hand, to conceal his tears. The executioner raised his axe and struck a cruel but ineffectual blow, for he had missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound on the skull. Mary neither screamed nor stirred; two more blows followed in quick succession, and the severed head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" exclaimed the executioner. "So let all her enemies perish!" added the Dean of Peterborough. One solitary voice responded, "Amen!" It was that of the Earl of Kent.

The weeping ladies approached, and besought the executioner to permit them to remove the body of their beloved mistress to her bed-chamber, in order that they

might perform the last duties ; but they were rudely hurried out of the hall, and locked into an adjoining room. One faithful attendant, however, still lingered, and refused to be thrust away ; this was Mary's little Skye terrier, that had followed her to the scaffold unnoticed. The animal had crept close to her when she laid her head on the block, and was found crouching under her garments, saturated with blood. It was only by violence that he could be removed, and then he went and lay between her head and her body, moaning piteously. He could never again be induced to partake of food, and pined to death.

When Queen Elizabeth was informed the next day that Mary had been beheaded, she was excessively indignant, wept bitterly, and launched into such furious threats of vengeance against the men who had taken so much authority upon themselves that they kept well out of her way, many of them pretending to be confined to bed with illness.

Elizabeth wrote a most humble apology to James, expressing her sorrow for what she called "the miserable accident," and telling him that she had sent her near kinsman, Sir Robert Carey, to explain all the facts connected with his mother's decapitation. James refused to receive the envoy, and sent a messenger to warn him not to advance beyond Berwick, for the national indignation was so great that he knew it would be impossible to protect him against the fury of the people, if he ventured to enter Scotland.

James ordered the deepest mourning to be worn for his royal mother : all the nobles complied, excepting the high-spirited Earl of Sinclair, who appeared before the king in a full suit of armor. "Have you not seen my order for a general mourning?" asked James, with a frown. "Yes," answered the earl ; "this is the proper mourning for the

Queen of Scotland," and he struck the hilt of his sword with his steel-clad fist. But James dared not indulge his private feelings at the expense of his subjects, and he had not the means for levying war against his powerful neighbor. After a while, he sent Sir George Home and Melville to receive Elizabeth's letters and explanation from Carey, and, in his reply, he exonerated her from blame.

Early in March, the obsequies of Mary Stuart, their beloved queen-dowager, were solemnized by the king, nobles and people of France, with great pomp, in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and the Archbishop of Bourges delivered an eloquent, touching address. Six months passed away before Queen Elizabeth considered it necessary to accord a state funeral to her hapless kinswoman, and then only in consequence of the urgent appeals of her afflicted servants, and the remonstrances of King James. The place selected for the interment was Peterborough Cathedral. Heralds and officers of the wardrobe were sent by Elizabeth to Fotheringay Castle, to make arrangements for the removal of the royal remains, and to prepare mourning for the servants of the murdered queen, those who had been detained at Chartley having joined the others. Queen Elizabeth had provided black cloth for mourning cloaks for Sir Andrew Melville and Bourgoigne, and gowns for the ladies. Besides, she sent a milliner to make head-dresses after the English fashion for funerals, but the mourners said they would wear the gowns that had been made for them immediately after the death of their beloved mistress, and declined Elizabeth's gifts.

On the evening of Sunday, July 30, the garter king-of-arms arrived at Fotheringay Castle, with five other heralds, and forty horsemen, to escort the remains of Mary Stuart to the cathedral, having brought with them a funeral car covered with black velvet richly embroidered with the

arms of Scotland. The heralds placed the body, which was enclosed in lead, within an outer coffin, into the car, and started with it by torch-light from the castle, followed by the train of men and women, at ten o'clock at night. The procession reached Peterborough between one and two in the morning, and was received at the minster door by the bishop, dean, and chapter. The body was reverently placed in the vault prepared for it, on the south side of the choir, but all ceremonies were reserved for the next day, August 1.

Queen Elizabeth was represented by the Countess of Bedford, who came from London with a company of ceremonial mourners. A sumptuous feast was provided for them in the grand banqueting-hall of the bishop's palace, which was hung with black; and there was a seat, beneath a purple velvet canopy, with the arms of England, prepared for Queen Elizabeth's proxy.

The solemnities began as early as eight o'clock on the morning of August 1. The Countess of Bedford, as chief mourner, attended by all the lords and ladies, and the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln, was brought into the presence-chamber, where the procession formed. Supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, her train borne by Lady St. John, the countess walked into the great hall, where a figure representing Queen Mary lay in state on a royal bier. This was carried into the church, followed by all the English mourners, and Mary's servants, male and female, among whom was her almoner, De Préan, bearing a large silver cross.

The accustomed anthems were sung, and the Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon; but all the Scottish Queen's train, excepting Sir Andrew Melville and the two Mowbrays, who were members of the Reformed Church, marched out, for they would not take part in the prayers,

nor would they listen to the preaching. This greatly offended the English portion of the congregation, some of whom called after them and wanted to force them to remain, but they said they were Catholics and could not sympathize with Protestant prayers or ceremonies.

After reposing for twenty-five years in Peterborough Cathedral, the remains of Mary Stuart were exhumed by order of her son James, and re-interred in Westminster Abbey, in the centre of the south aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel. He erected a stately monument to the memory of his mother, which represents her lying beneath a regal canopy, with her head resting on a cushion, and the Scottish lion at her feet. The likeness of the queen is said to be perfect.

"As long," observes her eloquent French biographer, Caussin, "as there shall be eyes or tears in this vale of misery, there shall be tears distilled on those royal ashes, and the piety of the living shall never cease, with full hands, to strew lilies, violets, and roses on her tomb." Says Brantôme: "No man ever saw her without love, or will read her history without pity."

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